RADIO MIRROR AND TELEVISION

FEBRUARY • 25¢

THE HAPPY HARRISES
Closeup Of A Perfect Marriage

WHEN A GIRL MARRIES—*Exciting New Contest For Readers*

IF YOU USE *Lipstick*, YOU SHOULD ALSO USE *Maybelline*★

Millions of smart, modern girls are realizing that made-up lips make neglected eyes appear dull and drab by contrast.

It's so easy to give your eyes *their* full share of beauty-magic—with MAYBELLINE! A few simple brush strokes of this famous Mascara will make your lashes appear naturally darker, longer and more luxuriant. And it's so easy to form graceful, expressive eyebrows with the soft, smooth Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil. Then behold the difference! Your eyes are so much lovelier! Your entire face is more attractive, for your make-up is perfectly balanced—completely flattering.

So never, never forget to accent your eyes, daytime or evening. Only be sure you use MAYBELLINE, the eye make-up in good taste—preferred by smart women everywhere.

1. MAYBELLINE CAKE MASCARA in beautiful, gold-tone metal vanity, $1. Refills, 50c. Velvet Black, Brown, Midnight Blue. (Also in 25c and 10c sizes.)
2. MAYBELLINE CREAM MASCARA (applied without water) comes in handy leatherette case, $1. (Also in 25c and 10c sizes.) Velvet Black, Brown, Midnight Blue.
3. MAYBELLINE EYEBROW PENCIL soft, smooth quality, fine point — so easy to use! Purse size, 10c. Professional size, 25c. Black, Dark Brown and Light Brown.
4. MAYBELLINE EYE SHADOW smooth, creamy, in subtle shades: Blue, Brown, Blue-Gray, Green, Violet and Gray.

Maybelline

WORLD'S FAVORITE EYE MAKE-UP

"Dentists say the IPANA way works!"

Junior Model Joan Murray shows how it can work for you, too

Sitting pretty is dateable Joan Murray, radiant 17-year-old model of Harrison, N. Y. This popular lass has a smile that wins her top honors—modeling or dating!

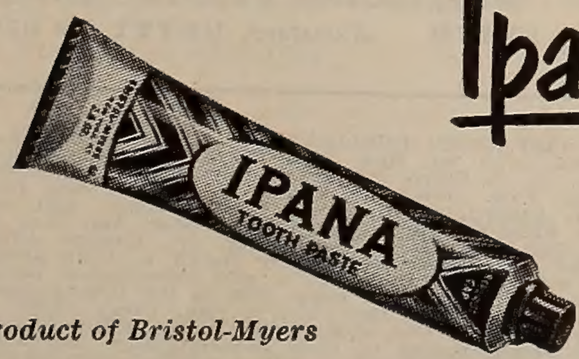
Of course, Joan follows the *Ipana* way to healthier gums and brighter teeth . . . *because dentists say it works!* Her professionally approved Ipana dental care can work for you, too—like this . . .

"The Ipana way is easy—and fun," Joan tells friend Peggy. Dentists say it works . . . and it's simple as 1, 2:

1. *Between regular visits to your dentist,* brush all tooth surfaces with Ipana at least twice a day.
2. Then massage gums the way your dentist advises—to stimulate gum circulation. (Ipana's unique formula actually helps stimulate your gums—you can *feel* the invigorating tingle!)

Try this for healthier gums, brighter teeth, an *Ipana* smile. Ipana refreshes your mouth and breath, too. Ask your dentist about Ipana and massage. See what it can do for you!

YES, 8 OUT OF 10 DENTISTS* SAY:



Product of Bristol-Myers

Ipana dental care promotes Healthier gums, brighter teeth

**In thousands of reports from all over the country.*

P.S. For correct brushing, use the DOUBLE DUTY Tooth Brush with the *twist* in the handle. 1000 dentists helped design it!

FEBRUARY, 1949

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(Member of Macfadden Women's Group)

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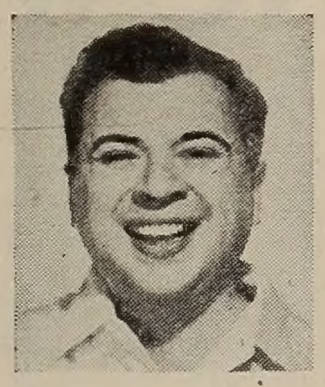
RADIO MIRROR QUIZ

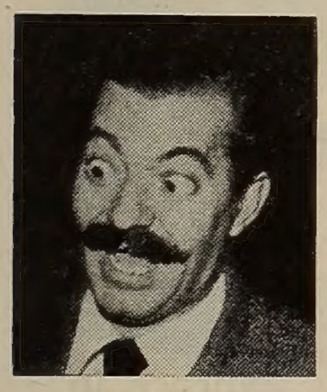
1. "The Happiness Boys" were one of the best-known singing teams of their day. What were their names?

2. This top singer got her start in a trio with her two sisters. Who is she?

3. Al Jolson started his career as (a) a circus barker; (b) a minstrel man; (c) in an act with his brother.



4. This father is the most famous juvenile on the air. Who is he?



5. What famous comedian is a former trombonist?

6. This comic did his radio show from a wheel chair for a year. Who is he?

7. How many nerve cells are there in the brain?

8. Who was the youngest baseball player to get in the major leagues?

ANSWERS:

1. Billy Jones and Ernie Hare
2. Jane Pickens
3. (c) in an act with his brother
4. Ezra Stone of The Aldrich Family
5. Jerry Colonna
6. "Parkyakarkus"
7. Twelve billion
8. Bob Feller

Sweaters a problem? Not for me...

I'm a safety-first girl with Mum

Smart girl, not to let lovely snug-fitting wool become a trap for underarm odor. You *stay* nice to be near because *your charm* stays safe with Mum!

Even in winter, there's a heat wave under your arms. Odor can form without any noticeable moisture. And remember—a bath only washes away *past* perspiration, but Mum guards against *future* underarm odor.

Product of Bristol-Myers

Mum safer for charm

Mum safer for skin

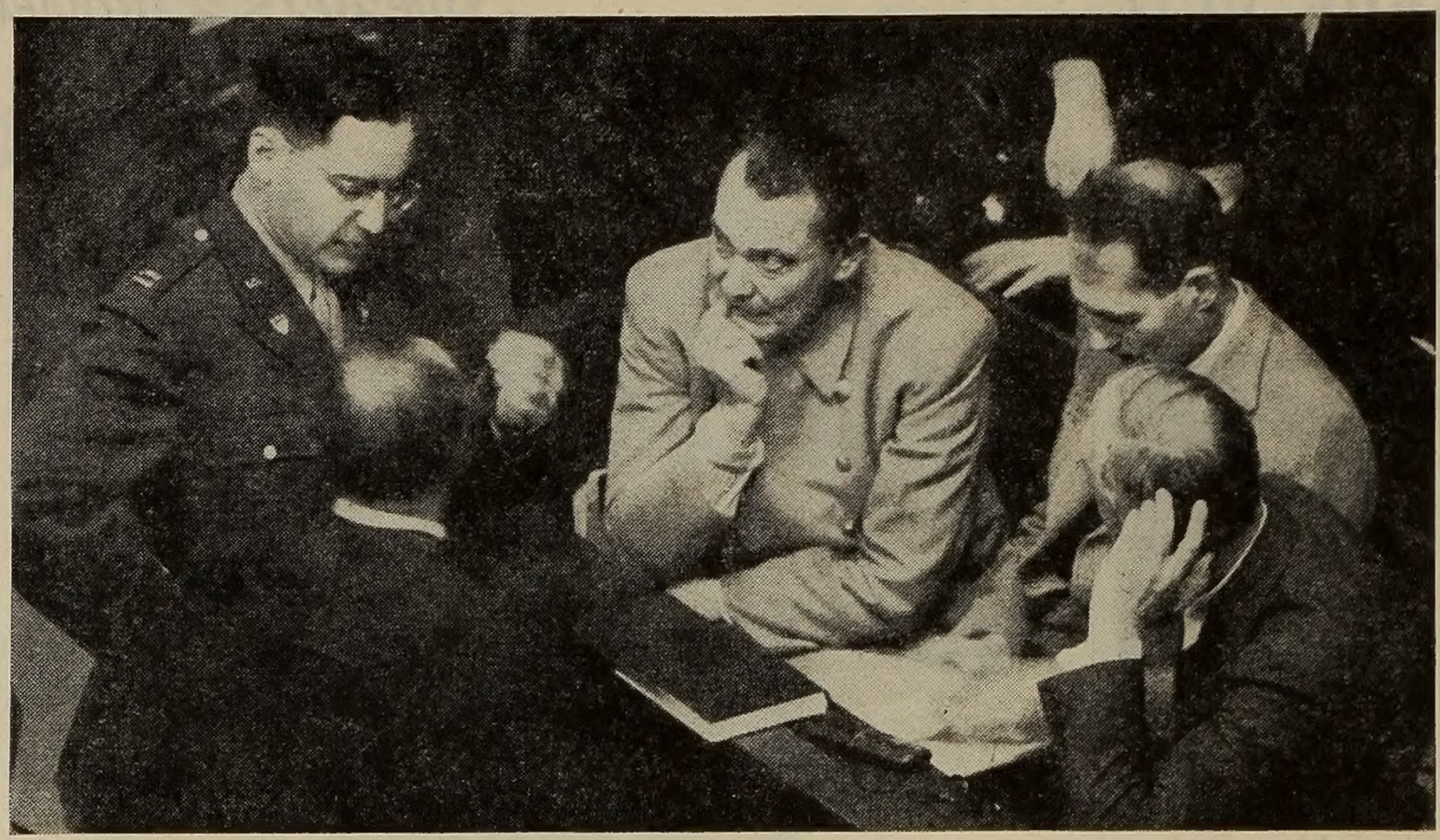
Mum safer for clothes

Mum checks perspiration odor, protects your daintiness all day or all evening.

Because Mum contains no harsh or irritating ingredients. Snow-white Mum is gentle—harmless to skin.

No damaging ingredients in Mum to rot or discolor fine fabrics. Economical Mum doesn't dry out in the jar. Quick, easy to use, even after you're dressed.

Dr. G. M. Gilbert, U. S. Psychologist at the Nazi war crimes trials, and conductor of Adventures Into The Mind, talks with Hermann Goering while Rudolph Hess watches.



THE GREAT UNKNOWN

Associate Professor of Psychology at Princeton University, Dr. Gilbert conducts a unique radio class. Below, he tests the aptitudes of two members of his studio audience.

PSYCHOLOGY BY RADIO is here. WMCA in New York City, long a pioneer in the public service field, boasts one of the most unique programs in radio—Adventures Into The Mind, a weekly radio class that gives listeners a complete college course in psychology.

Now in its fourth year, Adventures Into The Mind is conducted by Dr. G. M. Gilbert, Associate Professor of Psychology at Princeton University. Dr. Gilbert, a Captain in the Army during World War II, served as prison psychologist during the Nuremberg trials of Hermann Goering, Rudolph Hess and the other Nazi war criminals. He is the author of the best seller *Nuremberg Diary*—a first hand study of the perpetrators of World War II.

The WMCA program, heard on Sundays from 5:03 to 5:30 P.M., explores the multiple phases of psychology. Dr. Gilbert's subjects each week are carefully selected and have the approval of the station's educational department, collaborating with an advisory committee of leading educators.

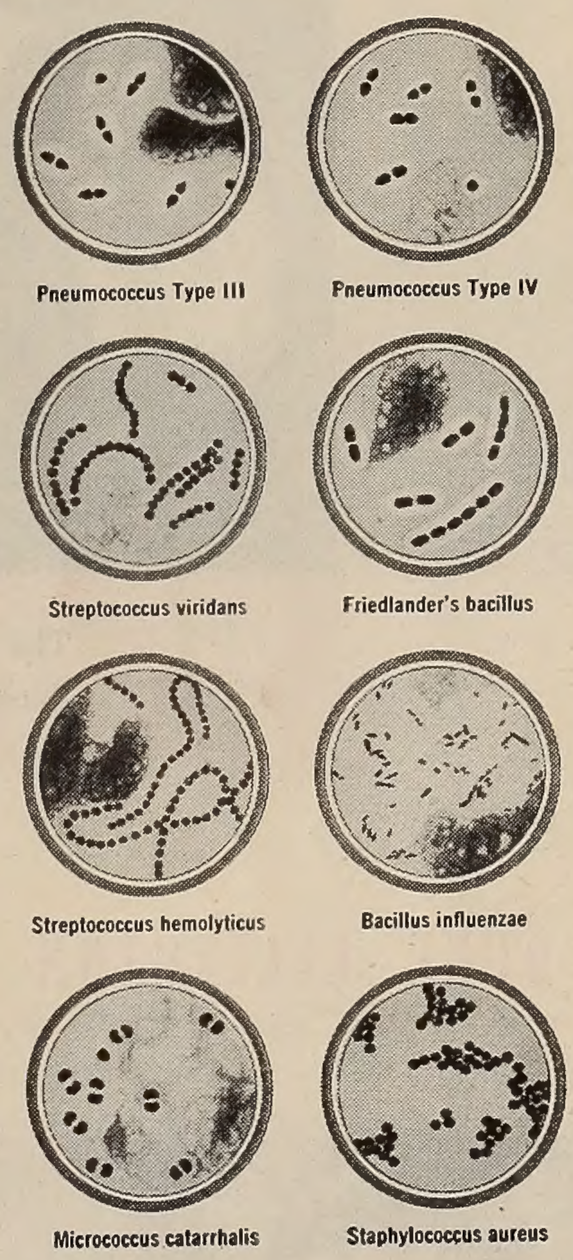
"This is not a 'quack' course," explains Dr. Gilbert. "We attempt to help our radio audience understand psychology as we would teach an average college class. For instance, we try to teach individuals how they best can apply their own particular talents and capacities."

A studio audience augments "Adventure's" huge radio audience in WMCA's listening area of New York, New Jersey and Connecticut. Studio guests obtain semester tickets for all broadcasts, participate in question and answer periods and get additional information from the seminars which precede and follow the broadcasts.

At any rate, listeners, who get their share of "entertainment" every day, can now go to "college" merely by tuning in to WMCA every Sunday.

Catching Cold?

THESE GERMS ARE POTENTIAL TROUBLEMAKERS



"SECONDARY INVADERS"

These germs, even when a cold is initiated by a virus, contribute to much of its misery when they stage a mass invasion of throat tissues.

Gargle

LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC—*QUICK!*

Germs Reduced as Much as 96.7% Even Fifteen Minutes after Gargle—tests showed

If you can get the jump on the cold in the early stages . . . attack germs on throat surfaces before they invade the body . . . you can often "nip" a cold in the bud or lessen its severity.

That's why you ought to gargle with Listerine Antiseptic at the very first hint of a sniffle, sneeze, or a tightened throat.

Listerine Antiseptic reaches way back on throat surfaces and kills millions of germs, including the "secondary invaders." Just think, clinical tests showed that after this gargle germs were reduced as much as 96.7% fifteen minutes after, and up to 80% one hour after.

In short, Listerine Antiseptic, with quick germ-killing action, is a wonderful aid.

Remember also that in tests over a 12-year period, regular twice-a-day users of Listerine Antiseptic had fewer colds, and generally milder ones, than non-users; also that sore throats due to colds were fewer.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY
St. Louis, Missouri

P. S. IT'S NEW! Have you tried Listerine TOOTH PASTE, the MINTY 3-way prescription for your teeth?

FACING

The stars of American Album of Familiar Music: (seated l. to r.) Margaret Daum, Gustave Haenschen, Evelyn MacGregor; standing, Donald Dame and Jean Dickinson.

By DUKE ELLINGTON

whose disc show is heard on WSBC-Chicago, Illinois; WWDC-Washington, D. C. and KXLE-Ellensberg, Washington.

THE neatest switch of the year in the recording business is Decca's conversion of comedian Peter Lind Hayes from a children's record artist to a singer of popular tunes. Hayes sounds like a cross between Godfrey and Crosby, and from what I hear, the sales figures for his discs bear out the comparison.

* * *

It is actually big news in this business when a band leader finally gets to buy a home for himself and his family. What with Vaughn Monroe doing about 125 one-night stands a year it is extra big news that he's purchased a Georgian-style house in Waban, Massachusetts, for his wife and two little girls. What's more, Vaughn also purchased a 13-passenger Lockheed Lodestar in order to fly his crew of musicians to their one-night stands in two shifts. Vaughn expects to get that much more time to spend at home.

* * *

Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis skyrocketed to the very top of the night club business during the past year and then proved that their appeal is by no means limited to cafes when their very first record for Capitol jumped right up into the top seller class. Now, they've finished work on their first picture, Paramount's "My Friend Irma," and those who've seen the preview predict that the singing comics will be triply sensational!

* * *

It was quite a surprise recently to discover that Adelaide Hall was back in the United States. Adelaide, you see, was my first vocalist. After leaving my band to understudy the great Florence Mills in a Broadway show, Adelaide went to England with a road company. She stayed in England for the past fourteen years doing quite well for herself as a theater star, radio artist and night club entertainer and owner. Back home now, for her first visit in all these years to her native Brooklyn, Adelaide is renewing many old friendships.

* * *

If you're wondering whatever became of the Merry Macs, they're back after eight months in Europe entertaining American troops in Germany and British civilians in England.

the MUSIC

Pert Kay Starr sings toe-tapping tunes on Starring Kay Starr.

All set for a video show, Evelyn Knight, Helen Forrest, Johnnie Johnston register alarm at sight of each other's heavy makeup.

Dinah Shore was Gordon MacRae's guest star on a recent broadcast of The Railroad Hour, heard Monday nights on ABC.

The original group was a vocal harmony trio consisting of three brothers —Judd, Ted and Joe McMichael—that was formed in 1934. Two years later they had acquired a girl singer to make the group a quartet. While touring the country they landed in New York and were immediately signed for the Fred Allen program.

It was during the time they were with Fred Allen that the Macs came up against a hefty problem—their girl singers were running off to get married with annoying regularity. These days, there is no such problem. Marjorie McMichael laughingly asserts that her husband, Judd, made the supreme sacrifice—he married her to make sure that she stayed in the act.

The only other change in the group came during the war when brother Joe left to join the Air Force. He was replaced by Lynn Allen who, in turn, has recently been replaced by Englishman Clive Erard.

The new dance routines, designed by choreographer Nick Castle, have been as well received by the Macs' audiences as their song arrangements always are.

Your loveliness is Doubly Safe

because

Veto gives you Double Protection!

So effective... Veto guards your loveliness night and day—safely protects your clothes and you. For Veto not only neutralizes perspiration odor, it checks perspiration, too! Yes, Veto gives you Double Protection! And Veto disappears instantly to protect you from the moment you apply it!

So gentle... Always creamy and smooth, Veto is lovely to use and keeps you lovely. And Veto is gentle, safe for normal skin, safe for clothes. Doubly Safe! Veto alone contains *Duratex*, Colgate's exclusive ingredient to make Veto safer. Let Veto give your loveliness double protection!

Veto lasts and lasts from bath to bath!

Dinah Shore: two new sides with the romantic treatment.

LOOK AT THE RECORDS

By Joe Martin

DANCING OR LISTENING

DINAH SHORE (Columbia)—The last quarter of 1948 saw Dinah give out with some fine new discs. One of these was a coupling of the waltz tempo "Far Away Places" and "Say It Every Day." The two-piano accompaniment is excellent.

PEARL BAILEY (Columbia)—Never has a singer been able to project so much personality on a shellac disc as Mrs. Bailey's girl Pearl. "I'm Lazy, That's All" is the perfect follow-up tune for her "Tired." You'll like "Say It Simple," too.

PAGE CAVANAUGH TRIO (RCA Victor)—This bright young trio does quite well for itself on "Back In Your Own Backyard" and "Where'd Dat Money Go?" The whispering-style vocals go well with their musical variations.

TEX BENEKE (RCA Victor)—Remember the wonderful Glenn Miller disc of "Blue Champagne"? Here's the 1948 version by the Beneke band—and it's every bit as good, if not a little better. The reverse is "East Of The Sun," the oldie, sung by Garry Stevens.

FREDDIE SLACK (Capitol)—It's "Mister Freddie's Boogie" and "Be-Bop Boogie" that are back-to-back. It's a little difficult to understand how boogie woogie can be be-bop, but if Benny Carter wrote it, it must be so.

JO STAFFORD (Capitol)—The terrific Miss Stafford comes through with another pair of tunes done beautifully. Accompanied by Paul Weston, she sings "Smilin' Through" and "Ave Maria."

JANE PICKENS (RCA Victor)—Most of us will have to think hard to recall the days when the Pickens Sisters were the rage of the nation. Here is Jane Pickens singing a pair of hit tunes in true hit-tune fashion. Take your pick between "Galway Bay" and "One Sunday Afternoon."

ANNE SHELTON-AMBROSE (London)—The finest thing Miss Shelton has done since her recent debut on records in America is the two-sided version of "Tenement Symphony." The Ambrose orchestral background is wonderful.

JOHN LAURENZ (Mercury)—"Red Roses For A Blue Lady" is bound to be a hit song, and John's record will do much to help it reach the top. The reverse side is "Somebody's Lyin'." John's version of "The Mountaineer And The Jabberwock" is Lewis Carroll set to music.

BLUE RHYTHM BAND (MGM)—The original Blue Rhythm Band was led by Lucky Millinder. Van Alexander waves the baton in front of this group. "Blue Rhythm Jam" and "Blue Rhythm Be-Bop" feature such musicians as Stan Getz, Don Lamond and Jimmy Rowles.

PHILIP GREEN (MGM)—The English maestro plays an American "Stringopation" and an English "Dream Of Olwen." Both sides are designed for easy listening. You'll like them.

STEVE GIBSON AND RED CAPS (Mercury)—"You Made Me Love You" and "I Learned A Lesson" will be in almost every juke box in the country. It will find its way into many a record collection—probably yours and mine both.

"I WAS ASHAMED OF MY FACE

until Viderm made my dreams of a clearer skin come true in one short week"

(FROM A LETTER TO BETTY MEMPHIS SENT HER BY ETHEL JORDAN, DETROIT, MICH.)

BETTY MEMPHIS

If your face is broken out, if bad skin is making you miserable, here is how to stop worrying about pimples, blackheads and other externally caused skin troubles.

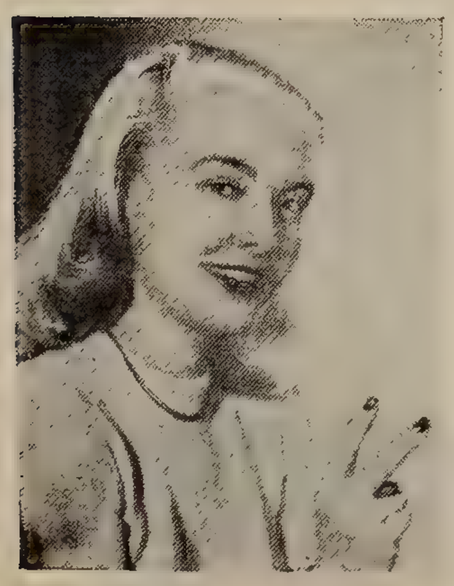
JUST FOLLOW SKIN DOCTOR'S SIMPLE DIRECTIONS

By Betty Memphis

"I just want to be alone!" Is there anything more awful than the blues that come when your face is broken out and you feel like hiding away because of pimples, blackheads and similar externally caused skin troubles? I know how it feels from personal experience. And I can appreciate the wonderful, wonderful joy that Ethel S. Jordan felt when she found something that not only *promised* her relief—but *gave* it to her in just one short week!

When I was having my own skin troubles, I tried a good many cosmetics, ointments and whatnot that were recommended to me. I remember vividly how disappointed I felt each time, until I discovered the skin doctor's formula now known as the Double Viderm Treatment. I felt pretty wonderful when friends began to rave about my "movie-star skin." No more self-consciousness. No more having my friends feel sorry for me. The secret joy, again, of running my fingertips over a smoother, clearer skin.

Many women shut themselves out of the thrills of life—dates, romance, popularity, social and business success—only because sheer neglect has robbed them of the good looks, poise and feminine self-assurance which could so easily be theirs. Yes, everybody looks at your face. The beautiful complexion, which is yours for the asking, is like a permanent card of admission to all the good things of life that every woman craves. And it really can be yours —*take my word for it!*—no matter how discouraged you may be this very minute about those externally caused skin miseries.



A screen star's face is her fortune. That's why she makes it her business to protect her complexion against pimples, blackheads and blemishes. Your face is no different. Give it the Double Treatment it needs and watch those skin blemishes go away.

What Makes "Bad Skin" Get That Way?

Medical science gives us the truth about how skin blemishes usually develop. There are small specks of dust and dirt in the air all the time. When these get into the open pores in your skin, they can in time "stretch" the pores and make them large enough to pocket dirt particles, dust and infection. These open pores become infected and bring you the humiliation of pimples, blackheads or other blemishes. Often, the natural oils that lubricate your skin will harden in the pores and result in unsightly blemishes.

When you neglect your skin by not giving it the necessary care, you leave yourself wide open to externally caused skin miseries. Yet proper attention with the Double Viderm Treatment may mean the difference between enjoying the confidence a fine skin gives you or the embarrassment of an ugly, *un*beautiful skin that makes you want to hide your face.

The Double Viderm Treatment is a formula prescribed with amazing success by a dermatologist and costs you only a few cents daily. This treatment consists of two jars. One contains Viderm Skin Cleanser, a jelly-like formula which penetrates your pores and acts as an antiseptic. After you use this special Viderm Skin Cleanser, you simply apply the Viderm Fortified Medicated Skin Cream. You rub this in, leaving an almost invisible protective covering for the surface of your skin.

This double treatment has worked wonders for so many cases of external skin troubles that it may help you, too —*in fact, your money will be refunded if it doesn't.* Use it for only ten days. You have everything to gain and nothing to lose. It is a guaranteed treatment. Enjoy it. Your dream of a clearer, smoother complexion may come true in ten days or less.

Use your Double Viderm Treatment every day until your skin is smoother and clearer. Then use it only once a week to remove stale make-up and dirt specks that infect your pores, as well as to aid in healing external irritations. Remember that when you help prevent blackheads, you also help to prevent externally caused skin miseries and pimples.

Just mail your name and address to Betty Memphis, care of the New York Skin Laboratory, 206 Division Street, Dept. 21, New York 2, N. Y. By return mail you will receive the doctor's directions, and both

jars, packed in a safety-sealed carton. On delivery, pay two dollars plus postage. If you wish, you can save the postage fee by mailing the two dollars with your letter. Then, if you are in any way dissatisfied, your money will be cheerfully refunded. To give you an idea of how fully tested and proven the Viderm Double Treatment is, it may interest you to know that, up to this month, over two hundred and thirty-one thousand women have ordered it on my recommendation. If you could only see the thousands of happy, grateful letters that have come to me as a result, you would know the joy this simple treatment can bring. And, think of it!—the treatment *must* work for you, or it doesn't cost you a cent.

Earth AND Mirth

At the Pennsylvania Farm Show in Harrisburg, Agricultural Director Homer Martz interviews visitors at KDKA's booth. Martz visits many such fairs.

Fun as well as facts: Slim Bryant and the Wildcats—hillbilly and folk song specialists—amuse on the Farm Hour.

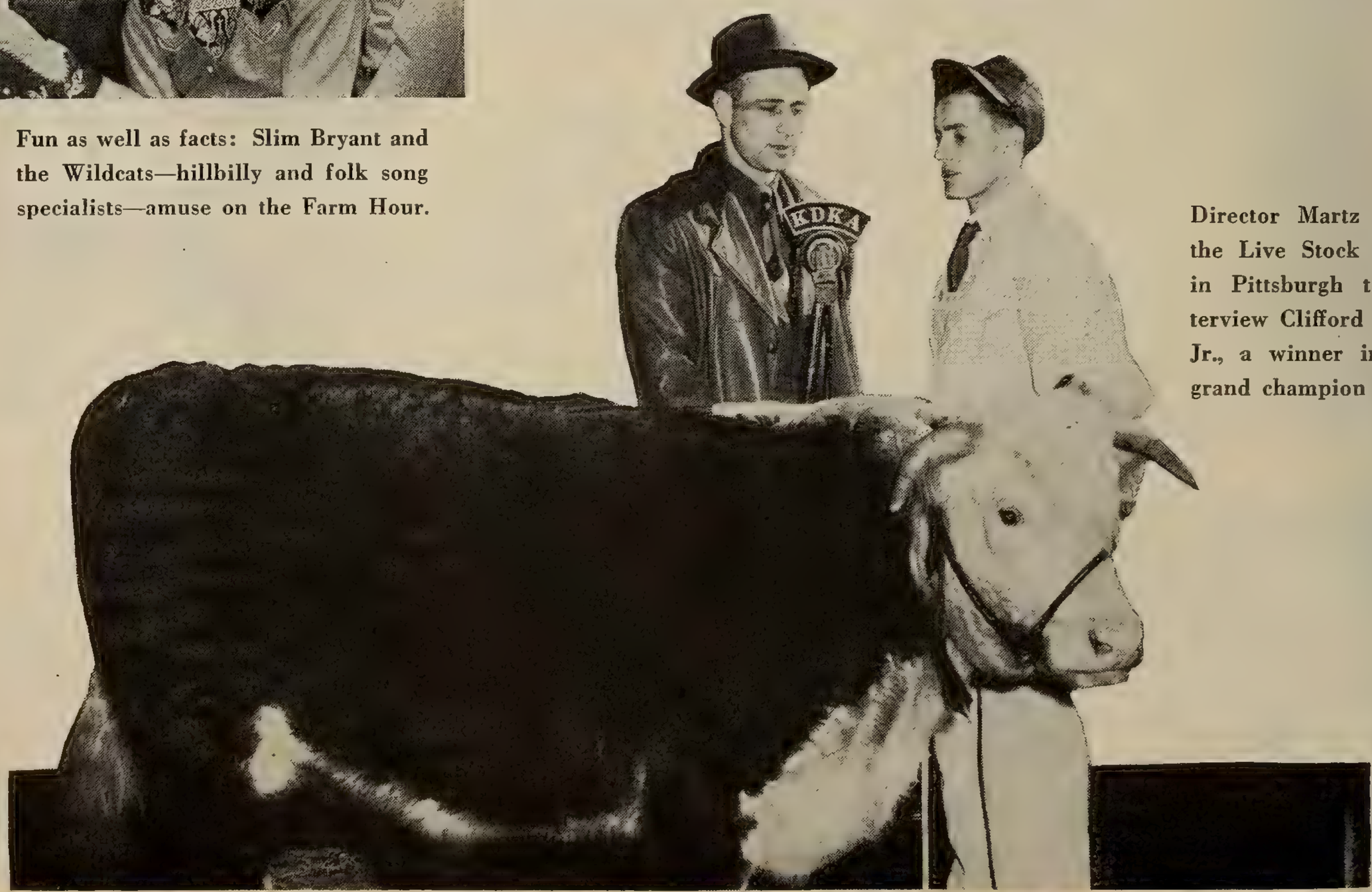
WESTINGHOUSE Station KDKA at Pittsburgh boasts a public service feature that begins before sunrise and continues long after sunset. It's the KDKA Farm Service.

The KDKA Farm Hour is heard every weekday from 6-7 A.M., the daily Noon Market Reports and special features Monday, Wednesday and Friday during the 6:15 P.M. public service period.

Heading up this all-important service is Homer Martz, the station's agricultural director, who joined KDKA in September, 1942. He is a longtime member of the Pennsylvania State Agricultural Division, and he is a practical farmer, having successfully operated his own 150-acre tract in Western Pennsylvania.

Mainly through Director Martz's efforts, the Farm Hour and the other agricultural broadcasts entertain, inform and help city listeners, as well as proving of great service to KDKA's rural neighbors.

Martz naturally makes himself as useful as possible to farmers. He knows the problems they face and he has proven of great help to them. In addition to his work at the station, he is a familiar figure at all agricultural meetings, fairs, and shows. Transcribed and "live" interviews with farm youngsters are regular features of his programs.



Director Martz visits the Live Stock Show in Pittsburgh to interview Clifford Teets Jr., a winner in the grand champion class.

Collector's Corner

By VIC DAMONE

(From elevator operator at the New York Paramount Theater to headliner on the stage of the same showplace is Vic Damone's success story. Recently chosen as the most promising male vocalist by the nation's disc-jockeys, Vic is one of Mercury Records' top vocal stars. He is also heard on his own coast to coast radio show (Saturdays, 7:30 P.M., EST, NBC) and firmly believes that Brooklyn is the garden spot of the world.)

I SUPPOSE that some people wouldn't have any trouble at all in naming their favorite phonograph records—just like that. It's always a difficult selection for me to make, though. While it's true that I haven't been collecting records for a very long time, I've been building my collection at a fast pace these past few years. My favorites include vocals, instrumentals, novelties and classics. Now, before I run out of space, I'd like to list my favorites.

There's little explanation needed for collecting a record like Frank Sinatra's "The House I Live In" on Columbia.

Cammarata's "Rumbalero" with the Kingsway Symphony Orchestra is wonderful music written and conducted by one of the finest musicians I've ever known (London).

There are few singers who will ever equal the brilliance of Ezio Pinza. Most of all, I like his Columbia Record of "Madamina!" from "Don Giovanni."

Of all the platters recorded by Patti Page (including those we made together), I like most of all her version of "Every So Often." It's a Mercury disc.

No one can even borrow my copy of "Big Noise From Winnetka" on Decca. It features Ray Bauduc on drums and Bob Haggart on bass.

And who can overlook the jazz classic on RCA Victor of the Glenn Miller band playing "In The Mood"?

Among all the Crosby classics, I'd choose his Decca disc of "On The Sunny Side Of The Street" accompanied by the Lionel Hampton Band.

The greatest singer of all time is represented by "Vesti La Giubba" from the opera "Pagliacci." That's Enrico Caruso and it's also on RCA Victor.

And, only because I've been asked, I'll stick my neck out and pick from my own recordings. I'll always lean toward "I Have But One Heart" which I recorded with Jerry Gray. The other favorite is "Ave Maria" which I sang with a chorus directed by Mitch Miller.

One Permanent Cost $15...the TONI only $2

If you aim to be "Queen of his Heart" this Valentine's Day . . . Toni can help you look the part! Because having a Toni Home Permanent is almost like having naturally-curly hair! Lovely-to-look-at waves and soft-to-touch curls! But before trying Toni you'll want to know:

Will TONI work on my hair?

Of course. Toni waves any kind of hair that will take a permanent, including gray, dyed, bleached or baby-fine hair.

Must I be clever with my hands?

Not at all. If you can roll your hair up on curlers, you can give yourself a Toni. It's so surprisingly easy that each month another two million women use Toni.

Why is TONI preferred by most women?

Because Toni Waving Lotion is not a harsh, hurry-up salon type. Instead it's marvelously mild. It just coaxes your hair into soft waves and curls. That's why your Toni wave looks more natural even on the first day.

How long will my TONI last?

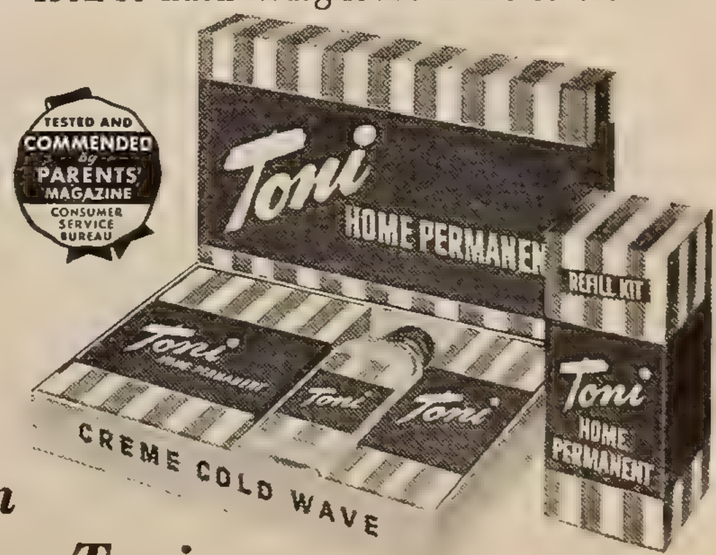
Your lovely Toni wave is guaranteed to last just as long as a $15 beauty shop permanent . . . or your money back.

How much will I save with TONI?

The Toni Kit with re-usable plastic curlers costs $2. For a second Toni all you need is the Toni Refill Kit. It costs just $1.

Which twin has the TONI?

Talented, teen-age Kathlene and Helene Crescente live in Ridgewood, N. J. Kathlene, the twin on the right, has the Toni. She says: "I never knew a permanent could look so natural right from the start!"



NOW over ~~1~~ 2 million women a month use Toni

Helpful Howard

Howard Jones knows his crops—he is a farmer himself. Here he engages a farmer in a conversation about corn.

Back from the feed store, Jones unloads a sack of chow. His radio earnings brought him the farm of his dreams.

Jones broadcasts from his farm. Wife Mary gives him advice on the feminine viewpoint.

PHILADELPHIA is the Nation's third largest city and most of us are inclined to forget that it lies in the center of one of the most fertile farm areas of the East—that of Eastern Pennsylvania, South Jersey, Delaware, and Maryland. However, Howard Jones, conductor of WFIL's Farmer Jones program, forgets neither fact.

Jones does his weekday 6 A.M. broadcast direct from his own farm. He gives his fellow farmers the information they want—on market and weather reports and general agricultural data—but he realizes that these elements are of interest to farmers only, so he packs his one-hour show with information that will appeal to city listeners as well.

Jones likes to interview other farmers, and in these discussions he emphasizes the crop outlook, consumer prices, and farm problems—phases of rural life that have a definite effect on the city consumer. "We want to establish a better relationship between them and the people who work our farms today."

Although the Jones program is less than a year old, last fall it won the New Jersey State Fair's annual Radio Blue Ribbon Award for the outstanding farm broadcasts in the area. Frequently the show originates from such fairs.

As a farmer himself, Jones can talk turkey to any rural audience and make plenty of sense. Meanwhile, countless thousands of city listeners know him as one of Philadelphia's favorite radio entertainers. He can handle just about any type of show and currently he is heard on WFIL on his own disc-jockey program, Here's Howard.

That's Howard "Farmer" Jones' answer to anybody who says the farmer has a one-track mind.

LIFE CAN BE BEAUTIFUL

EVERY BIT OF FAITH

Radio Mirror's Prize Letter

Dear Papa David:

Ten years ago I was with my seventeen-year-old sister when she brought into the world her sickly, illegitimate daughter. My mother, who was a widow with ten children, was very poor but extremely proud. The shame she felt because of her poverty made her unable to cope with the disgrace her daughter would bring into her home and, as has happened too often in the past, this girl, little more than a child herself, was sent away from home to shift for herself when her condition became known.

I was only nineteen at the time, but worked in a drug store in the large city to which my sister came in her distress. Like two children, we pleaded her way into a charity hospital where she could await the birth of her baby. Knowing how alone and forlorn she felt, I spent much of my spare time visiting her—bringing her small gifts.

After the birth of the child she obtained a job but was barely able to earn enough to pay the baby's board.

In the interim, I had gotten married. When I told my husband about the child, he actually suggested what I dared not ask—that we take it in. This we did, and we welcomed my sister as well, when her health finally broke. We fought long and hard for the welfare of these two pathetic outcasts and the baby developed one thing after another.

When my sister recovered, my husband and I borrowed money so that she could go to another city where she had a chance to obtain a worthwhile job.

We kept the baby and she left. Every bit of faith we had in her was justified. The girl everyone said was no good and would never amount to anything has worked hard and has advanced. Today she is the head of a large department in the place where she is employed. Just recently she married a fine man and plans soon to take the child.

For a long time my family's wrath followed me because I had dared to openly admit this child, but I did not care. Now that everything is working out so wonderfully, our faith in her has been justified and both mother and child are objects of pride in the eyes of everyone.

MRS. H. M. K.

With this month's column, Radio Mirror closes the Life Can Be Beautiful series which has been a stimulating experience for the editors as well as (if we can judge from your letters) for our readers. We hope that you will transfer your enthusiasm—and your letters—to the new write-in department which we're proudly launching, wherein your problems on marriage, both grave and (we hope) gay, will be answered by one of your most beloved radio characters: Joan Davis, heroine of When A Girl Marries. So—if you have a pre- or post-marital problem, write to Joan Davis about it, won't you?

Dorothy Hart's smile wins six offers from Hollywood!

Dorothy Hart, Universal-International Starlet, blazed onto the Hollywood scene as the winner of a country-wide beauty contest. Then she spurned the prize—a movie contract—to become a cover girl.

After Dorothy's winning smile appeared on the covers of eight leading magazines in rapid succession, the movies beckoned again. This time Dorothy couldn't say "no" to all six tempting offers she received. She is on the threshold of stardom now . . . and taking care to keep the sparkle in her famous smile. "It's a Pepsodent Smile," Dorothy says, "I know from experience, Pepsodent brightens my teeth best!"

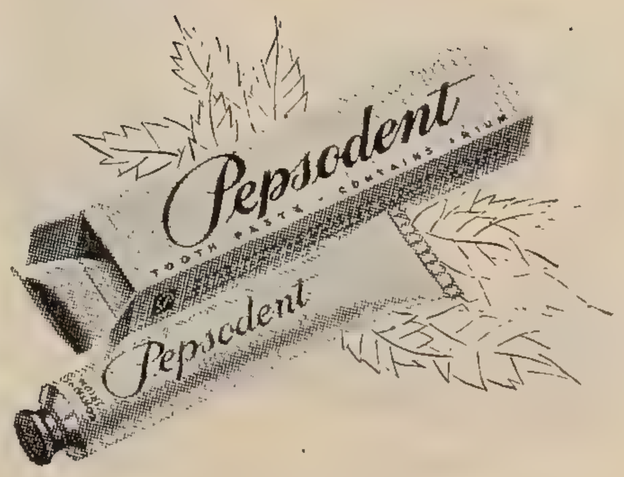
← *Scene from Dorothy Hart's latest picture,* **THE COUNTESS OF MONTE CRISTO,** *a Universal-International Release.*

The smile that wins is the Pepsodent Smile!

Dorothy Hart knows it. And people all over America agree—the smile that wins is the Pepsodent Smile! Pepsodent removes the film that makes teeth look dull—uncovers new brightness in smiles!

Wins 3 to 1 over any other tooth paste

Families from coast to coast compared delicious New Pepsodent with the tooth paste they were using. By an average of 3 to 1, they said Pepsodent tastes better, makes breath cleaner and teeth brighter than any other tooth paste they tried. *For the safety of your smile use Pepsodent twice a day—see your dentist twice a year!*



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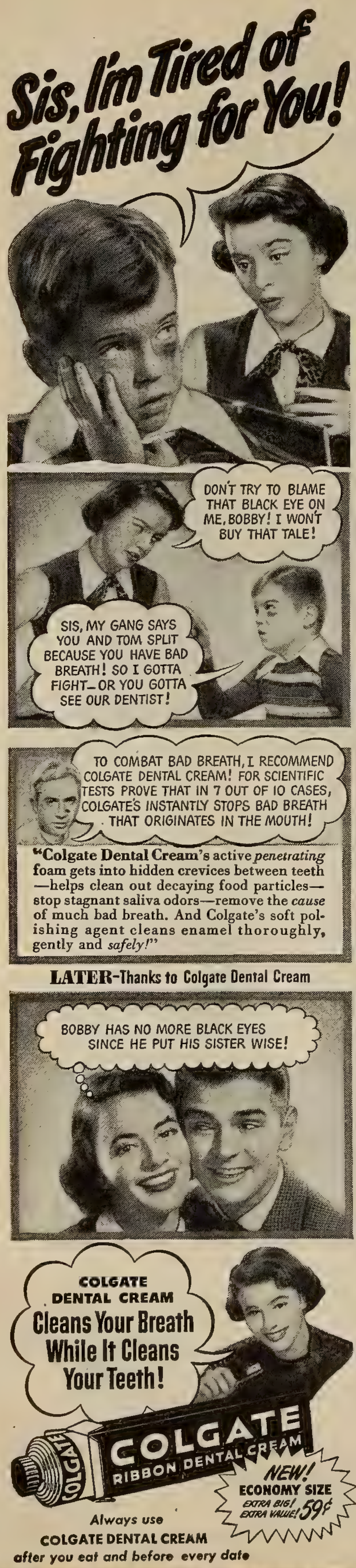
ANOTHER FINE LEVER BROTHERS PRODUCT



REACH FOR A CROWN

Pat Ryan, of True Detective Mysteries, has gained her crown. Careful hair-tending has given her a top-knot that gleams like gold.

By Mary Jane Fulton

WHEN asked what it felt like to be so pretty, Pat Ryan, Mutual's True Detective Mysteries player, flashed a pleased smile, and apparently didn't know what to answer. So it's still a mystery as to what it feels like to be as dainty and lovely as a fairy story princess.

One of the most striking things about Pat is her gorgeous, naturally blonde hair. Occasionally she gives it a platinum rinse to emphasize the highlights, or an egg shampoo to make it extra soft and glossy. Here's how she gives the egg shampoo.

She washes her hair first with one of the good cream or liquid shampoos on the market. She scrubs around her hairline, where powder and make-up are apt to cake, with a small brush, such as a toothbrush, which she keeps for the purpose. After rinsing the suds out thoroughly, she shampoos and rinses again. Now she takes the white of one egg, which has been separated from the yolk, and pours it on her hair. She massages the egg white into a lather, adding lukewarm water a little at a time. Too hot water is apt to cook the egg. She rinses with lukewarm water, and finishes with a cold rinse. Incidentally, an egg shampoo is good for any color of hair.

Pat likes to towel her hair almost dry with a clean Turkish towel. She allows extra time to do so. But if you're in a hurry, use a hand dryer.

While her hair is still slightly damp, she sets it, and then puts a net over it until it's completely dry. She suggests that you might find a wave-setting lotion more helpful than plain water in setting yours. And if your hair is a bit unmanageable when you attempt to comb it into a lovely coiffure, try using a cream hair dressing, or hair pomade, according to the directions which come with it.

Fortunately, Pat is not troubled with dandruff. She claims it's because she keeps her hair and scalp clean. If you have dandruff, it can be defeated! If dandruff riddance treatments don't show improvement within a short time, consult a doctor, or a reliable scalp specialist.

Pat also believes that daily brushing of her hair is another reason for its being in such good condition. Many times she is tired in the evenings, and likes to slip into a pretty negligee, relax on her living room couch, and read. Every so often she pauses in her reading, and leans her head way back over the end of the couch, so that the blood rushes into her head, and her hair falls with gravity. Then she brushes her hair with a clean, stiff-bristled brush. She lets the bristles tug at the roots so that her scalp circulation is stimulated. Or she lies across her bed, head hanging down, and brushes.

She always uses a clean brush. This removes the danger of dirt from previous use being returned to her hair. Don't be afraid that brushing will spoil your waves and curls. On the contrary, Pat says, if you have a permanent wave, brushing will set the waves deeper, and give curls more spring. For a final, glamorous touch, spray on a hair perfume.

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SERVING AMERICA SINCE 1865

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676 PAGES OF SAVINGS . . . thousands of items for practically every home and family need. All dependable quality merchandise priced low to save you money. Every item accurately pictured and described. Many shown in actual color.

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Chicago 9, Illinois

I am enclosing a DOLLAR DEPOSIT. Please send me a copy of the new Spiegel Catalog. I understand my dollar will be returned in the form of a Merchandise Certificate good on any Spiegel Mail Order of $10 or more.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

TOWN.....STATE .....

2-20-22

R
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Budd Tesch announces many local shows, including the back-home series of tenor William McGrath, r., now studying in New York.

Hi-Ya BUDD!

BUDD TESCH, who broke into radio by plugging away in night school classes, is working just as hard to make a success in television.

Budd emcees the Barbershop Quartet program on WBEN and WBEN-TV. Budd's ambition is to put the harmony singers on the network when the International Parade of the SPEBSQSA, Inc., is held in Buffalo in 1949.

Budd (whose real name, which he detests, is John) lives and breathes radio and couldn't get away from it even on his honeymoon. It was a natural tie-up when Tesch and his bride, the former Shirley Snyder, appeared on NBC's Honeymoon in New York show shortly after they were married, March 12, 1948.

Valuable prizes cascaded upon them as a result of that radio appearance. Among other gifts, there were a toaster, an iron, a lamp and a set of silver.

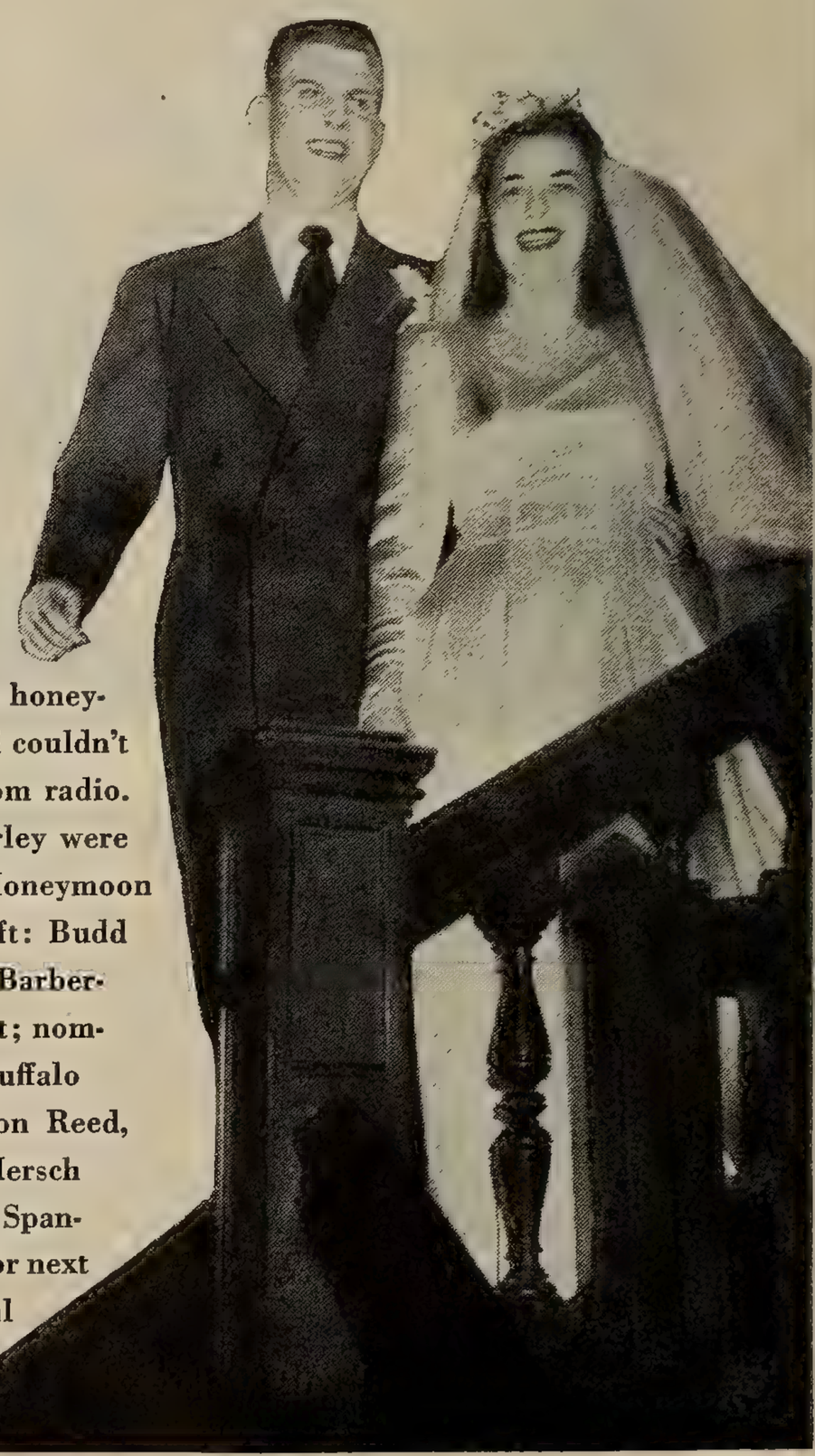
Budd looks like a football player (he's 6'2" and admits to a mere 230 lbs.) and he was. While in Rochester, he played semi-professional football and basketball, but since marriage photography has been his hobby.

Budd broke into radio by going to night school classes at WHEC, Rochester. He worked for five years at the Eastman Kodak Company during the day and was employed at WSAY at night.

Uncle Sam called him in December, 1942, and during his brief Army career, he was stationed at the Photography School at Lowry Field, Denver, Colorado. He used his radio experience to good advantage while in the Army by emceeing for the Red Cross Hospital Service. He had a close brush with death while in the service, contracting spinal meningitis and spotted fever at the same time. He lived through this ordeal but sustained a knee injury which eventually led to his discharge.

He liked the West and, after leaving the Army, lived a year on the Pacific Coast. Later, Budd returned to his native Rochester, and worked as an announcer at WSAY and WHAM before coming to WBEN.

About television, Budd says, "I've still got a lot to learn. Like many others, I have trouble learning lines." On his WBEN-TV Barbershop show, Budd hangs a large sign on the turret of the TV camera with the titles of songs and the names of the members of the quartet. But the commercials he learns by heart.



Even on his honeymoon, Budd couldn't get away from radio. He and Shirley were guests on Honeymoon in N. Y. Left: Budd emcees the Barbershop Quartet; nominates the Buffalo Bills—Vernon Reed, Al Shea, Hersch Smith, Bill Spangenburg—for next international champs.

Betty North

Betty North: Joke-expert for Can You Top This?

BETTY NORTH still has a sense of humor. This is no small achievement when you consider the fact that her job requires her to read over 3,500 jokes every week.

Miss North is the lady who reads, sorts and culls the jokes that are sent in by listeners to stump the gagsters on Can You Top This? (Wed., 8:00 P.M. EST. on MBS stations).

Middle-aged and generously proportioned, Betty started her career many years ago in vaudeville. She was the North member of the comedy-singing team, North and Keller, for twenty years. And, in the course of those twenty years, Betty had a chance to hear and learn pretty nearly every joke that had ever been invented and reinvented.

Miss North works in a tiny office on West 44th Street, not a stone's throw from the famous Lambs' Club. She gets a big kick out of her job although over 99 percent of the gags she reads are ancient. One third of the jokes sent in are "repeats."

Betty has a separate cabinet set aside for four special categories of jokes—the "Hah's," meaning the good and usable gags, which she claims are about two out of every 350 submitted; the "Not So Hah's" for not quite such funny jokes; the "Oohs" for the really bad ones; and the "Hmmm's" for the risque tales. These last are sent in to her by gentlemen who know they can't be used on the air but think Betty will be amused.

Miss North is fussy about what she submits to the program. Subjects she will not tolerate for humorous stories are death, religion, race, deformities, stuttering. Aside from these taboos, her standards are fairly simple. Often, she will send over to the broadcast jokes which she herself doesn't think are very funny, but which her vast experience has taught her will go over with an audience. They have to be fast jokes. They can be old jokes. But they must be what she calls "talking stories" that don't require anything visual to put them across.

Betty doesn't have to read a whole joke. In the majority of cases, she just looks at the first line and knows immediately if it has been sent in before.

Since she leads a normal life, her friends are always telling her jokes. No one has ever told Betty a joke she hadn't heard or read before. But Betty has a humorist's streak of kindness. She has yet to stop anyone before he gets to the kick line.

The Hat Doesn't Fit, Sonny!

—*you're not ready for an adult size yet.* . . . And mother knows it's the same in aspirin—you're not ready for a 5-grain adult size tablet because it doesn't fit your special dosage needs.

Mother...

HERE'S THE ASPIRIN TABLET THAT "*Fits*" YOUR CHILD'S NEEDS

IT'S ST. JOSEPH ASPIRIN FOR CHILDREN! Approved by mothers everywhere because it solves child dosage problems and eliminates all guesswork about correct dosage. *Easy To Give* because it's not necessary to cut or break tablets. *Assures Accurate* Dosage because each tablet contains 1¼ grains of aspirin—¼ the regular 5-grain adult tablet. *Easy To Take* because it's orange flavored and sweetened to a child's taste. Bottle of 50 tablets, 35c.

Be sure to always ask for the original and genuine St. Joseph Aspirin For Children because there is no other product just like it! Buy it now!

TESTED AND COMMENDED by PARENTS' MAGAZINE CONSUMER SERVICE BUREAU

ST. JOSEPH ASPIRIN FOR CHILDREN

Made by the Makers of St. Joseph Aspirin World's Largest Seller at 10c

Picture yourself with a Lovelier Skin with your First Cake of Camay!

MRS. LAWRENCE H. BURCHETTE
the former Barbara Alexandra Gunn of Yonkers, N. Y.
bridal portrait painted by Schwarm

A lovely skin is the beginning of charm! And you can win a smoother, softer skin with your *first cake* of Camay! Do this! Give up careless cleansing . . . begin the Camay Mild-Soap Diet. Doctors tested Camay's beauty promise on scores of women. In nearly every case their complexions improved with just *one cake* of Camay! The directions on the wrapper tell you how to be lovelier!

MEET MR. AND MRS. BURCHETTE!

Barbara dances the highland fling to the music of Larry's harmonica! And Barbara thanks Camay for her fair (and indescribably lovely) skin. "My *first cake* made my skin clearer and smoother," says she.

Both tall and active, the Burchettes are a tough team to beat at mixed doubles, and Barbara's expert at beauty as well as tennis. Heed her advice. "Go on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet for a really lovelier skin!"

THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

Information Booth

Step up and ask your questions—we'll try to find the answers.

A LETTER WON'T HELP

Dear Editor:
How can one get the Stop The Music show to call them? It seems they never call anyone in Philadelphia. Do you think a letter written to the network will help?
Mrs. A. M. B.
Philadelphia, Pa.

Certainly not. The telephone numbers of the people called on Stop The Music are picked purely by chance. And the odds are 20,000,000 to one against your telephone number being picked. The procedure involved is as follows: a guest celebrity is blindfolded, and picks from a fishbowl about 20 white discs correspondingly numbered to telephone directories from all parts of the country, including, of course, your Philadelphia. The members of ABC's production staff are then blindfolded and pick. first a series of blue discs which give the page numbers of the directories, then red ones which give the number, down the column, of the names to be called. An arrow is spun to determine the column of the page. When all this is completed, and the actual names are selected and written down on cards, the show is ready to begin.

JOSEF MARAIS & MIRANDA

JOSEF MARAIS & MIRANDA

Dear Editor:
Could you give me any information about the singers on Meredith Willson's show? They're Josef Marais and Miranda. They are the most unusual singers I have heard in years. Are they married? Where are they from? What do they look like?
Mrs. E. G.
Greensburg, Pa.

Josef Marais and Miranda, who are famous for their renditions of authentic South African veldt songs as well as songs of other nations, are Mr. and Mrs. Marais. Josef was born on the Karoo Plateau in South Africa, and Miranda was born in Amsterdam. They met during the war when both were in New York broadcasting for the South African division of the OWI. What do they look like? See for yourself.

IDENTIFICATION, PLEASE

MARVIN MILLER

Dear Editor:
Is Marvin Miller, the announcer on Louella Parsons' Hollywood News, the same Marvin Miller who plays the "bad men" roles in the movies? Also, is the Dan Seymour of the Aunt Jenny show the same one who played in "Key Largo" and in "Johnny Belinda"?
Miss G. C.
Austin 21, Texas

You're right about Marvin Miller—he does play those meanie roles in motion pictures. Some of his recent pictures are "Life With Father," "Intrigue," and "The Corpse Came COD." Besides his announcing job on Louella Parsons' program, he does the announcing on the Railroad Hour. As for Dan Seymour, there are two of them—one in motion pictures, the other in radio.

AUNT FANNY

FRAN ALLISON

Dear Editor:
I would like to know who Aunt Fanny is on the Breakfast Club show. She's wonderful.
Mrs. J. W. D.
Greenwood, S. C.

Aunt Fanny, the only fictitious character on the Breakfast Club, is played by pretty Fran Allison who has been on the program since 1944.

OFF THE AIR

FRANKLIN P. ADAMS

Dear Editor:
We have been listeners of the quiz program Information Please for a number of years but have not been able to get same since the Fall season started. Will you kindly advise us if this program is still on the air, and if so, when does it come on and on what network?
Mr. J. A. R.
Columbia, S. C.

Information Please did not return to the air this season, and according to CBS, there are no definite plans in the offing for returning to the air. Pictured here is Franklin P. Adams, who was one of the regular members of the panel.

ARLENE FRANCIS

ARLENE FRANCIS

Dear Editor:
I would like some information concerning Arlene Francis, the mistress of ceremonies on What's My Name? Wasn't she in a motion picture some years ago?
Mrs. M. M.
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Yes. The picture was "Murders In The Rue Morgue" with Bela Lugosi.

FOR YOUR INFORMATION—If there's something you want to know about radio, write to Information Booth, Radio Mirror, 205 E. 42nd St., N. Y. We'll answer in Information Booth or by mail. Be sure to sign name and address, and attach this box to your letter.

Instantly...

make YOUR lips more thrilling!

Easy to Use

New Beautiful Color for Lips Can't Rub Off!

Here's the most important charm discovery since the beginning of beauty. A 'lipstick,' at last, that actually can't smear—that really won't rub off—and that will keep your lips satin smooth and lovely. It isn't a lipstick at all. It's a lush liquid in the most romantic shades ever!

And it is **so permanent.** Put it on at dusk—it stays till dawn or longer. You can use it to prevent cream lipstick from smearing, too. Just brush on a coat of Liquid Liptone after lipstick. You'll love it.

And CHEEKTONE . . .

Roses in your cheeks without rouge! A "miracle" preparation. The effect is absolutely natural and lovely. Lasts all day.

liquid liptone

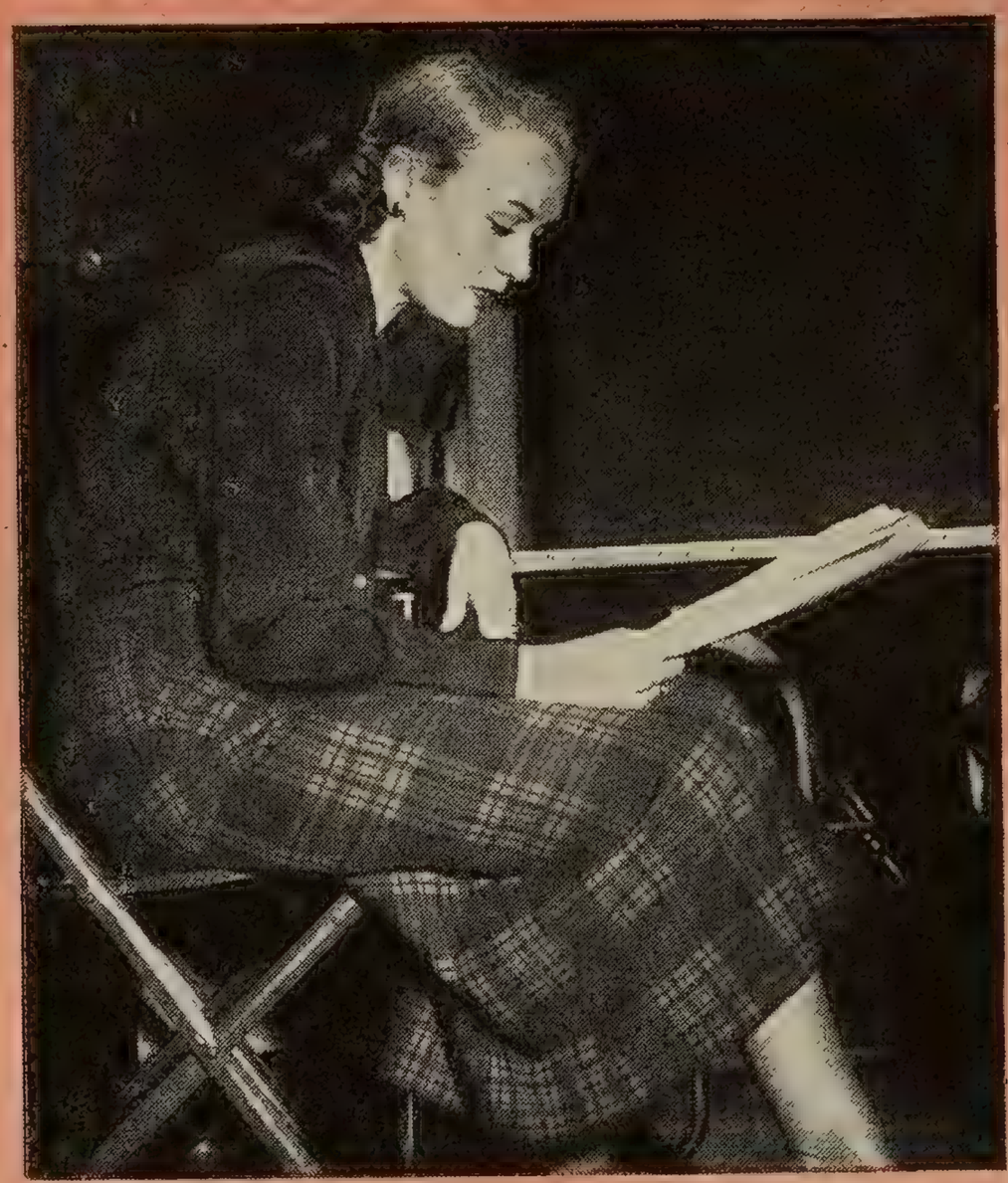
SEND COUPON for generous Trial Sizes

PRINCESS PAT Dept. 9122
2709 S. Wells St., Chicago 16, Ill.
Send Trial Sizes. I enclose 12c (2c Fed. Tax) for each as checked:

- ☐ **Medium**—Natural true red—very flattering.
- ☐ **Gypsy**—Vibrant deep red—ravishing.
- ☐ **Regal**—Glamorous rich burgundy.
- ☐ **Orchid**—Exotic pink—romantic for evening.
- ☐ **English Tint**—Inviting coral-pink.
- ☐ **Clear (colorless)**—Use over lipstick, smearproofs
- ☐ **CHEEKTONE**—"Magic" natural color.

Name (print) _____ R
Address _____ M
City _____ State _____

Our Miss Brooks (Eve Arden), who'd rather talk about love, must stick to English: Sun., 9:30 P.M., CBS.



Edgar Bergen and Mary Livingstone made themselves sick on cotton candy at the recent NBC Fun Carnival.

WHAT'S NEW from

Script-comment from brother Jack gets Bob Hope's full attention. Jack (l.) is Bob's experienced right-hand man.

BY THE TIME you read this it is possible that critics of giveaway shows will have got a thumb in the eye. It is being buzzed about that Stop The Music, prime offender according to the critics, may be expanded from its current hour time to a ninety minute show because additional sponsors want to latch on. The way these things are going, we want to know where they'll end up—what's the ceiling on giving?

* * *

Here's a man with an idea that'll probably have the networks chewing their nails. He's James T. Healey of Albany, who's got a big plan worked out to establish a new kind of network for radio. He's president of the newly-formed Union Broadcasting System, which, based on the parent station WOKO in Albany, proposes to use both telephone wire service and tape recordings to give network affiliates top-notch programs at minimum cost. Healey expects to sell his services mainly through Scotch sound tape recordings, which will enable small stations which can't afford affiliation with the major networks to air good programs at reasonable rates. Tape recordings cost only a small fraction of what it costs for live programs.

* * *

Well, well, next summer promises to be a little different on the air lanes. The National Associa-

By DALE

In Hallmark Playhouse's "Cimarron," Irene Dunne was "Sabra." James Hilton is host, Frank Goss, announcer.

Both Barbara Stanwyck and Ginger Rogers were on hand to help CBS introduce its Family Hour of Stars.

COAST to COAST

tion of Broadcasters has gone on record against the practice of summer radio layoffs by sponsors because "it tends to discourage radio listening in general and is not in the best interests" of all-year advertisers. Could it also be that networks are getting tired of filling in those spots with low budget, cheaper shows, or holding them on a sustaining basis—all of which touches the pocket, somewhat?

* * *

For all of the people who've lived under the illusion that foreign radio, like BBC in England, for instance, is radically different from the U. S. brand in programming, here's a bit of news. Recently, Daphne Padel, English actress here on a visit, revealed that BBC has a program called Ignorance is Bliss, which is nothing but the Anglicized version of our own It Pays to Be Ignorant.

* * *

NBC and *Life* Magazine are teaming together in a pact calling for joint video production of shows during the coming year, with *Life* picking up the tab. The shows will be along documentary lines and will feature special events.

* * *

Don Bernard, producer of Screen Guild Players, speaks up for radio actors. He says that not enough people give enough praise to the regular bit

Dick Powell said an eager "Yes!" when invited to appear on Dorothy Lamour's Thursday night program, 9:30 EST on NBC.

MARION HUTTON, STARRING IN THE UNITED ARTISTS' FILM "LOVE HAPPY"

MARION HUTTON *Taught me a Love Lesson*

I never used to be popular...

'Til one lucky night I turned a page and read: " 'Men are romantics at heart', says Marion Hutton. 'They like a girl to be so-o feminine . . . to have the softest, pampered-looking hands.' Marion advises: 'Use Jergens Lotion on your hands—I do.' "

Right then, I started using Jergens too!

Not long after I started going out! First with Paul, then Cy, now I've got several beaux. Men really *do* choose the girl with the softest, loveliest hands!

See how much softer your hands can be with today's richer Jergens Lotion! Because it's a liquid, Jergens quickly furnishes the softening moisture thirsty skin needs. Yet never leaves that sticky feeling. Still only 10¢ to $1.00 plus tax.

Hollywood Stars Use Jergens Lotion 7 to 1 Over Any Other Hand Care

Now Yours— Jergens Beauty Kit!

Contains generous samples of Jergens Lotion, Powder, Face Cream and Dryad Deodorant. Send 10¢ to cover handling and postage to The Andrew Jergens Co., Box 6, Dept. 55-A, Cincinnati 14, Ohio. Sorry, offer good in U.S.A. only, expires Dec. 31, 1949.

WHAT'S NEW from COAST to COAST

(*Continued from page* 21)

players who appear on the show. He says players like Wally Maher, Frank Nelson, Jane Morgan, Louise Arthur and others who work regularly on the show are experienced and competent and their ability gives the broadcasts a well rounded balance, although they almost never get any air credit.

* * *

All show business, with radio carrying the major part of the load, is cooperating with the New York City Department of Health in its all out drive against venereal disease. The four network stations, as well as the thirteen independent stations, have agreed to air shows on the subject.

* * *

Jack Douglas, who's been writing material for top comics for years, has now been bitten with the bug to write for himself. He's trying out his stuff at Hollywood benefits.

* * *

Johnny Long writes that on a one-nighter in Manteo, N.C., he discovered what he thinks to be the only shoe-checking concession in the world, at least in connection with a dance hall—Johnny has never played an Oriental Temple or Mosque. Patrons at Manteo's Nag's Head Casino, Johnny reports, not only have the customary hat checking booth, but another checkroom is available so you can get rid of those cumbersome clod-hoppers and dance in your bare feet!

* * *

Whenever hepsters spot the name George Spelvin on a theater program, they start watching the actors to see which one is playing two parts. George Spelvin is theater's John Doe name. So, when it came to our attention that Dr. Watson on the Sherlock Holmes series was played by George Spelvin, we asked some questions. It turns out that George Spelvin, in this instance, is not doubling in parts, at all. His real name is Wendell Holmes—and he took the Spelvin moniker for this show to avoid any confusion with the name of the title role.

* * *

Our hat's off to Samuel J. Schaunbam of Jersey City, N. J., who recently cracked a radio jackpot for over $3,000 worth of merchandise and donated all of it to the Damon Runyon Memorial Cancer Fund. It was auctioned off and the proceeds were turned over to the charity. Mr. Schaunbam's idea of sharing the wealth, especially the kind of windfalls of wealth won these days on the giveaways, could stand a little spreading he thinks.

* * *

Arch Oboler's back from his African trek with 170,000 feet of Scotch tape recordings of animal and native sounds. And plenty of the adventurers and explorers who've put out books about Africa are going to be uncomfortable under the collar once Oboler starts playing back the actual stuff he recorded.

It seems that in his travels throughout Africa, Oboler discovered that more than ninety percent of the stories and magazine articles written about that continent by American explorers are pure bunk, with most of the "exploration" fabricated in the cool of a hotel room in Nairobi.

TRAVELER OF THE MONTH

The story of Mrs. Gertie De Lonais was one of grief, loneliness, and untiring search. But it came to an ending so happy that she has forgotten those long years of tragedy.

By TOMMY BARTLETT

A MOTHER who had lost her baby boys twenty-three years ago and was finally reunited with them—that's the wonderful story which makes Mrs. Gertie De Lonais, of Pawhuska, Oklahoma, our traveler of the month.

It's a story with the happiest of happy endings, but, earlier, it's also a story of grief, loneliness and an endless, unpromising search. When Mrs. De Lonais told that story before our ABC microphone at our Welcome Travelers party at the College Inn of the Hotel Sherman in Chicago, many a mother in that room quietly touched a handkerchief to her eyes.

Twenty-three years ago, Mrs. De Lonais (she used her first husband's name then) was a young married woman in Helena, Oklahoma. She had two handsome little sons, Roy, 4, and Coy, 2. She was pretty and young, and so was the world.

Then, her marriage broke up. Suddenly, she was alone with the boys, with no way to support them. As she had no particular skills, this meant hard work, at low pay. She struggled along as best she could, but, as she told me:

"The boys weren't getting enough to eat, and I couldn't be around to take care of them properly. I thought I'd put them in an orphanage in Helena for a little while, then come back to them. It seemed so simple at the time. I'd be unhappy for a few months, but soon I'd be with my boys, forever."

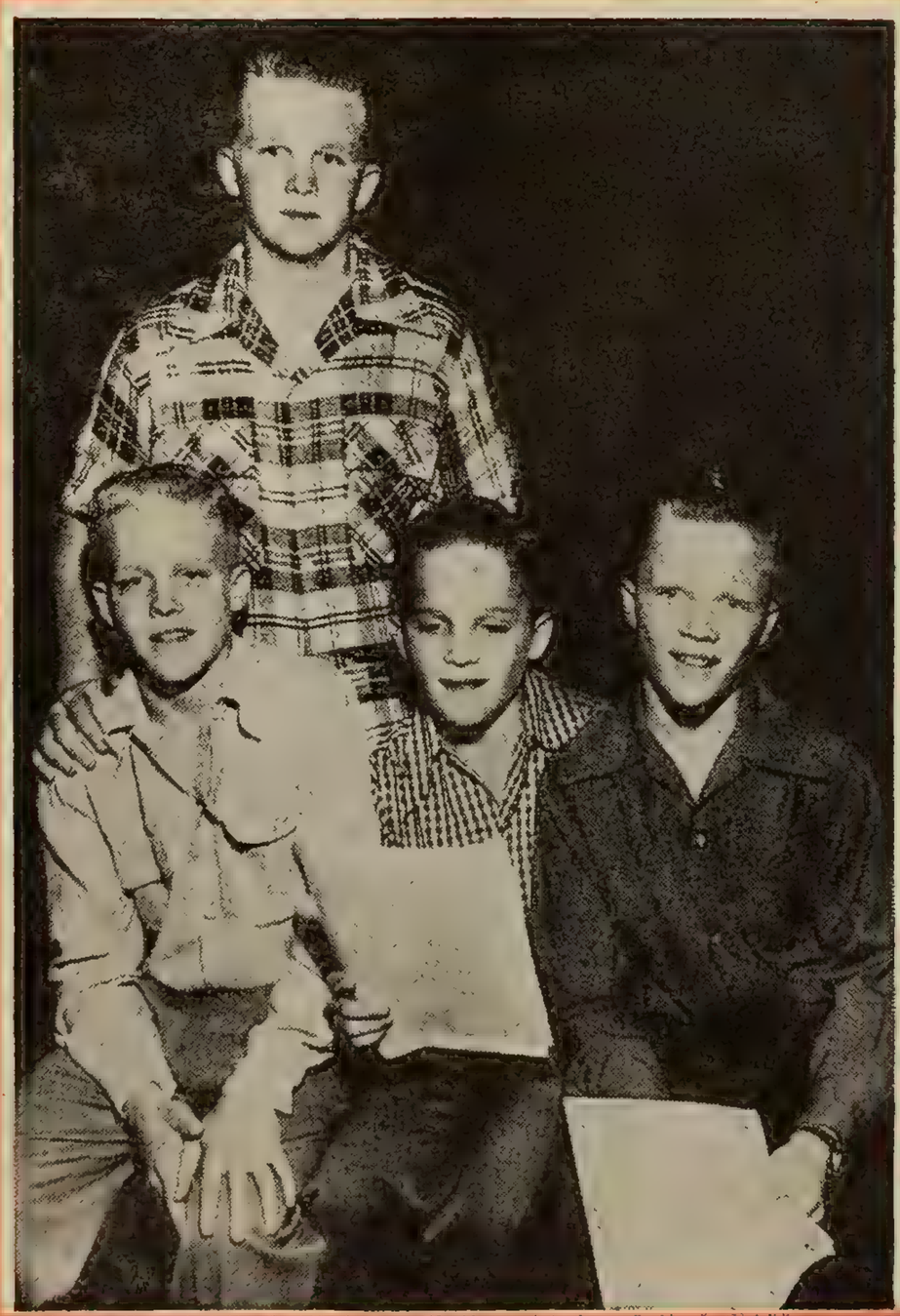
So often, we've learned at Welcome Travelers, life's tragedies begin in just this casual way. The young mother went away for four months, working in restaurants and saving her pay. Then she returned to claim her boys. But:

"When I got there, the world sort of fell apart for me. I was told that my babies had been given out for adoption. I demanded that they give me the names of the families who had taken them, so I could get the boys back. But I was told there was a state law which kept the names of the families a secret, even from me."

There it was. (*Continued on page* 74)

Welcome Travelers, with M.C. Tommy Bartlett making friends with the people who pass through Chicago on their journeys, is heard every Monday through Friday at 12 Noon, EST, over stations of the American Broadcasting Company network.

Der Bingle dines out with his wife, Dixie. Below, their all-boy family: Garry behind Philip, Lindsay, Denis.



Oh,

DID YOU ever see a legend walking? Well, I did—at the Bel-Air Golf Course in Beverly Hills. The legend was carrying a golf club. So was I. But we were approaching opposite holes.

As my path crossed that of the legend, the legend grinned, waved his hand and said as if it was a ritual we go through every five minutes, "Hullo, Bob."

"Hi, Bing," I said back to him.

That's my brother.

Bing spends so little time in one place that frequently our conversation consists of a remarkable exchange involving no more than those four words. It has become pretty much of a standing joke between us.

Nor are those four words to be underestimated. They're affection-packed.

Like the relatively few others of my countrymen so privileged, when I am face to face with my brother I feel history crawling up and down my spine, warning me to make the most of this moment before Bing zings.

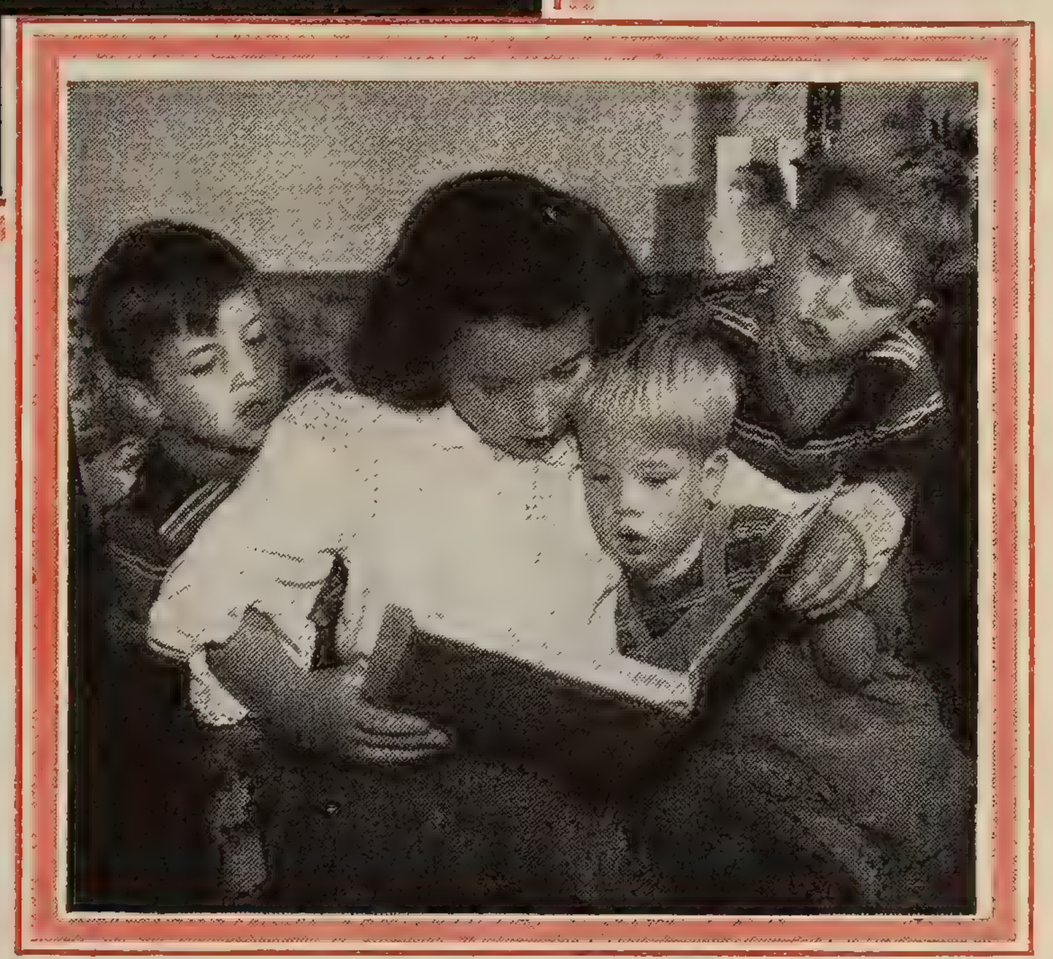
June and Bob Crosby achieved a mixed quartet. L. to r.: Robert Jr., Cathleen, Steven, Christopher.

By

BOB

CROSBY

BROTHER!



Bing has to put a premium on time. He's got so many things to do, so many places to go, so many people to please. If he can't get understanding from a brother, where else could he turn?

Even at golf, Bing never knows where the next time-killing eventuality will come from. In the absence of his regular caddy, Bing drew a substitute at one of the Hollywood courses. Bing thought nothing of it until the fifth green when he called for an iron and got a song instead. A singing caddy!

Bing grinned, and waited the caddy's pleasure.

At the next hole, the caddy burst into song again. Bing waited tolerantly for him to finish, but the boy was just getting warmed up.

"If you don't like that one," he told Bing, "I've got another one."

"Is it all right if we play golf between choruses?" Bing asked.

From then until the last hole, the club bearer clammed up. At the eighteenth green, he pleaded with Bing, "I have one more song. If you don't like it, you don't have to pay me." Bing held up a hand—he wanted to know just one thing: "How long will it last?"

If he wasn't in a hurry, he just wouldn't be Bing.

I was a kid at the time, but I knew I had a great man for a brother when he was fresh—and unknown—out of Gonzaga, unable to choose between law and singing with a band. Nobody could listen to the family and doubt it.

I'm a big boy now, and I can do my own thinking. The proud chatter of my folks no longer falls on impressionable ears. But it doesn't matter. Even if I had never been indoctrinated as a youngster in Spokane, Washington, I'd realize it as every other American does.

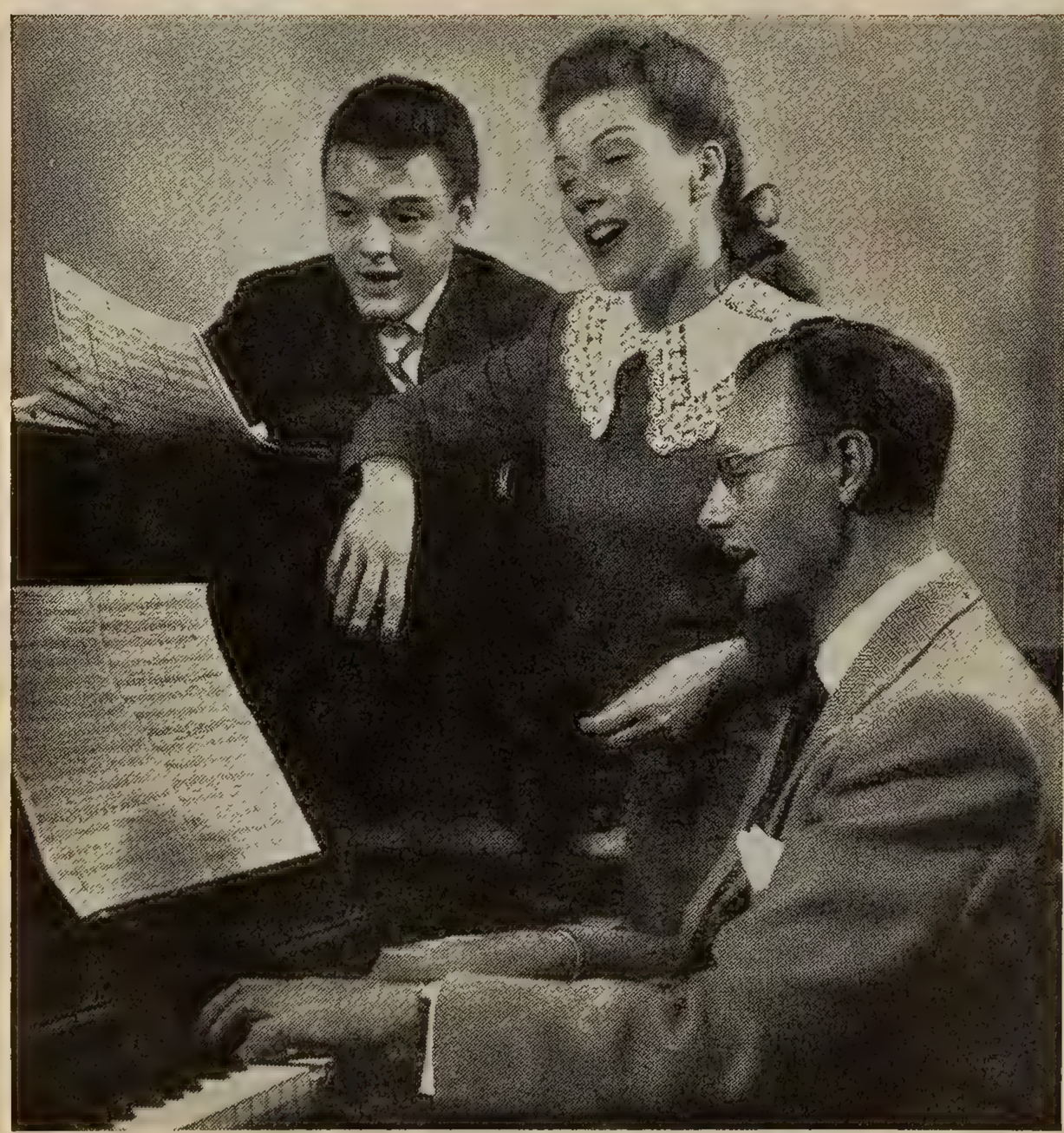
My brother *is* a great man—and a great guy.

I confess to one regret in life. It is that I was born fourteen years after Bing. Those were fourteen years in which I could have had a ringside seat at the childhood of a cut-up destined for immortality, a troubador whom historians (*Continued on page* 95)

Bob Crosby is starred on Club 15, 7:30 P.M. EST, Mon. through Fri., on CBS.

THE Biggest Break!

It was manager Ritchie Lisella (l.) who guided Bill straight to his big moment with Godfrey (r.). Now in the big time, Bill tries a tune (below) with program-mates Janette Davis, Archie Bleyer.



By BILL LAWRENCE

WHEN Arthur Godfrey offered me a chance to stay with his show for thirteen weeks, I was so astonished that I just stood there in front of the mike with my mouth open and nothing coming out. I had two good reasons to be surprised. In the first place, I had just finished the last of three appearances I had won through my try-out on his Talent Scouts Show, and was ready to say goodbye. In the second place, we were still on the air, and business is not usually done with 30,000,000 people listening in.

So I just stood there, and I guess the radio audience took in the news before I did.

My mother was listening in from East St. Louis, and when she heard the offer she laughed and then she cried and she was running out to tell the neighbors while I was still just gaping at Mr. Godfrey.

Then the studio audience started to applaud, and I realized that it was the real thing . . . that I was not dreaming of getting on the big time . . . that this was my chance at last.

It still seems like a dream, however, because things have been happening so fast ever since. Within a week of the time I arrived in New York on borrowed money, I had a thirteen weeks contract to sing five mornings a week on The Arthur Godfrey Show, at what seems to me like an awful lot of money. I was signed to sing every Tuesday night on The Morey Amsterdam Show, and I had offers for two night club dates. There have been wires and letters of congratulation from friends and from people I never heard of, too. I have fourteen fan clubs and RADIO MIRROR has asked me to write my life story. What more could a guy want?

That last—the story—is almost the hardest to handle. Naturally, everything that has happened in my twenty-one years is interesting to me, but it isn't much (*Continued on page* 78)

Bill Lawrence was "discovered" on Arthur Godfrey's Talent Scouts, Mon., 8:30 P.M. EST, CBS. He is heard regularly on Godfrey's A. M. show, 10:30 EST, CBS.

For a beginner, it's a long, hard road. Unless—like Bill—you bump into Arthur Godfrey on the way.

Bill Lawrence
Arthur Godfrey

Phil, one of nature's collectors (his silver-mounted saddles are showpieces), was an easy convert to Alice's pet hobby—the accumulation of charming, curious old glass and china.

The

By FRANKIE REMLEY

Frankie Remley: talkative guitarist on the Faye-Harris Bandwagon.

WHEN Alice Faye and Phil Harris were married, the event probably added ten years to my life. It also interrupted a pool game that gave promise of setting a world's record for marathon endurance and elapsed time.

These are minor results of the marriage. There are others more important.

For example, there was the night, not long ago, when Phil, brandishing a flashlight, led me out into his garden. After some groping, he turned the beam onto a small bunch of leaves.

"Tuberous begonia," he announced. "Grew it myself, and it bloomed today."

Tuberous begonia! I knew Phil Harris when, before he married Alice, he didn't know a begonia from a buttonhook.

He's the guy who used to keep me up till dawn playing pool after we'd finished our night's work on the bandstand. I guess we played pool in every sizable town in the country. He was the chief exponent of the theory that you worked at night, had breakfast in the evening, ate a midnight snack at 8 A.M. and went to bed at an hour when other citizens were hustling to their jobs. When he discovered Alice Faye he also discovered daytime, and when Phil began going home after work my health improved. I got to go home, too.

I've known Alice and Phil for a long time. In fact, I met Phil when he and his band, elegantly titled "The Dixie Syncopators" came aboard the City of Los Angeles to sail for a Honolulu engagement, more years ago than either of us wants to remember. I was playing guitar with the ship's orchestra. Phil, at the time, had the thickest Southern accent ever heard north of Mobile. I was from the south of North Dakota and I'd never run into anything like it before. We've been friends ever since that, and believe me when I tell you, being a friend of Alice and Phil is about as lucky as you can get. The loyalty, generosity and understanding that has made their marriage happy in a town where the mortality rate of marriages is high, extends over to their friends.

But, if I were to tell you that the Harrises are just like the successful young couple next door to you, I'd be cheating. They are like no one else in the world. In the first place, they're in show business, where, added to the other natural hazards of wedded bliss, there is the danger of professional jealousy.

Either they've never been jealous of each other, or they are the best actors in the world. I love them both, but I say let Olivier do Hamlet. (*Continued on page* 104)

Alice Faye and Phil Harris star in the Bandwagon, heard Sunday nights at 7:30 EST, on NBC.

Happy Harrises

Here, at last: a Hollywood couple who are *not* just like the folks next door. In fact, one of their best friends says they're like nobody else in the world

Phyllis uses family playtime to practice flirting with her Dad; young Alice concentrates on records.

Come and Visit — LUM

By PAULINE

The "Lum" family: Chester Lauck, son Chester Jr., daughter Nancy and Mrs. Lauck. They all like dining outdoors and all agree that Dad's a first-class barbecue chef.

A PROFUSION of generalities has been aired about Hollywood in the course of its brief and turbulent history, and one of the most persistent ones is that you can make a fortune in glamortown, but you can't make a life.

And a stealy trek of the disillusioned away from the tinsel capital back to the "real" America, back to places where snow is snow and not soapflakes, and where people are people, not reasonable facsimiles, has gone on over the years to prove it.

But there have remained a

Solid comfort and a relaxing, pleasant atmosphere — that can be said both of the Laucks' home and of their life.

'ABNER

S W A N S O N

few "plain folks" who dared the legend and defeated it. Among these none have come off with a better score than Chet Lauck and Norris Goff—Lum and Abner, of radio.

Chet and "Tuffy" were boys together in Mena, Arkansas, went to the University of Arkansas together, married nice girls from their own home town, and—since 1931—have been doing their homespun version of Ozark Americana on the radio.

Like all the other top liners on the air, they came to Hollywood when the radio industry

The "Abner" family: Tuffy Goff, son Gary, daughter Gretchen, and Mrs. Goff. They all (including the Boxer) like to spend long, lazy hours in the patio's leafy shade.

Fieldstone and chintz — and display room for their treasures — these spell home to the Goffs.

Come and Visit—LUM

Young Chet Lauck's passion for privacy is no secret—his hand-lettered signs calling for it are on display (together with his individualistic spelling) all around his room.

Nancy, an art major, tries a cartoon of her mother and dad. At right, Chet's gun collection—not purely ornamental, for his skeet-shooting trophies help decorate the living room.

did in the middle thirties, and have been here ever since. And they have made a fine life for themselves *in* Hollywood—probably because they never quite became a part *of* it.

Both of the "boys" are solid family men now. The Laucks have a married daughter, Shirley Babcock, a teen-age daughter, Nancy, and a young son, Chet Jr., who is eight. The Goffs' "farm" in Encino was built not only to Tuffy and Liz's specifications for comfort, but to suit Gary, who is fifteen now, and his sister Gretchen, who is ten.

AND whether you visit the Goffs at their farm, and sit in the white wicker rockers on the front porch, sipping lemonade from the old cut-glass pitcher, or drop in on the Laucks at their house in Brentwood—a one time Mediterranean villa in the "star stuff" tradition, now invitingly transformed into gracious Colonial—you are assured of a welcome which is strictly from Arkansas.

Harriet Lauck, who will get around later to telling you that "I was a city girl, I was born in Hot Springs" comes to the door to meet you, shoving a collection of friendly dogs out of your path. She leads the way through a succession of rooms bright with red and green chintz and mellowed old pine to the study, where you sit by a wood fire and look out through a ceiling-high window across an acre of clipped green grass patterned with the shadows of sycamore trees.

Harriet's right wrist is in a splint—she broke it square-dancing!—but she made the hot green pepper and melted cheese sandwiches which appear promptly on the scene, and she manages with her left hand to pour the strong black coffee which follows a moment later.

Chet, his ear glued to a small portable radio—

Without fireplaces—one in every room—and horses, the Goffs wouldn't be at home. Above: Gary, Mrs. Goff, Tuffy and Gretchen, who has already triumphed in four horse shows.

'N ABNER

"Twenty years in the radio business," he complains, "and not a decent radio in the house"—is listening to it (*and* the conversation), while he makes noises to the effect that his southpaw wife, who is shuffling coffee cups right over his shoulder, is sure to scald him. But he's not worried enough to move out of the way.

BOTH of the Laucks glow when you marvel at the transformation they have effected in the once austere big house. They trot out "before and after" photographs to show how green shutters and simple white pillars replaced the former Grecian columns and ornate grill work at the front. Old louvred shutters imported from New Orleans to masque two-story-high stained glass windows, wood floors laid over patterned tile, and wall paper over stucco, have made a friendly entrance hall out of a once coldly formal foyer.

And at the drop of a hint they will conduct you on a tour of the whole place, including the "real Eastern basement" with unbelievable—for California—space for laundry, luggage room, freezer rooms, and a wine cellar.

The children may be off at school when you call, but a look at their rooms conjures up a fairly accurate mental picture.

The quarters reserved to young Chet—he is beginning to rebel at his early "Little Chet" appellation—would be inaccessible to strangers if he were home. Handmade (*Continued on page* 76)

Liz Goff gets called in to listen to son Gary's home-made rhythm. That's the way all the Goffs like their fun—made, and enjoyed, at home, with the rest of the family.

Chester Lauck as Lum, Norris Goff as Abner, are heard Sunday nights at 10, EST, on CBS.

1 Helen Trent is chief gown designer for her friend, Jeff Brady, who owns a motion picture studio in Hollywood, a career woman who set herself a goal and, through her own talents and efforts, has achieved it. But Helen is more than a successful and respected figure in an important industry — she is also one of the most glamorous, most sought-after, most attractive women in a city that is the mecca of glamor and beauty. Here, in the office where she has created fashions which have won her national reputation as a designer of distinction, Helen pauses in the work which gives her so much pleasure to look back through the years that are past.

Through the Years with HELEN TRENT

The years have brought to Helen romance, success . . . and heartaches

3. Gil soon became the most important man in Helen's life. He lives in a charming white house in San Fernando Valley, not far from Hollywood, where he and Helen have spent happy evenings listening to records and being served by Buggsy O'Toole, Gil's houseman.

2. One night, Helen, stranded in a rainstorm on Sunset Boulevard, accepted an attractive stranger's offer to drive her home. Thus began her friendship with Gil Whitney. After a date a few nights later, Helen introduced Gil to her dear friend Agatha Anthony.

HELEN TRENT'S life, rich in glamor and romance, is reviewed on these pages in pictures which introduce you to the people you hear on the air in The Romance of Helen Trent.

Helen Trent is played by..Julie Stevens

Gil Whitney.....David Gothard

Cynthia Carter.....Mary Jane Higby

Agatha Anthony.....Bess McCammon

Norman Hastings.....Lauren Gilbert

Buggsy O'Toole.....Ed Latimer

The Romance of Helen Trent, conceived and produced by Frank and Anne Hummert, is heard over CBS, Monday through Friday at 12:30-12:45 P.M. EST.

4. During the last war, Gil went overseas on a government mission. Though Helen saw him off bravely, she was lonely and worried until he came back. Ironically, after his safe return Gil was seriously injured in a train wreck.

5. Paralyzed from the waist down, Gil switched from law to teaching at a small California college. Visiting him there, Helen met Cynthia Carter, pretty teacher who, in love with Gil, tried unsuccessfully to win him from Helen.

8. Shortly after Curtis passed out of her life, Helen accepted an offer to work for a London studio for a few months. On the boat she met and fell in love with dynamic Norman Hastings, a well-known author and traveler.

9. But Norman's past and personality made him so unpredictable that, by the time Helen was back in Hollywood, he had disappeared, leaving no word for her. Heartbroken, Helen needed all the comfort Agatha Anthony could give.

6. Cynthia finally married Dwight Swanson, but his death soon left her a wealthy woman—still in love with Gil. When Cynthia's uncle, a famous doctor, cured him, gratitude trapped Gil into a scene which Helen accidentally saw.

7. Unhappily remembering Cynthia in Gil's arms, Helen became attracted to Curtis Bancroft, co-owner of her studio—who neglected to tell Helen he was married. Above, Curtis enters his fabulous house in Bel Air, near Hollywood.

10. Back at her old job at Jeff Brady's studios, Helen regained a measure of happiness. Then, one day, Norman Hastings reappeared, having flown thousands of miles to reach Helen. Fate was to involve him deeply in her life . . .

11. Powerful Montgomery K. Hart, determined to groom Gil for the governorship, hired Norman as publicity manager. Both loving Helen, Gil and Norman were forced into friendship. But Cynthia still plots to win Gil for herself.

Julius Marx and the author: how Julius became "Groucho" is a secret that died with vaudeville.

Melinda, the captivating beginning of what Groucho hopes will be a big "second family."

My Father

MY father, Julius Marx, son of Minnie Marx—no relation of Walt Disney's, but forever Groucho—has always admitted readily that the first time he saw me was one of the great disappointments of his life.

After brooding over this for nearly twenty years I finally got up courage one day recently to ask him: "Why?"

"Because, at the time, I had my heart set on a baby girl," Father confessed, "one about twenty-three, with blue eyes and a figure like Betty Grable's. As a matter of fact, I've still got my heart set on Betty Grable, and as soon as I get around to it, I'm going to start taking trumpet lessons."

One of Father's favorite devices for making time pass slowly is telling how the first time he saw me I yelled in a pretty unappealing fashion. I wonder if it's ever occurred to him to ask himself how I must have felt the first time I saw that cigar and mustache looming over my crib. Though my recollection of that first meeting has dimmed with the years, I'd say that under the circumstances my yelling was perfectly natural, and I still insist that the disparity in our ages made it highly improper for Father to yell back. Mother always said it was just because he couldn't stand for anyone else to have the last word.

Anyone who has ever listened to Groucho's radio show, You Bet Your Life, broadcast by long-suffering ABC, will probably agree with my mother that fondness for the last word is indeed one of Father's more noticeable characteristics. This tendency of his to throw a verbal hammerlock on any conversation he gets in range of makes his show a pretty expensive proposition for its sponsors. They have to give away many handsome gifts and offer large sums of prize money to induce people (*Continued on page* 84)

When Groucho loses a game, it's his custom to hit himself over the head a few hundred times with anything handy. That's why he gave up tennis in favor of ping-pong—the paddle is so much easier on his head than the racquet used to be.

GROUCHO

By ARTHUR MARX

Life as the son of Groucho Marx?

It's a thought that staggers the

imagination. It staggers the son, too

Groucho, usually full of ideas, offered just one when Arthur became career-minded. "Play tennis," he said. "Write. But don't be an actor!"

Groucho Marx's You Bet Your Life—Wed., 9:30 P.M. EST, 8:30 P.M. PST, ABC stations.

Wanted, by young radio

humorist: a wife. Must be young,

strong, rich, and have sense of humor

By ROBERT Q. LEWIS

CBS, Sundays at 5 P. M. EST

WANTED . . . WIFE. By radio humorist *just* over draft age. Girl must be breathing, anywhere between ages of twenty and twenty-one. Should have poise, charm, ability, personality and oil well. If possible send picture of oil-well. Box Q.

THAT'S it! In a nutshell. . . . That's the ad I've been using on my commercial-less CBS program for the past couple of weeks.

Am I kidding? No . . . not really. Every day, people keep asking me *why* I'm still a bachelor. Actually, there's no good reason. I'd get married in a minute . . . only nobody's *asked* me. And frankly, I don't enjoy being a bachelor at all. I'm so darn helpless around the house. Especially when I iron my own shirts. I never seem to know when to turn the iron off. And while we're on that subject . . . does anybody know anybody who'd like to buy some open-toed shirts . . . *cheap?*

I'm not much good at housecleaning either. I hate that darn dusting . . . and I look so silly with a red bandanna wrapped around my noggin. I'll never forget the day I really got ambitious. I scrubbed the floors, massaged the ceilings and washed the walls. And you know something? I discovered two rooms I never even knew I had! So I've given up thorough dusting . . . I use the old rug system . . . as a

The Girl

"A wife might know a better way to clean out the refrigerator. What I do is to take everything out and eat it —which doesn't seem right."

matter of fact, in the past six months I've swept so much dust under my carpet that I'm now listed at the Soviet Embassy as "Hill No. 137"!

A poor batch can get so weary! Like the other morning I read in the papers that "now is the time to clean out the refrigerator." It sounded logical, so I spent all morning doing just that. First the grapefruit, then the eggplant, then the milk, then the bologna, then the eggs, then the yogurt . . . honest, by the time I got through, I thought I'd burst. You need a *wife* to help you out with little things like that.

And gee . . . if I had a wife, I wouldn't have to go through that awful business of shopping for my food. What prices! It's tough when you have to pay a dollar a pound for meat . . . of course, I must admit that when you pay only forty cents a pound . . . it's even *tougher!* But meats aren't the only things that are high. Like the other day. . . . My bill from the fruit store had an extra charge of ten cents. For the life of me, I couldn't figure out what it was for! Then I remembered that on my way out of the store I'd stepped on a grape. *Honest.*

And some of those clerks ask the *dopiest* questions. Take my butcher (and believe me, he's yours with my blessing). I asked him for a small chicken. . . .

"Tell me, Mr. Lewis," he asked, "do you wanna pullet?" (*Continued on page* 87)

"I wouldn't even hang around the house much. I'm fanatic about my exercise and fresh air."

that I Marry

"The vacuum cleaner isn't so good. It picks up the dirt before I can get it all swept under the rug."

"Do you think a girl might love me for my totem pole collection? They're bright, and they don't talk back."

BETWEEN

Hello There:

Here is a page full of valentines . . . all kinds of valentines . . . for all kinds of people.

Can you remember your first valentine?

Mine, I think arrived in kindergarten.

The message was to the point and terse—

"It is it . . . I like it . . . Goodbye."

If I could just remember . . . what was what.

There is only one kind of valentine I don't like—

the one signed, "Guess who!"

My favorites come in big square envelopes . . .

with bold round printing . . . finger-smudged sometimes

but always addressed . . . "To Daddy . . ." signed "Bubbles and Happy."

Ah, me! . . . I guess I'm getting old.

Here is a page full of valentines . . . all for you.

—Ted Malone

Choice

Arthur would never be my choice
He has a condescending voice
But I could take another
Long look, at Arthur's brother.
His voice is low, and I have found
It has a slight "come hither" sound—
I feel inclined some day to do so
Complete—with trousseau.

—Helena K. Beacham

When Lights are Low

When singing for him songs
he loved at dusk,
Sometimes a fleeting shadow
crossed my heart.
A yearning that these songs
would not bring pain
If he should hear them when
we were apart.

I did not know it would be
my heart-strings
These tender melodies would
bruise and bare;
I did not know that I would
be the one
To sit at twilight by an empty
chair.

—Isla Paschal Richardson

MENDER

"Your pots and pans, the tinker
cried,
I'll mend them good as new!"
But what about my battered
pride?
What can a tinker do
About the small holes in a heart?
The cracks in long-used dreams?
And what can any mender do
About joy's parted seams?

Then I beheld an old, bent man;
"My name is Time," he said,
And out of his grey haversack
He pulled a magic thread—
"New love," he cried, "it's made
to mend
The heart as nought else can."
And so I gave my tattered heart
To Time and that old man
Still shows me, as his needle flies,
He is as kind as he is wise!

—Pauline Havard

WAILING WIRES

Her eyes held distance in their
faded depths.
"It wasn't bad with just the
wind to drone
Against the door and whip the
willow trees,
For winds get neighborly
when you're alone.

"But since they've strung the
wires along the road
I never hear the wind's old,
friendly song.
The wires wail and shriek till I
declare,
They'll drive a body crazy all
day long."

She tucked a straying hair behind her ear.
"I wonder just a bit . . ."
her tone grew sharp . . .
"What Heaven's like and if
there's wind or not,
And how it sounds on gold
strings of a harp."

—Maribel Coleman Haskin

No Vacancy

**Her heart was a furnished
apartment
That she rented now and then,
Her tenants—a changing assortment—
She wasn't impressed with
men.**

**He came. From the sound of
her laughter,
I knew that renting would
cease,
And it wasn't long thereafter
That she gave him a life-time
lease.**

—Dorothy B. Elfstrom

Be sure to listen to Ted Malone's program Monday

THE BOOKENDS

MOTHER OF LINCOLN

("All that I am or ever hope to be I owe to my angel mother. . . ." Abraham Lincoln)

Nancy Hanks, will you stir in your lonely grave today
As a nation mourns anew your gentle son?
Will you remember him as the tousled nine-year one
Whose path you guided for such a little way?
Will you look across the valley to the hill
Where, lost years ago, he planed the rough-hewn board
To chalk the hard-earned words of knowledge stored
Against the time of need which he must fill?
When night has come and the echoed songs are drifting far,
Nancy Hanks, will the black oaks give you rest?
Will his voice come back, blest among the blest,
To reach your dust from some remembered star?

—Edythe Hope Genee

Date Night

Another hour in which to dress
and pose.
Will he walk in to find me
slacked and shirted—
And spectacled—knee-deep
and introverted
In Harvard Classics and port-
folios?
Or shall I wear my turquoise
velvet—twist
My hair into an aureole of
bronze,
And at the spinet, move my
hands like swans
Over the Second Rhapsody by
Liszt?
I could wait at the garden
wall, obsessed
By moonlight with my hair a
web of frost,
My eyes like fire opals,
strange and lost
And dangerous. It's time I'm
getting dressed.
I'll wear the blue-plaid ging-
ham. Let me see—
Where is that walnut cookie
recipe?

—Cosette Middleton

DEFINITION

Could the meaning of "Coquettish"

Possibly be this: "Go-gettish"?

—Dorothy Uncle

Radio Mirror's Prize Poem

TELL ALL YOUR LOVES

Go now to those you love in any way
And say, "I love you for your gentle grace,
Your worldly charm. I love you for that day
We knelt beside the brook and watched the race
Of ripples down the stream." Say to your friend,
"You *are* my friend," and to the hearts that know
Your heart, "I love you that you understand!"
Tell all your loves your love before you go,
For, in departing, whether time or fate
Or death should close the door, that love is lost
That is not said, and on the heart the weight
Of new regrets lies far beyond their cost—
The things you might have said, or might have done,
That now can nevermore be said or done.

—Harold Applebaum

RADIO MIRROR WILL PAY FIFTY DOLLARS

for the best original poem sent in each month by a reader. Five dollars will be paid for each other original poem used on Between the Bookends pages in Radio Mirror. Limit poems to 30 lines, address to Ted Malone, Radio Mirror, 205 E. 42, N. Y. 17, N. Y. When postage is enclosed, every effort will be made to return unused manuscripts. This is not a contest, but an offer to purchase poetry for our Bookends pages.

IN LIVING PORTRAITS

A crusading big-city editor goes more than half way to meet—and beat—trouble

1. Around Steve Wilson, racket-smashing editor of the Big Town Illustrated Press, has collected a small group of co-workers who are used to violence, prepared for tragedy. When Willie-the-Weep, a waterfront character who has often been useful to Steve, is attacked while trying to get to the bottom of a suspicious incident he has stumbled into, Lorelei Kilbourne and Steve swiftly come to Willie's assistance at Mozart's cafe, where he has gone for shelter. While Lorelei makes Willie more comfortable, Steve gets on the phone to one of his many "contacts" to try to learn the identity of Willie's assailant.

2. The contact in this case is Harry the Hack, another of Steve's lieutenants. Harry's knowledge of the city's unlit back alleys and his ability to deal with the characters who inhabit them make him an invaluable scout when Steve is hunting down a criminal.

Steve Wilson is played by...Edward Pawley
Lorelei Kilbourne..... Fran Carlon
Harry the Hack.....Bob Dryden
Willie-the-Weep..... Donald MacDonald
Mozart.....Larry Haines

BIG TOWN

3. The dramas that underlie the surface life of a metropolitan city sometimes cross the line that divides excitement from tragedy. But Steve Wilson, crime-fighting editor of Big Town's Illustrated Press, and his alert assistant, Lorelei Kilbourne, have learned to disregard the sordidness into which their assignments frequently lead them. For Steve and Lorelei are crusaders, intent on making their city a clean, safe, decent place in which to live—a place where crime and evil cannot flourish. Their realistic adventures make up the stories you hear on the program about a big city's crime problems . . . Big Town.

Big Town is heard on NBC stations, Tuesday nights at 10, EST.

A "living room atmosphere" is what Dorothy and Gil try for. Today's guest (l.): Peter Hunt.

Vanity Fair

Planning board meeting (l. to r.): Frances Buss, director, Anne Kelleher, assistant to Dorothy Doan, Dorothy herself.

SOMETIMES our big decisions are influenced by comparatively small things. That's what happened when a fellow reporter tossed a remark to Dorothy Doan.

Dorothy, the charming hostess of WCBS-TV's Vanity Fair, was one of a little group of top newspaper writers parked in a corridor of Roosevelt Hospital in New York last August, waiting to interview Mrs. Oksana Kasenkina, the schoolteacher who had leaped from a window in the Russian Consulate. After a long interval, word came that Mrs. Kasenkina had been excited by a television newscast from her room and the doctors had said she must rest. There would be no more interviews that day.

"This television!" a reporter exclaimed impatiently, shaking her head indignantly at being scooped on one of the biggest news stories of the year by this upstart invention.

Dorothy Doan wasn't shaking her head. She was using it to think with, hard. Only an hour before she had been invited to throw over her hard-won place as woman's editor and top feature writer for one of the big news services and take on a television program, and she had been turning the offer over in her mind and trying to clarify her thinking about it.

"But," she spoke up now, (*Continued on page* 111)

YOU ARE AN *Artist*

Jon Gnagy demonstrates how viewers can turn basic shapes into pictures, laughs at those who complain that they "haven't any talent."

The beard—but not the shirt!—gives Gnagy a look of the Old Masters that he borrows for the program.

When pneumonia kept Gnagy from coming to the show it came to Gnagy, originated at hospital!

IF television entrepreneurs got service stripes for every six months of duty, the sleeve of Jon Gnagy's bold yellow and black plaid shirt would now boast six stripes. Not even an attack of pneumonia and 104 degrees of temperature could interrupt the longest continuous record for any show on TV, dating back to 1946.

Under the watchful eyes of a doctor and nurse, You Are an Artist last October became the first show telecast from a hospital ward, except for news broadcasts in which the hospital setting was a planned part of the program. In this case, it was Gnagy himself who insisted that the show must go on and that, sick or well, he had to be in his usual Wednesday evening spot at 7:30 EST. So viewers saw him via a WPTZ mobile unit set up at Temple University Hospital in Philadelphia, propped up in a wheelchair with drawing board in front of him, assisted by his director-writer Don Hirst and surrounded by a class of his fellow-patients. Even the doctor got into the act and turned out a rather neat sketch during the twenty-minute program.

Seven days later, still a little weak and wobbly but with plenty of spirit, Gnagy was back in his regular WNBT studio setting in New York's Radio City.

This all fits in with his (*Continued on page* 88)

Coast to Coast in

Wendy Barrie takes WABD's new daytime television audience on a tour Inside Photoplay every afternoon. Visitors on either side of Wendy, above, are Photoplay Editor Adele Fletcher and actor James Dunn.

On Philco Theater's "Rebecca" cast included, left to right, Mary Anderson,

Paris Cavalcade, with Faye Emerson, brings French fashions to American women, WNBT, Wednesday nights.

Co-stars of the new Cases of Eddie Drake dramas, filmed for CBS-TV: Don Haggerty, Patricia Morrison.

IF you're a statesman or a starlet, or just a Plain Jane who is going to be televised, you don't have to worry about that double chin or the blemish that decides to appear on the very day you have to face the cameras. That's what Helena Rubinstein says, after four years of experimenting with television make-up.

It seems that all you do is put plenty of dark shadow on the double chin, and it turns into one pleasantly rounded single. A cake foundation in beige or bronze disguises all the bumps and blotches—the darker one does the better cover-up job, of course.

Features tend to flatten out on the television screen, so you're apt

TELEVISION

Bramwell Fletcher, Florence Reed, Howard St. John, Reginald Mason.

Viewers as well as listeners now experience the vicarious thrills of Break the Bank Friday nights over ABC. Bert Parks (with back to the camera) brought to TV all the old fun, and a new "wish bowl" as well.

to look your best with two shades of brown powder instead of one. A lighter shade is good for the overall effect, but use a dark shade just under the cheekbones if your face is round and needs modeling. Place it a little higher to minimize high cheekbones.

Your lipstick will depend upon the lighting, but the colors range from a medium gray to dark gray to brown. Amazingly enough, girls look pretty in them! Eye shadow will make your eyes look larger by reflecting the lights.

You can't use ordinary mascara, because the heat of the lights melts it into an inky stream. So see that it's waterproof, (*Continued on page* 82)

Bob Smith and Dan Seymour study their scripts for the Bob Smith TV Show, as guest Turhan Bey practices his "music."

Have you often longed for a kind and sympathetic friend with whom you could talk over your problems? Now you have that friend in Joan Davis, who will answer your letters each month

When a Girl

By JOAN DAVIS

(Heroine of When A Girl Marries, played by Mary Jane Higby)

"WHEN a girl marries," the old adage says, "her troubles begin." Now isn't that the worst, most negative, premise in the world with which to start a girl on what should be the happiest years of her life?

Let's look at the bright side of it—isn't marriage, after all, with its corollary activities of mother and homemaker, the most wonderful, most rewarding of all careers for a woman? Perhaps that sounds old-fashioned in this day of "career girls", but marriage itself is a pretty old-fashioned institution, and one that is, in spite of its age, doing a more thriving business at the old stand as each year goes by! Fortunately, most women feel as I do about marriage. (Of course they do; you can ask any marriage license bureau if business doesn't get brisker all the time.) Marriage is the nicest thing that can happen to a woman, and if she is lucky enough to add motherhood to it, she can count herself truly blessed. But marriage, like practically anything else in the world worth having, isn't all unalloyed bliss.

Each month on these pages, Joan Davis will answer your questions on any problem concerning marriage, except problems of health or of law. Address your letters to Joan Davis, Radio Mirror Magazine, 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, New York. Joan will also choose, for each issue, one problem which she will ask readers to answer. Each month, to the person sending in the best answer in the opinion of the editors, whose decision will be final, RADIO MIRROR WILL PAY FIFTY DOLLARS. No letters will be returned. Limit your answer to one hundred words and send it to Answers, Radio Mirror, at the address above. And be sure to listen to When A Girl Marries each Monday through Friday at 5 P.M., EST, over NBC network stations.

Marriage *does* bring problems, to women in real life and to women like me, in stories on the air which reflect real life. Any woman who says that she's never faced a problem in all of her marriage is either untruthful or unable to recognize a problem when she sees one. Marriage brings a multitude of problems, big and little, to be faced each day—everything from "What shall I have for dinner?" to "Can it be possible that my husband has fallen in love with another woman?" And, too, the decisions to be made after marriage are quite different from those a girl must make when she's younger, when she lives under the guidance and shelter of her parents.

When she's married (if she's wise) a girl can no longer throw her burdens on her mother or her father and expect them to provide adequate solutions. Married, a girl no longer is, and should not expect to be, a coddled and cosseted child. She's a woman, then, and half of an equal partnership, and will remain so until the end of her days, unless one or the other of the partners doesn't live up to his side of the bargain.

There are times, however, when no matter how hard a woman tries to stand on her own feet, to meet her problems and solve them herself, she searches her mind and her heart for a solution and can find none. Quite often, it's simply a matter of not being able to see the forest for the trees—of being so close to the problem that she cannot stand aside and observe it impartially, think about it without prejudice. When and if that time comes, a woman can, and should, ask for help.

Which brings me to the very important (and, to me very exciting and complimentary) purpose of this page. Here, every month, I'm going to do my best to help you—all of you who care to write to me—in solving your marriage problems. When the editors of RADIO MIRROR first asked me if I would handle this new monthly department, I was surprised, and not a little perturbed. "Why me?" I wanted to know. "I'm not an expert—not a doctor or a lawyer or a psychiatrist or an expert home economist—and it seems to me that to be an expert on marriage one would have to be a combination of all of those, with some help from Providence besides."

"No," I was told, "you're not any of those things. What you *are*, however, is a married woman. A wife and a mother. You won't be asked to solve problems, settle disputes. All you will be (*Continued on page* 98)

Joan has an interested observer of her newest activity—her small son, Sammy.

Mrs. Bill was well known on the networks, before her marriage, as singer Carol Ames.

Bill Cullen

Radio's youngest quizmaster never needed a golden spoon— he was born knowing how to be in two places at once

By MARTIN COHEN

BOIL rapidly the following ingredients: a rapier wit, a triple portion of imagination and a dash of pepper.

End result: Bill Cullen, the youngest successful quizmaster on the networks.

At the age of 29, Bill's incisive wit has made him a third degree specialist on radio's two popular quiz programs, Winner Take All and Hit the Jackpot. Groucho Marx calls him the best quizmaster in the business. In all, Bill Cullen does eighteen network shows a week. Not bad for a kid who four years ago was riding herd on a flock of records in Pittsburgh.

And success is easy for Bill. He merely acts natural.

"I'm an extroverted introvert with an inferior superiority complex," Bill explained. "In other words—a born ham."

He began to prove this at an early age in the public schools of Pittsburgh, his home town. He emceed student assemblies, broke up scholastic spelling bees with his clowning, organized shows to buy a new coat of varnish

Two shows don't exhaust Bill's creative energy. He's done a glamorous decorating job on the Cullens' New York apartment.

And so—in spite of Bill's bad practical jokes—they were married. Fellow-M.C. Todd Russell and wife were among guests.

TAKES ALL

Carol is the best sport Bill ever knew. She has to be!

for the gym and when he disagreed with the policy of the official school paper, he published one of his own.

"Besides, I'm restless," Bill said. "I like to get things done in a hurry."

Impatience led him to announce he was quitting school at the age of sixteen. When he couldn't be argued out of it, his father, a practical man, gave Bill a job in his garage and worked him so hard that at the end of five months Bill gladly returned to high school and later went to the University of Pittsburgh.

It was during his high school days that Bill became interested in a radio career. In fact, he talked local merchants into buying the school a public address system so he could work with a microphone. But an automobile accident that left him with a permanent limp confused the next few years of his life.

"While I lay in the hospital for two months," Bill said, "I decided I could do the most good as a doctor."

He registered at Pitt in a pre-medical course. If Bill had worked his way through college selling magazine subscriptions or clerking in a store, he might be William Cullen, M.D. today. Instead he got a radio job for his after-school hours. During the next four years he nearly knocked himself out carrying a full schedule at Pitt and working full time at the station. But he convinced himself that his real interest was radio, not medicine.

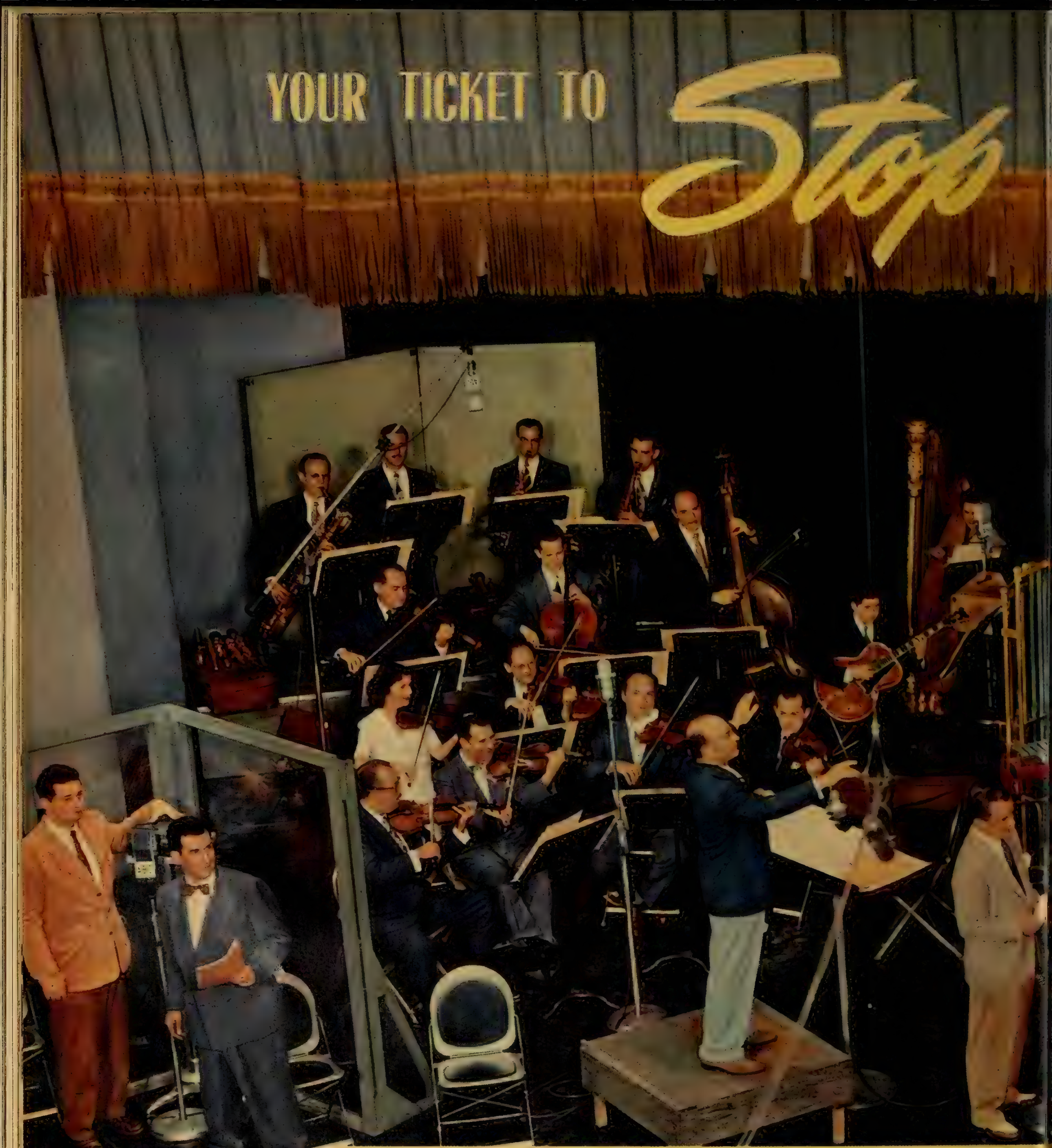
Bill remembers well his Pittsburgh experience at WWSW and his friends there well remember him. Cullen's stunts are legendary in Pittsburgh radio. And when they speak of him, it's with the same feeling of awe that old timers have for a hurricane that once ripped through the country.

Because WWSW is an independent station devoting most of its time to news, record shows and sports coverage, Bill's gift of gab was a definite asset. But he would easily get dissatisfied with a program that became routine.

Early in his radio career, he announced a daily program of recorded classical music. He began to doubt the attentiveness of the listeners, so on one program he played Tschaikowsky's Fourth in reverse. There were no repercussions. The following night Bill bought himself a toy whistle and while recorded music of Wagner hit the air, Bill opened his announcer's mike and began to improvise over the Wagner. (*Continued on page* 101)

Bill Cullen emcees CBS programs Winner Take All (Mon.-Fri., 5:30 P.M. EST) and Hit the Jackpot (Tues., 10 P.M. EST).

YOUR TICKET TO *Stop*



Although it's a show for listeners, it is fun to be there in person, too!

IT'S Sunday night at 8, EST, and by RADIO MIRROR'S special escort you're in one of the blue-green seats of ABC's Ritz Theater in New York City, waiting for Stop the Music to start the prizes rolling. Music-wise listeners both at home and in the studio have a chance to guess the names of the songs that Dick Brown and Kay Armen half-sing, half-

Stop the Music!

hum. Maybe you won't be called as a contestant, but that won't prevent you from holding your breath as M.C. Bert Parks quizzes those who have been, or reaches out by phone to listeners in far corners of the country. For to win on Stop the Music means a fabulous gift, and to guess the Mystery Tune (it's only telephone-players who get a chance at that) is like coming into an Aladdin's cave-full of treasure. Dispensing this full hour of musical fun are, l. to r.: Terry Ross, Ken Williams, announcers; musical director Harry Salter; announcer Don Hancock; Kay Armen, Dick Brown; Bert Parks, at phone; Dorothy O'Connor, his aide. Director Mark Goodson is off-stage in the engineer's booth.

Significant comment from a town that measures marriage in months: "The Carpenters? Why, *they've* been married for *years!*"

Lucky in Love

Being together—because they like to, want to—is the Carpenter prescription for years (twenty-six, in their case) of happy living.

Ken Carpenter announces The Charlie McCarthy Show (Sun., 8 P.M.

"THESE are the Carpenters," someone said, introducing us. "They've been married for *years* and they go out dancing *together!*"

She didn't add, "Imagine!" but everyone got the idea.

We had been out to dinner and had stopped by one of the less pretentious night spots for a dance before we went home.

"Maybe," Betty said later, "we shouldn't be seen together so much. People are talking."

Like the payoff line in the corny old gag, Betty and I always laugh politely when people say things like that to us—but we don't get it.

The fact that we find each other's company fun after twenty-six years of marriage evidently places us in the same category of eccentrics as if we drove a twenty-six-year-old car. We're regarded with amused tolerance—nice enough people but just a little peculiar.

No writer is ever going to use our marriage as the basis of a daytime radio serial, because it has, to borrow the writers' phrase, no gimmick. A story of people who live together without conflict, who have never had an

By KEN CARPENTER

Droppers-in get a hearty welcome here.

Betty's essentially a home-maker—good reason for Ken's nightly refrigerator prowls.

EST), Kraft Music Hall (Thurs., 9 P.M. EST) and One Man's Family (Sun., 3:30 P.M. EST), all on NBC

emotional crises of such proportion it was necessary to consult the family doctor, attorney, psychiatrist, or Aunt Mary, will not, I'm told, hold up for a fifteen minute show five days a week.

But it makes a pretty wonderful life.

Personally, I wouldn't have missed a minute of it—and I wouldn't change any of it. So who cares about serial rights?

It does seem, though, for story purposes, the least I could do is say that the first time I saw Betty there was a cyclonic second in which we both knew we were Meant For Each Other. Or, we could have met when I saved her, gasping but grateful, from drowning. Even running into each other in a revolving door would add a touch of drama. Unfortunately, there was no cyclonic second, we don't swim, and there wasn't a revolving door on the Lombard College campus.

The first time our paths crossed was the day we enrolled at college. The registration line was long, and I noticed Betty because she seemed to disprove the theory that no one can be in two places at once. *She* didn't notice me at all. A fine beginning for a beautiful romance. I was studying the schedule trying to find the easiest courses open to freshmen. There was a girl in a green skirt and a white jacket up ahead of me. The next time I looked up a girl in a green skirt and a white jacket was behind me. Then she was up front again. I must have remarked on this phenomenon because someone said, "Those are the Nelson sisters." Sure enough, there were two of them, dressed alike, about the same height. I took a good look at Betty Nelson. Nothing happened. I did not, believe me, have any intuition that I'd be spending my Silver Wedding anniversary with her.

She went her way, I went mine. The son of a minister (this is considered a severe handicap in many circles), I was away from home for the first time, and for the first time on my own.

For a full year, the nearest Betty and I came to romance was passing each other on the campus between classes. If we had any common bond, it was our mutual sorrow over the football season.

She was a girl with a (*Continued on page* 107)

Fit for a king — baked potatoes stuffed with a melted cheese mixture and garnished with broiled tomatoes and sausages.

SO many of us think of potatoes as every-day food. They don't have to be. In fact, potatoes can be made so glamorous, so mouth-watering, you can make them a main dish instead of a side-light! To get away from the routine of potatoes boiled, mashed or fried, I like them in casseroles, as potato nests, as dumplings. Egg yolk or minced onion in mashed potatoes transforms them completely. You can use potatoes with meat, too, in casserole combinations. Potatoes will help two cups of meat serve four with the greatest of ease. Call on prepared meats, cheeses, seasonings and your own sleight-of-hand to make these potato dishes star performers at any meal.

Stuffed Baked Potatoes

6 large baking potatoes
bacon drippings
1½ tsps. salt
⅛ tsp. pepper
6 tbsps. butter or margarine, divided
¼ to ½ cups hot milk
paprika

Choose potatoes of uniform size. Scrub well. Dry and rub skins with bacon drippings or other fat. Bake in hot oven (450° F.) 50 to 60 minutes, or until done. Cut a slice from the top of each potato. Scoop out inside, being careful not to break shells. Mash thoroughly or put through ricer. Add salt and pepper, 4 tablespoons of butter and milk. (Exact amount of milk depends on size and moistness of potatoes.) Beat until light and fluffy. Pile beaten potatoes into shells. Melt remaining butter and brush on tops; dust generously with paprika. Return to hot oven for 10 to 15 minutes or until nicely browned. Serves 6.

Cheese Stuffed Potatoes: Add grated cheese to potato along with seasonings, butter and milk and beat in well. Allow up to one tablespoon of grated cheese for each potato, the amount depending on the sharpness of cheese, size of potatoes and personal taste.

Ham Stuffed Potatoes: Chop left-over cooked ham and add with seasonings.

Savory Stuffed Potatoes: To the filling for six potatoes, add three tablespoons of finely chopped parsley and two tablespoons of finely chopped pimiento. If desired, three tablespoons of chopped, pimiento-stuffed olives may be substituted for the pimiento. Beat in with salt, pepper, butter and milk.

Scalloped Potatoes

8 medium sized potatoes
salt and pepper
4 tbsps. flour
4 tbsps. butter or margarine
1 cup grated cheese
milk

Pare raw potatoes and cut into thin slices. Place one-third of the slices in a layer in bottom of a greased casserole. Season with salt and pepper, sprinkle with one-third of the flour and grated cheese, and dot with one-third of the butter cut into bits. Repeat until all potatoes and seasonings are used. Add milk until it can just be seen between slices of potatoes. Cover casserole and bake in a moderate oven (350° F.) for 1 hour. Remove cover and continue baking for 30 minutes longer, or until top is browned and potatoes are tender. Makes 4 to 6 servings.

Scalloped Potatoes with Meat: Add left-over chopped ham or crumbled cooked sausage between layers of potatoes if desired.

Potato Topping or Borders

2 egg yolks
paprika
3 cups hot fluffy, seasoned mashed potatoes

Beat yolks thoroughly and reserve 2 tablespoonsful. Add to mashed potatoes with a dash of paprika and beat together well. For topping, drop by spoonsful on top of hot meat or vegetable casserole. Brush with reserved egg yolk and place in hot oven (450° F.) until lightly browned. Makes 6 portions.

For Potato Border: Form potatoes into ring on oven-proof plate or platter. Brush with reserved egg yolk and brown in hot oven. Fill ring with any desired creamed meat, fish or vegetable mixture.

For Potato Nests: Form potatoes into nests on greased baking sheet. Brush with reserved egg yolk and brown in hot oven. (*Continued on page* 113)

A LITTLE Something Extra

By KATE SMITH

RADIO MIRROR
FOOD COUNSELOR

Listen to Kate Smith Speaks at 12 Noon each weekday, on stations of the Mutual network.

There were two women of the same name. Which was the bride

"WILL the reporter who presumably works for this paper but who doesn't show up much lately," read the notice on the *New York Eagle* bulletin board, "please come to the Managing Editor's office the next time he's in town?"

David Farrell, the *Eagle's* star reporter, plucked the notice from the board before the amused and concerned eyes of the staff. He carried it into George Walker's office and held it out to his chief, saying with weary sarcasm, "I suppose this subtle notice means me, George?"

"Notice?" repeated Walker innocently, but with a gleam in his eye. "Oh, yes—that. Nice of you to take the hint, David."

"That was no hint," said David. "That was a broadside. What's the matter?"

"Why, nothing," said George smoothly. "Except that I can't find you when I want you. It's part of my job to hand out assignments to my reporters, and you haven't so much as come to the office in two days. Outside of that, everything's great!"

David sighed, and rubbed his eyes, and found that the flesh around one of them was still bruised and sore. "Let's get something straight, George," he said. "Either you have a certain amount of confidence in me, or you haven't. What do you suppose I've been doing these two days—playing hookey, or going after a story?"

The gleam in George Walker's eye became dangerously triumphant. "What story?" he barked. "Or is that a vulgar question for a managing editor to ask? The follow-up on Clifford Putnam? After you got your fingers burned once with that guy?"

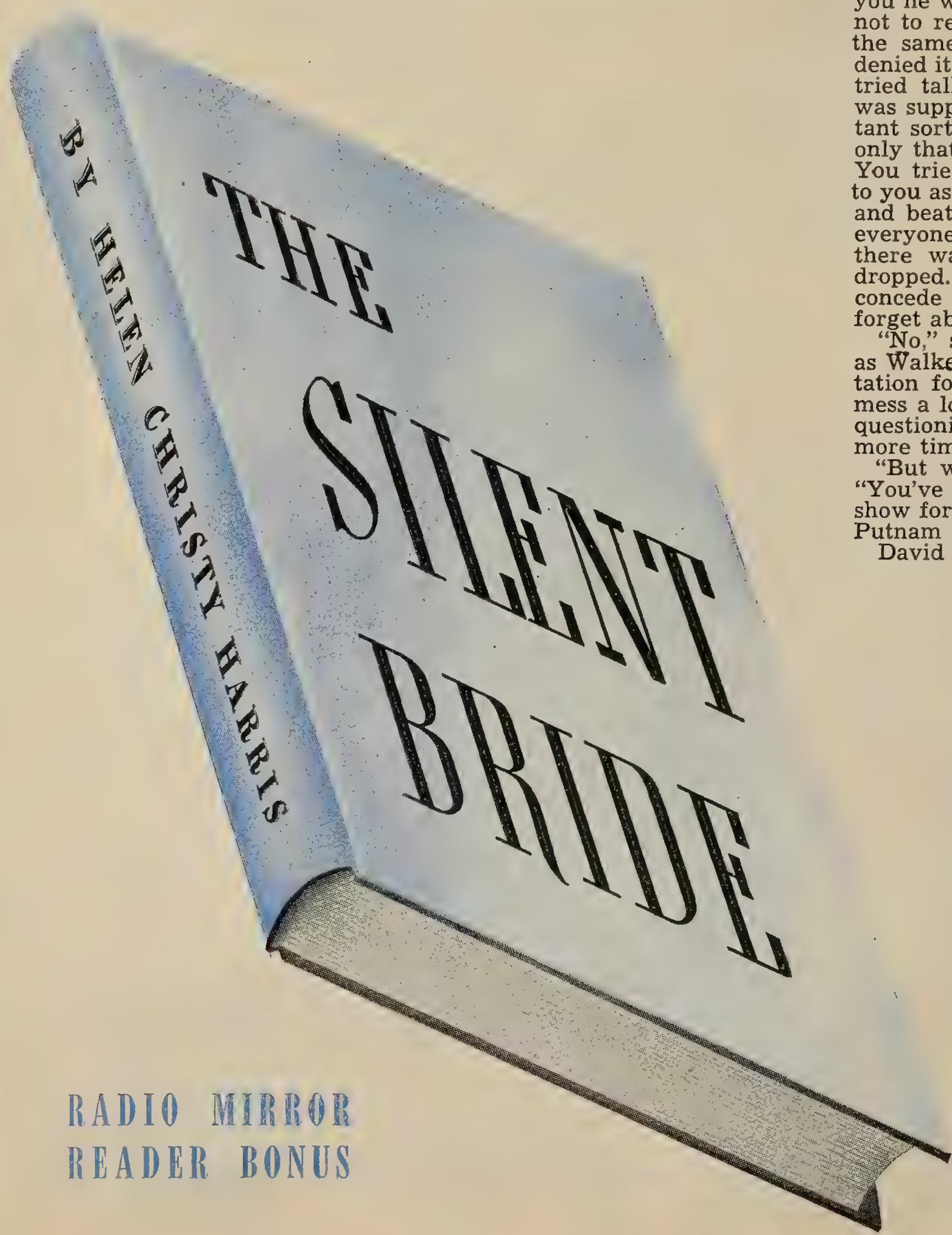
David admitted it. Walker sighed.

"Look, David," he said, "I'll accept your version of the mix-up without proof, crazy as it is. Isn't that enough? A few days ago Clifford Putnam, millionaire, America's Number One Bachelor, gave you an exclusive story. He told you he was going to be married, and asked you not to reveal the name of his bride-to-be. On the same day we printed your item, Putnam denied it in every afternoon paper in town. You tried talking to Putnam, and even though he was supposed to be a friend of yours, in a distant sort of way, he clammed up and told you only that he was going away, on a long cruise. You tried advertising for the girl he'd named to you as his fiancée, and got lured into an alley and beaten up for your pains. It seems to me everyone connected with this engagement—if there was an engagement—wants the matter dropped. *I* want it dropped. I'm willing to concede that none of it was your fault, and forget about it. What do you say?"

"No," said David stubbornly. He hurried on as Walker's mouth tightened. "I've got a reputation for reliability," he said, "and after this mess a lot of other people besides you must be questioning it. If you'll just give me a little more time—"

"But why?" said Walker, almost pleadingly. "You've had time, and what have you got to show for it? Have you located this girl Clifford Putnam was supposed to be engaged to?"

David chuckled grimly. "Sally and I have



This incident from the radio drama Front Page Farrell is told here for the first time in story form. Conceived and produced by Frank and Anne Hummert, Front Page Farrell is heard Monday through Friday at 5:45 P.M., EST, on NBC.

RADIO MIRROR
READER BONUS

—and why had she disappeared?

found two women, both bearing that name."

"Two? What's the name?"

"I don't want to say—yet. Not until I can prove the connection with Putnam. But—" David grinned, deliberately titillating his chief's curiosity. "But one of them is a sixty-five-year-old recluse who keeps herself hidden in a swank apartment on Central Park West and never sees anybody."

Walker's expression altered slightly. The very word "recluse" had come to mean news lately. People were interested — morbidly, George Walker thought—in the odd souls who shut themselves away from the world. However, he only said cautiously, "Sounds hardly like a fiancée of Clifford Putnam."

"Hardly," David agreed. "But the other person of that name is a very pretty miss of about twenty, a senior at a fashionable finishing school. Only—she claims she's never even met Putnam."

"I see," said Walker drily. "Now what's your next move?"

"Not mine," said David. "Sally's. She says this is woman's work. She thinks, as I do, that the girl isn't telling the truth, and she's at the college right now, trying to talk to the girl."

"Fine!" Briskly, Walker pushed his chair back from his desk. "Woman's work—that's it exactly. And now, since your wife is carrying the ball, suppose you go over to the Hotel De Oro and find out if a Washington bigwig has checked in—"

But David was shaking his head. "You forget, George," he said, "that I got beaten up in connection with this Putnam business. I can't imagine what could happen to Sally in that quiet little college town, but I can't take any chances. Until I know she's safe, I think you'd better give your important assignments to somebody else."

Peace lay as thick and golden as the afternoon sunlight over the little town of Fairhaven, home of Fairhaven College. There were few automobiles and few people on the streets, and these few moved at a leisurely pace; the very leaves of the trees hung sleepily still. The one incongruous note was the taut nervous face and the

David Farrell (played by Staats Cotsworth)

Sally Farrell
(played by Florence Williams)

quick nervous gait of Miss Aldin Westwood, as she walked down Main Street a step or two ahead of Sally Farrell.

"Still following me, are you, Mrs. Farrell?" she flung over her shoulder. "You've trailed me to all my classes. You've waited outside—you follow me through town! Don't you ever get tired?"

"Aldin," Sally admitted, panting slightly, "I'm exhausted! But I'm not leaving Fairhaven until I've talked with you. The only way you can get rid of me is to grant my very modest request."

Aldin stopped and turned so suddenly that she almost collided with Sally. "All right," she conceded, "you win, Mrs. Farrell. Where shall we talk? Here, or shall we go to the Coffee Shop?"

"In your room, Aldin," said Sally, "if you don't mind." That was what she wanted—to see Aldin's room at the dormitory. She had little hope of getting any information out of the evasive Aldin herself. But Aldin's room— If Aldin had really been engaged to Clifford Putnam, there would surely be some sign of it in her room, if only so little a thing as his name on a dance program.

"I suppose it's as good a place as any," Aldin agreed. "At least, you won't be seen there . . . although by now anyone who wants to must have seen you with me a dozen times."

"Why don't you want to be seen with me?" Sally asked. "Are you ashamed of me? Hasn't my dress the new look?"

"It isn't that!" Aldin exclaimed, shocked, flushing. Then her mouth tightened obstinately.

"Never mind asking why. I'm not answering *any* questions, Mrs. Farrell. Let's take this street. It'll take us straight to the dormitory."

They turned into a residential street that was almost dark, shielded as it was from the rays of the setting sun by the closely-spaced old trees. Hardly had they rounded the corner when a car stopped beside them and a man's voice called, "Taxi, ladies?"

"No, thanks," Sally said politely. Then she saw that there were two men in the car. She saw the dark, shiny object one of them held in his hand.

"Better get in," said the driver. "And quick!"

Sally touched Aldin's arm. "We'd better," she said through stiff lips. "Do you see the gun—"

But Aldin was already moving toward the car, her face paper white. "You see?" she said to Sally. "I told you I couldn't talk to you, Mrs. Farrell. I begged you not to ask me to talk. Now see what you've got us into!"

None of it made sense to Sally, nothing that had gone before, nothing that followed. As David Farrell's wife, working side by side with him, she'd seen danger; she'd seen plenty of crazy mix-ups, but none so senseless, so apparently devoid of motive, as this one. Even the two thugs who were driving them seemed to have no notion of what they were doing or where they were going. They idled aimlessly along deserted country roads until nightfall, and then they drove in circles, it seemed to Sally, so far into the night that she had hopes of their having to stop for gasoline. But instead they stopped finally before the dark bulk of an old-fashioned house, and she and Aldin were led up flights of musty-smelling stairs and were bound securely to a pair of stout but creaky chairs. Then the men left them, and Sally and Aldin were left alone with the dark and the smell of dry rot and, from the outside, an intermittent zooming noise that seemed to shake the old house to its foundations.

George Walker
(played by Frank Chase)

"We must be on the edge of an airport," she said to Aldin. "Can you think of a town near Fairhaven with a busy airport?"

"*Near* Fairhaven!" Aldin repeated shakily. "We rode for miles—"

"In circles, I would say," Sally reminded her. "My guess is that we're still close to Fairhaven. Try to think of a town that might have an airport, Aldin."

"There's Glendale," Aldin began. Then she burst out, "Oh, how can you be so calm? Don't you realize we're prisoners? And it's dark, and my wrists hurt, and I'm hungry, and those awful men—"

"Don't you know them?" Sally asked. "You said I'd got you into this by insisting upon talking to you; you ought to know what you're afraid of."

"Did I act as if I knew them?" Aldin returned bitterly. "All I know is that I was warned not to talk to reporters."

"Warned?" said Sally softly. "By whom?"

BUT ALDIN wouldn't, couldn't talk. She was hysterical; she saw them deserted forever, left to starve in the old house. Sally entertained no such gruesome and dramatic visions about their fate; she thought that it was a toss-up as to whether David found them first or whether their captors, having gained whatever point they were making in having Aldin out of the way for a while, arrived to set them free. She tried to convey this commonsense viewpoint to Aldin, but Aldin shivered with terror, and worked her already raw wrists against the ropes in a vain attempt to free them, and flinched every time an airplane roared down upon the house. Sally began to talk to her about other things, soothing, gossippy woman's talk about her life with David, and their small son, Jimmy, who was on a visit to Sally's mother, and presently Aldin relaxed a little. She even dozed, drooping against her bonds in the chair. And as the dawn light struggled feebly through the gray windows, Sally's heart contracted with pity at sight of the sleeping girl's face.

There wasn't only fear in it; there was wistfulness, and a terrible loneliness. And suddenly Sally felt that even helping David get his story straight for the *Eagle* was less important than helping Aldin to straighten out her life. Aldin awoke with a moan, struggling against her bonds. Sally smiled at her.

"Don't," she said softly. "You don't have to worry, Aldin. David's been on our trail for a good many hours now, and he'll soon find us. After that, we want to help you, if you'll only tell us how."

"There's nothing to tell—" Then suddenly she switched. "All right, I'll tell you. What do you want to know first?"

"If you really know the other Aldin Westwood who lives in New York," Sally answered promptly.

"She's my great-aunt," said Aldin. "She's about sixty-six years old, I think, and for the last thirty-five years, she's never seen a soul."

"Not even you?"

"Not even her lawyers. She's rich, Mrs. Farrell, terribly rich, and I don't know why she lives in such a crazy way, but she does. Her lawyers pay all her bills, and she writes them letters whenever she wants something. She has an unlisted telephone, but she doesn't use it except on special occasions, and nobody knows the number. She's been very generous to me—"

She hesitated. "Yes?" Sally urged her gently.

"She's been sending me to school," Aldin went on. "I'm not rich, Mrs. Farrell. I'm poor. My mother died a long time ago. My father died a few years back, out in the midwest, where we lived. Right afterward, a man came to see me. He was one of my great-aunt Aldin's lawyers. He said that she wanted to send me to college at Fairhaven and pay all of my expenses. There was just one condition. I was to behave myself perfectly at all times and never to bring what the lawyer called notoriety to the name of Aldin Westwood. Well, I came to Fairhaven, and I suppose I behaved well enough because Aunt Aldin's lawyers paid my bills and sent me checks regularly. And then at the beginning of my senior year, last fall, I met Clifford Putnam at a dance."

Sally held her breath. The real story was coming now, and from the trembling of Aldin's lips and the light in her face as she spoke of Clifford, Sally knew that however much she wanted to talk about him, it would take very little to drive her back into her shell.

"It wasn't long before Clifford asked me to marry him," said Aldin, "and I said yes. I was so happy, Mrs. Farrell—"

"Sally," said Sally.

"Sally," Aldin agreed. "Not because Clifford is rich—"

Sally nodded understandingly, and Aldin went on, "I wrote a letter to my aunt, telling her the news. Clifford must have told it to Mr. Farrell—to your David—about the same time. And on the very same morning your husband's newspaper story appeared, one of Aunt Aldin's lawyers came to me. He said that by becoming engaged to Clifford Putnam, sooner or later I would bring my name into the newspapers. He said that my aunt hated publicity more than anything else in the world. And he told me that I'd have to break my engagement with Clifford before the newspapers printed my name, or my allowance would be cut off, and I'd have to leave school. So you see—"

Aldin's voice faltered; she couldn't finish. She just looked despairingly at Sally, as if expecting her to understand. Sally frowned; the picture, which had seemed to be clearing, had suddenly become darker than ever.

"But you didn't need her money any more, did you?" she asked. "Certainly Clifford has plenty—"

Aldin swallowed. "Oh, yes," (*Continued on page* 89)

WHAT CAN I WIN?

You too, can be a winner . . . maybe. All the information you need to start with is right here. After all, *somebody* wins all those golden rewards. Why should it always be the other fellow?

"EVERYONE," a reader complains, "is winning something. Everyone but me! It's not fair that just the people in the big cities, where the big radio programs come from—New York, Chicago, and Hollywood—should get all the prizes. Just to hear about those people marching home with a million dollars in their pockets and six electric washers under their arms makes me want to sit down and cry. Tell me, can't we out-of-towners get on the gravy train?"

Reader, dry your tears! On the next four pages you'll find RADIO MIRROR's brand new "Quiz Catalogue," a roundup of all the prize-giving programs on the air, with information on how to win, at home or in the studio, and everything else you need to know—except the answers. Of course, this is no guarantee that you'll win, for remember all of the others who are listening, and trying. But you might be one of the lucky ones! (Not that you'll go home with a million dollars and six electric washers. No one ever has. But there are many valuable prizes being given away these days.)

You will not find all programs listed. Daytime serials, for example, have not been included because their contests, although of several weeks' duration, are really "short term" and any information RADIO MIRROR could give you on them would be out of date by the time you read it. The Quiz Catalogue includes only programs on which people in the audience can participate and win; others have been knowingly omitted. Empty spaces in the last two columns mean "You can't."

So choose your program, sharpen your pencil and your wits, and get to work. Here are some bits of helpful advice:

Category Quiz: all the questions asked of a single contestant concern one subject—usually of the contestant's own choosing from a number of categories listed by the program—such as baseball, cooking, automobiles, presidents, or one of a thousand others.

Telephone Quiz: contestants at home are telephoned by the program. Listen in and answer your phone—and the question.

True-False or Right-Wrong Quiz: The only answer expected is one of those four words, depending on whether the statement *is* right, wrong, true or false.

Remember, too, that if one of the traveling quiz shows comes to your town, there is no "sure way" to get on the show. The programs are fair, unrehearsed, and everyone has an equal chance.

In writing for tickets, these are the full addresses of the networks given in the "Where to Write" column. Address the show at:

American Broadcasting Company:
30 Rockefeller Plaza, New York, N. Y.
Merchandise Mart, Chicago, Illinois
1440 North Highland Avenue, Hollywood, California

Mutual Broadcasting System:
1440 Broadway, New York, New York
Tribune Tower, Chicago, Illinois
5515 Melrose Avenue, Hollywood, Cal.

Columbia Broadcasting System:
485 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.
410 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill.
Columbia Square, Hollywood, California

National Broadcasting Company:
30 Rockefeller Plaza, New York, N. Y.
Merchandise Mart, Chicago, Illinois
Sunset and Vine, Hollywood, California

Each month, RADIO MIRROR will publish a column of new information on quiz shows to keep you up to date; every six months there will be a new, revised Quiz Catalogue. Good hunting!

QUIZ CATALOGUE: ANOTHER RADIO MIRROR READER BONUS

CONTINUED →

WHAT CAN I WIN?

Daytime Programs MONDAY THROUGH FRIDAY	TIME (Eastern Standard)	NETWORK	CITY	TYPE OF PROGRAM QUIZ—STUNT—INTERVIEW
TELL YOUR NEIGHBOR	9:15 A.M.	MBS	NEW YORK	Read letters of household hints from listeners
KAY KYSER'S COLLEGE	11 A.M.	ABC	HOLLYWOOD	Quiz . . . Interview
GRAND SLAM	11:30 A.M.	CBS	NEW YORK	Musical Quiz: listeners write questions, audience answers
WELCOME TRAVELERS	12 NOON	ABC	CHICAGO	Interview: travelers passing through the city
BREAKFAST IN HOLLYWOOD	2 P.M.	ABC	HOLLYWOOD	Interviews of audience only
DOUBLE OR NOTHING	2 P.M.	NBC	HOLLYWOOD	Category quiz: every correct answer doubles your winnings
QUEEN FOR A DAY	2 P.M.	MBS	HOLLYWOOD	Queen chosen from audience has her wishes granted
GOLDEN HOPE CHEST	2:30 P.M.	MBS	HOLLYWOOD	Quiz for married women—Golden Hope Chest Jackpot
BRIDE AND GROOM	2:30 P.M.	ABC	HOLLYWOOD	Couple married on program; interview before and after
WHAT MAKES YOU TICK?	2:45 P.M.	CBS	NEW YORK	Quiz: contestants "tell all" about themselves
LADIES BE SEATED	3 P.M.	ABC	CHICAGO	General Quiz—some stunts
HOUSE PARTY	3:30 P.M.	CBS	HOLLYWOOD	Largely interview—some questions
HINT HUNT	4 P.M.	CBS	CHICAGO	Women in audience give household hints
WINNER TAKE ALL	5:30 P.M.	CBS	NEW YORK	2 contestants compete for first correct answer

SATURDAY ONLY

ABBOTT & COSTELLO KID SHOW	11 A.M.	ABC	HOLLYWOOD	Stunts and quiz for children at Costello Foundation
COUNTY FAIR	1 P.M.	CBS	NEW YORK	Practical jokes, stunts, some quizzing
GIVE AND TAKE	1:30 P.M.	CBS	NEW YORK	Audience quiz
TAKE A NUMBER	5 P.M.	MBS	NEW YORK	Audience quiz
TRUE OR FALSE	5:30 P.M.	MBS	NEW YORK	"True" or "false" answers to general quiz questions

QUIZ CATALOGUE: ANOTHER RADIO MIRROR READER BONUS

TYPES OF QUESTIONS	KINDS OF PRIZES	HOW YOU AT HOME CAN JOIN IN	WHERE TO WRITE
None	Nominal cash prizes	Write a letter with a helpful household hint	"Tell Your Neighbor" MBS, N. Y.
4 simple questions of graduated difficulty	Gag prizes from the treasure chest		"Kay Kysers's College" ABC, H'wood
Group of five questions about songs	Merchandise, and $100 bond for "Grand Slam"	Listen; submit 5 good questions	"Grand Slam" CBS, N. Y.
No quiz	None	You do not have to write for tickets. Held at College Inn, Sherman Hotel, Chicago	
No quiz	Orchids	Visit Tom Breneman's Restaurant in H'wood	
General information; also hard jackpot question	$2 to $80, and $300 jackpot	Listen—then send in questions	"Double or Nothing" NBC, Hollywood
Candidates for "Queen" explain their wishes	Much merchandise, plus 24 hours of fun	Come to show if you want to be Queen	"Queen For A Day" MBS, Hollywood
General information; 3 right answers win jackpot	Merchandise	Send in date of your wedding—you may share jackpot	"Golden Hope Chest" MBS, H'wood
Couple tells story of their courtship	Valuable "wedding presents"	Write if going to be married or know someone who is	"Bride and Groom" ABC, Hollywood
Psychological quiz-study of human traits	Merchandise		"What Makes You Tick?" CBS, N. Y.
General information	Merchandise		"Ladies Be Seated" ABC, Chicago
General	Electrical appliances		"GE Houseparty" CBS, Hollywood
None	Household gifts		"Hint Hunt" CBS, Chicago
Hard general information. Keep playing as long as you win	Valuable gifts—diamond rings, washers, etc.	Attend program if it visits home town	"Winner Take All" CBS, N. Y.

Games, riddles, children's quiz	Various, appropriate for children	Listen; sometimes something in which home audience can participate	No letters
"Where Am I?" Jackpot question	Merchandise		"County Fair" CBS, N. Y.
General: "Who's Who" Jackpot	Merchandise		"Give and Take" CBS, N. Y.
Fact; general information	Up to $20,000 worth merchandise weekly	Listen; submit questions for prizes	"Take A Number" MBS, N. Y.
General information	Cash prizes		"True or False" MBS, N. Y.

WHAT CAN I WIN?

Evening Programs	TIME (Eastern Standard)	NETWORK	CITY	TYPE OF PROGRAM QUIZ—STUNT—INTERVIEW
DR. I. Q. (Mon.)	9:30 P.M.	NBC	TRAVELS	General quiz of audience
BOB HAWK SHOW (Mon.)	10:30 P.M.	CBS	NEW YORK	10 questions: familiar C-a-m-e-l: L-e-m-a-c quiz
HIT THE JACKPOT (Tues.)	10 P.M.	CBS	NEW YORK	General quiz; "secret sentence" jackpot
PEOPLE ARE FUNNY (Tues.)	10:30 P.M.	NBC	HOLLYWOOD	Zany stunts; practical jokes
GROUCHO MARX (Wed.)	9:30 P.M.	ABC	HOLLYWOOD	Comedy quiz
BETTER HALF (Thurs.)	8:30 P.M.	MBS	NEW YORK	Comedy quiz; husbands versus wives
What's the Name of That Song (Thu.)	8 P.M.	MBS	HOLLYWOOD	Musical identification quiz
LEAVE IT TO THE GIRLS (Fri.)	8:30 P.M.	MBS	HOLLYWOOD	Hollywood stars discuss women's problems
BREAK THE BANK (Fri.)	9 P.M.	ABC	NEW YORK	Answer 8 questions out of 9 to break the bank
SING IT AGAIN (Sat.)	8 P.M.	CBS	NEW YORK	Telephone quiz; all over U.S.A.; "mystery voice" jackpot
TWENTY QUESTIONS (Sat.)	8 P.M.	MBS	NEW YORK	Board of experts plays old "animal, vegetable, mineral" game
TRUTH OR CONSEQUENCES (Sat.)	8:30 P.M.	NBC	HOLLYWOOD	Stunts; "if you can't tell the truth you must pay the consequences"
WINNER TAKE ALL (Sat.)	9 P.M.	CBS	NEW YORK	Contestants compete against each other for correct answers
WHIZ QUIZ (Sat.)	10 P.M.	ABC	TRAVELS	Fact information quiz

SUNDAY ONLY

QUIZ KIDS	4 P.M.	NBC	CHICAGO	Clever schoolchildren quizzed
QUICK AS A FLASH	5:30 P.M.	MBS	NEW YORK	Quiz in which contestants compete against each other
STRIKE IT RICH	5:30 P.M.	CBS	NEW YORK	Quiz; human interest
GO FOR THE HOUSE	7 P.M.	ABC	N. Y. & TRAVEL	Category quiz of general information
STOP THE MUSIC	8 P.M.	ABC	NEW YORK	Telephone quiz: identify songs and mystery melody
TAKE IT OR LEAVE IT	10 P.M.	NBC	HOLLYWOOD	Category quiz of general information. Work up to the $64 question

QUIZ CATALOGUE: ANOTHER RADIO MIRROR READER BONUS

TYPES OF QUESTIONS	KINDS OF PRIZES	HOW YOU AT HOME CAN JOIN IN	WHERE TO WRITE
Factual, right or wrong, and biography questions	Lots of silver dollars	Listen: send in biography questions	"Dr. I. Q." NBC, N. Y.
General information	Cash and cigarettes		"Bob Hawk Show" CBS, N. Y.
Radio sound effects simulate "secret sentence"	Thousands of dollars in merchandise	Send in your phone number	"Hit The Jackpot" CBS, N. Y.
None—set out to prove that people are funny	Valuable merchandise; gag prizes		"People Are Funny" NBC, Hollywood
You can expect anything from Groucho	Merchandise		"Groucho Marx Show" ABC, Hollywood
General information	Cash and Merchandise	Come to studio with your husband or wife	"Better Half" MBS, N. Y.
Songs to identify	Cash		"What's The Name Of That Song," MBS, H'wood
Human problems; topics sent in by listeners	Cash for letters used	Write, telling of a problem that might arise in your home	"Leave It To The Girls," MBS, H'wood
Category questions; first worth $10; last at least $1000	Cash only; some as high as $7,500		"Break The Bank" ABC, N. Y.
Contestant identifies person by song lyrics	Up to $20,000 worth of merchandise	Listen: answer your telephone if it rings	"Sing It Again" CBS, N. Y.
Guesses from clues given in previous answers	Small merchandise to listeners for subjects	Listen; send in something to identify	"Twenty Questions" MBS, N. Y.
Gag questions; famous "Miss Hush" type contests	Merchandise; value $15-20 thousand	Listen to enter "Hush" type contests	"Truth Or Consequences," NBC, H'wood
Hard general information. Keep playing as long as you win	Valuable merchandise; appliances, etc.	Attend if it visits your home town	"Winner Take All" CBS, N. Y.
General information	Merchandise	Write local station when show comes to your home town	Local station
All kinds of questions from opera to science	$25 and a radio to persons sending questions	Listen; submit questions to stump Kids	"Quiz Kids" NBC, Chicago
General information questions	Cash		"Quick As A Flash" MBS, N. Y.
General information; contestants explain why they need money	Up to $800 cash	Write letter telling why you want to strike it rich	"Strike It Rich" CBS, N. Y.
7 right answers to win house	6-room house and lot, also merchandise		"Go For The House" ABC, N. Y.
Music only	Merchandise; $15-30 thousand worth	Listen; answer phone if it rings	"Stop The Music" ABC, N. Y.
General information. You pick your own category	$64; much more if you win the Jackpot question		"Take It or Leave It" NBC, Hollywood

Inside Radio

All Times Below Are EASTERN TIME
For Correct CENTRAL STANDARD TIME, Subtract One Hour

SUNDAY

A.M.	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
8:30			Earl Wild	Carolina Calling
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Story to Order Words and Music	Tone Tapestries Chamber Music Society	Sunday Morning Concert Hall	News E. Power Biggs Trinity Choir of St. Paul's Chapel
10:00 10:15 10:30 10:45	National Radio Pulpit Voices down The Wind	Radio Bible Class Voice of Prophecy	Message of Israel Southernaires	Church of the Air Church of the Air
11:00 11:15 11:30 11:45	News Highlights Solitaire Time	Christian Reform Church Reviewing Stand	Fine Arts Quartette Hour of Faith	Bill Costello The News Makers Salt Lake Tabernacle

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00 12:15 12:30 12:45	Eternal Light	Alan Lomax Lutheran Hour	Piano Playhouse	Invitation to Learning People's Platform
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45	America United Chicago Round Table	William L. Shirer American Radio Warblers Mutual Music Box	Edward "Ted" Weeks National Vespers	Joseph C. Harsch Elmo Roper Tell It Again
2:00 2:15 2:30 2:45	NBC University Theater	Army Air Force Show Bill Cunningham Veteran's Information	This Week Around The World Mr. President Drama	Longine Symphonette You Are There
3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45	One Man's Family	Ernie Lee Show Juvenile Jury	Harrison Wood The Future of America Dance Music	N. Y. Philharmonic Symphony
4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45	The Quiz Kids News Living—1948	House of Mystery True Detective	Ted Malone Metropolitan Opera Auditions	Skyway to the Stars
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	Jane Pickens Show Robert Merrill	The Shadow Quick As A Flash	Quiet Please David Harding Counterspy	Festival of Song Strike It Rich

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	The Catholic Hour Ozzie Nelson, Harriet Hilliard	Roy Rogers Nick Carter	Drew Pearson Don Gardner Greatest Story Ever Told	Family Hour of Stars The Pause That Refreshes on the Air
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Alice Faye and Phil Harris	Sherlock Holmes Behind the Front Page	Go For the House Carnegie Hall Musicale	The Jack Benny Show Amos 'n' Andy
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Charlie McCarthy Show Fred Allen	A. L. Alexander Under Arrest	Stop the Music	Sam Spade Adventures of Philp Marlowe
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Manhattan Merry-Go-Round American Album	Secret Mission Jimmie Fidler Twin Views of News	Walter Winchell Louella Parsons Theatre Guild on the Air	Electric Theatre with Helen Hayes Our Miss Brooks
10:00 10:30	Take It or Leave It Horace Heidt	Voice of Strings Starlight Moods	Jimmie Fidler	Lum 'n' Abner "Cabin B-13"

JACKIE KELK—is the squeaky-voiced Homer on the Henry Aldrich Show, Thursdays at 8, EST, NBC.

CLAIRE NIESEN—knew what she wanted—and got it. Born in Arizona, and raised in New York, Claire decided very early in life to become an actress. As a result of an NBC television show, she got a part in a Broadway play. This was followed by an opportunity to play Mary Noble in Backstage Wife, which she has been doing ever since.

MONDAY

A.M.	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
8:30 8:45	Do You Remember			Local Programs
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Honeymoon in New York Clevelandaires	Editor's Diary Tell Your Neighbor Bob Poole Show	Breakfast Club	CBS News of America Barnyard Follies
10:00 10:15 10:30 10:45	Fred Waring Road of Life The Brighter Day	Cecil Brown Faith In Our Time Say It With Music	My True Story Betty Crocker, Magazine of the Air Eleanor and Anna Roosevelt	Music For You Arthur Godfrey
11:00 11:15 11:30 11:45	This Is Nora Drake We Love and Learn Jack Berch Lora Lawton	Passing Parade Victor Lindlahr Gabriel Heatter's Mailbag Lanny Ross	Kay Kyser Ted Malone Kiernan's Corner	Grand Slam Rosemary

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00 12:15 12:30 12:45	Harkness of Washington Words and Music	Kate Smith Speaks Kate Smith Sings Luncheon at Sardi's	Welcome Travelers Maggi McNellis	Wendy Warren Aunt Jenny Helen Trent Our Gal Sunday
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45	Boston Symphony Robert McCormick Jack Kilty	Cedric Foster Happy Gang Checkerboard Jamboree	Bill Baukhage Nancy Craig Dorthy Dix	Big Sister Ma Perkins Young Dr. Malone The Guiding Light
2:00 2:15 2:30 2:45	Double or Nothing Today's Children Light of the World	Queen For A Day Golden Hope Chest	Bkfst. in Hollywood Bride and Groom	Second Mrs. Burton Perry Mason This Is Nora Drake "Get More Out of Life"
3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45	Life Can Be Beautiful Ma Perkins Pepper Young Right to Happiness	Red Benson Movie Show Ozark Valley Folks	Ladies Be Seated Galen Drake	David Harum Hilltop House House Party
4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45	Backstage Wife Stella Dallas Lorenzo Jones Young Widder Brown	Misc. Programs Johnson Family Misc. Programs Two Ton Baker	Second Honeymoon Ethel and Albert	Hint Hunt Winner Take All
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	When A Girl Marries Portia Faces Life Just Plain Bill Front Page Farrell	Adventure Parade Capt. Midnight Superman Tom Mix	Challenge of the Yukon Jack Armstrong	Treasury Bandstand The Chicagoans Alka Seltzer Time

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	John MacVane Sketches in Melody Sunoco News	Local Programs	Local Programs	Eric Sevareid "You and ——" Lowell Thomas
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Chesterfield Club News of the World H. V. Kaltenborn	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Dinner Date Inside of Sports	Headline Edition Elmer Davis The Lone Ranger	Beulah Jack Smith Show Club 15 Edward R. Murrow
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Cavalcade of America Voice of Firestone	The Falcon Casebook of Gregory Hood	The Railroad Hour Henry Taylor	Inner Sanctum Talent Scouts
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:55	Telephone Hour Dr. I. Q.	Gabriel Heatter Radio Newsreel Erskine Johnson Bill Henry	Music of Glenn Osser Stars in the Night	Lux Radio Theatre
10:00 10:15 10:30	Contented Program	Fishing and Hunting Club Dance Orch.	Arthur Gaeth Earl Godwin On Trial	My Friend Irma The Bob Hawk Show

JOHN K. M. McCAFFERY—the moderator on Author Meets The Critics, has been a professor of English; editor at Doubleday, Doran; fiction editor of *American Magazine;* and editor in charge of special events at MGM. John lives in Connecticut with wife Dorothy and their three sons. He met Dorothy at Brooklyn College, where she was one of his students.

TUESDAY

A.M.	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
8:00	Do You Remember			
8:45	News			Local Programs
9:00	Honeymoon in N. Y.	Editor's Diary	Breakfast Club	CBS News of America
9:15		Tell Your Neighbor		Barnyard Follies
9:30	Clevelandaires	Bob Poole Show		
9:45				
10:00	Fred Waring	Cecil Brown	My True Story	Music For You
10:15		Faith in Our Time		
10:30	Road of Life	Say It With Music	Betty Crocker, Magazine of the Air	Arthur Godfrey
10:45	The Brighter Day		Club Time	
11:00	This Is Nora Drake	Passing Parade	Kay Kyser	
11:15	We Love And Learn	Victor H. Lindlahr		
11:30	Jack Berch	Gabriel Heatter's Mailbag	Ted Malone	Grand Slam
11:45	Lora Lawton	Lanny Ross	Kiernan's Corner	Rosemary

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00		Kate Smith Speaks	Welcome Travelers	Wendy Warren
12:15	Harkness of Washington	Kate Smith Sings		Aunt Jenny
12:30	Words and Music	Luncheon At Sardi's	Maggie McNellis	Helen Trent
12:45				Our Gal Sunday
1:00	Art Van Damme Quartet	Cedric Foster	Bill Baukhage	Big Sister
1:15		Happy Gang	Nancy Craig	Ma Perkins
1:30	Robert McCormick			Young Dr. Malone
1:45	Jack Kilty	Checkerboard Jamboree	Dorothy Dix	The Guiding Light
2:00	Double or Nothing	Queen For A Day	Bkfst. in Hollywood	Second Mrs. Burton
2:15				Perry Mason
2:30	Today's Children	Golden Hope Chest	Bride and Groom	This Is Nora Drake
2:45	Light of the World			What Makes You Tick?
3:00	Life Can Be Beautiful	Red Benson Movie Show	Ladies Be Seated	David Harum
3:15	Ma Perkins			Hilltop House
3:30	Pepper Young	Dixie Barn Dance Gang	Galen Drake	House Party
3:45	Right to Happiness			
4:00	Backstage Wife	Misc. Programs	Second Honeymoon	Hint Hunt
4:15	Stella Dallas	Johnson Family		
4:30	Lorenzo Jones	Misc. Programs	Ethel and Albert	Winner Take All
4:45	Young Widder Brown	Two Ton Baker		
5:00	When A Girl Marries	Adventure Parade	The Green Hornet	Treasury Bandstand
5:15	Portia Faces Life	Capt. Midnight		
5:30	Just Plain Bill	Superman	Sky King	The Chicagoans
5:45	Front Page Farrell	Tom Mix		Alka Seltzer Time

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00	John MacVane			Eric Sevareid
6:15	Sketches in Melody			"You and ——"
6:30		Local Programs		
6:45	Sunoco News			Lowell Thomas
7:00	Chesterfield Club	Fulton Lewis, Jr.	Headline Edition	Beulah
7:15	News of the World	Dinner Date	Elmer Davis	Jack Smith Show
7:30	The Smoothies	News	Relaxin' Time	Club 15
7:45	H. V. Kaltenborn	Inside of Sports		Edward R. Murrow
8:00	This Is Your Life Ralph Edwards	George O'Hanlan Show	Youth Asks The Government	Mystery Theatre
8:15			Earl Godwin	
8:30	Alan Young Show	Official Detective	America's Town Meeting of the Air	Mr. and Mrs. North
8:55		Hy Gardner		
9:00	Bob Hope Show	Gabriel Heatter		We, The People
9:15		Radio Newsreel		
9:30	Fibber McGee Molly	Lone Wolf	Erwin D. Canham	"Life With Luigi"
9:45			Detroit Symphony Orch.	
9:55		Bill Henry		
10:00	Big Town	American Forum of The Air		Hit The Jackpot
10:15				
10:30	People Are Funny	Dance Orchestra		Morey Amsterdam Show

WEDNESDAY

A.M.	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
8:30	Do You Remember			
8:45				Local Programs
9:00	Honeymoon in N. Y.	Editor's Diary	Breakfast Club	CBS News of America
9:15		Tell Your Neighbor		Barnyard Follies
9:30	Clevelandaires	Bob Poole Show		
9:45				
10:00	Fred Waring	Cecil Brown	My True Story	Music For You
10:15		Faith In Our Time		
10:30	Road of Life	Say It With Music	Betty Crocker Magazine of the Air	Arthur Godfrey
10:45	The Brighter Day		Eleanor and Anna Roosevelt	
11:00	This Is Nora Drake	Passing Parade	Kay Kyser	
11:15	We Love And Learn	Victor H. Lindlahr		
11:30	Jack Berch	Gabriel Heatter's Mailbag	Ted Malone	Grand Slam
11:45	Lora Lawton	Lanny Ross	Kiernan's Corner	Rosemary

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00		Kate Smith Speaks	Welcome Travelers	Wendy Warren
12:15	Harkness of Washington	Kate Smith Sings		Aunt Jenny
12:30	Words and Music	Luncheon At Sardi's	Maggi McNellis	Helen Trent
12:45				Our Gal Sunday
1:00	Luncheon With Lopez	Cedric Foster	Bill Baukhage	Big Sister
1:15		Happy Gang	Nancy Craig	Ma Perkins
1:30	Robert McCormick			Young Dr. Malone
1:45	Jack Kilty	Checkerboard Jamboree	Dorothy Dix	The Guiding Light
2:00	Double or Nothing	Queen For A Day	Bkfst. in Hollywood	Second Mrs. Burton
2:15				Perry Mason
2:30	Today's Children	Golden Hope Chest	Bride and Groom	This Is Nora Drake
2:45	Light of the World			What Makes You Tick?
3:00	Life Can Be Beautiful	Red Benson Movie Show	Ladies Be Seated	David Harum
3:15	Ma Perkins			Hilltop House
3:30	Pepper Young	Ozark Valley Folks	Galen Drake	House Party
3:45	Right to Happiness			
4:00	Backstage Wife	Misc. Programs	Second Honeymoon	Hint Hunt
4:15	Stella Dallas	The Johnson Family		
4:30	Lorenzo Jones		Ethel and Albert	Winner Take All
4:45	Young Widder Brown	Two Ton Baker		
5:00	When A Girl Marries	Adventure Parade	Challenge of the Yukon	Treasury Bandstand
5:15	Portia Faces Life	Capt. Midnight		
5:30	Just Plain Bill	Superman	Jack Armstrong	The Chicagoans
5:45	Front Page Farrell	Tom Mix		Alka Seltzer Time

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00	John MacVane			Eric Sevareid
6:15	Sketches in Melody			"You and ——"
6:30		Local Programs		
6:45	Sunoco News			Lowell Thomas
7:00	Chesterfield Club	Fulton Lewis, Jr.	Headline Edition	Beulah
7:15	News of the World	Dinner Date	Elmer Davis	Jack Smith Show
7:30	The Smoothies	News	Lone Ranger	Club 15
7:45	H. V. Kaltenborn	Inside of Sports		Edward R. Murrow
8:00	Blondie	Can You Top This	Original Amateur Hour, Ted Macks, M.C.	Mr. Chameleon
8:15				
8:30	Great Gildersleeve	High Adventure		Dr. Christian
8:45				
9:00	Duffy's Tavern	Gabriel Heatter	Milton Berle Show	Your Song and Mine
9:15		Radio Newsreel		
9:30	Mr. District Attorney	Family Theater	Groucho Marx Show	Harvest of Stars with James Melton
9:55		Bill Henry		
10:00	The Big Story	Manhattan Playhouse	Bing Crosby	Time's A-Wastin'!
10:15				
10:30	Curtain Time	Dance Orch.	Meredith Willson	Capitol Cloak Room

JOAN BANKS—was only a youngster when radio writer Prentice Mitchell promised to help her when she grew up. So, after high school, Mitchell arranged an audition for her, and within a week, she was in radio. Since then Joan has been heard on Lux Radio Theatre, The Whistler, and is currently playing Marie Wilson's friend in CBS's My Friend Irma.

THURSDAY

A.M.	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
8:30	Do You Remember			
8:45				Local Programs
9:00	Honeymoon in N. Y.	Editor's Diary	Breakfast Club	CBS News of America
9:15		Tell Your Neighbor		Barnyard Follies
9:30	Clevelandaires	Bob Poole Show		
9:45				
10:00	Fred Waring	Cecil Brown	My True Story	Music For You
10:15		Faith in Our Time		
10:30	Road of Life	Say It With Music	Betty Crocker, Magazine of the Air	Arthur Godfrey
10:45	The Brighter Day		Dorothy Kilgallen	
11:00	This Is Nora Drake	Passing Parade	Kay Kyser	
11:15	We Love and Learn	Victor H. Lindlahr		
11:30	Jack Berch	Gabriel Heatter's Mailbag	Ted Malone	Grand Slam
11:45	Lora Lawton	Lanny Ross	Kiernan's Corner	Rosemary

HELEN HAYES—returned to the air this season as the star of The Electric Theatre (Sundays, 9:00 P.M. EST, CBS). She missed the first few broadcasts to complete a London stage engagement of "The Glass Menagerie." While she was gone, famous guest stars such as Henry Fonda and Jessica Tandy ably substituted for her.

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00		Kate Smith Speaks	Welcome Travelers	Wendy Warren
12:15	Harkness of Washington	Kate Smith Sings		Aunt Jenny
12:30	Words and Music	Luncheon at Sardi's	Maggie McNellis	Helen Trent
12:45				Our Gal Sunday
1:00	Luncheon With Lopez	Cedric Foster	Bill Baukhage	Big Sister
1:15		Happy Gang	Nancy Craig	Ma Perkins
1:30	Robert McCormick			Young Dr. Malone
1:45	Jack Kilty	Checkerboard Jamboree	Dorothy Dix	The Guiding Light
2:00	Double or Nothing	Queen For A Day	Bkfst. in Hollywood	Second Mrs. Burton
2:15				Perry Mason
2:30	Today's Children	Golden Hope Chest	Bride and Groom	This Is Nora Drake
2:45	Light of the World			What Makes You Tick?
3:00	Life Can Be Beautiful	Red Benson Movie Show	Ladies Be Seated	David Harum
3:15	Ma Perkins			Hilltop House
3:30	Pepper Young	Dixie Barn Dance Gang	Galen Drake	House Party
3:45	Right to Happiness			
4:00	Backstage Wife	Misc. Programs	Ethel and Albert	Hint Hunt
4:15	Stella Dallas	Johnson Family		
4:30	Lorenzo Jones	Misc. Programs	Treasury Band Show	Winner Take All
4:45	Young Widder Brown	Two Ton Baker		
5:00	When A Girl Marries	Adventure Parade	The Green Hornet	Treasury Bandstand
5:15	Portia Faces Life	Capt. Midnight		
5:30	Just Plain Bill	Superman	Sky King	The Chicagoans
5:45	Front Page Farrell	Tom Mix		Alka Seltzer Time

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00				Eric Sevareid
6:15	Sketches in Melody			"You and ——"
6:30		Local Programs	Local Programs	
6:45	Sunoco News			Lowell Thomas
7:00	Chesterfield Club	Fulton Lewis, Jr.	Headline Edition	Beulah
7:15	News of the World	Dinner Date	Elmer Davis	Jack Smith Show
7:30	Art Van Damme Quintet	News	Theatre U.S.A.	Club 15
7:45		Inside Sports		Edward R. Murrow
8:00	Aldrich Family	What's the Name of That Song?	Abbott and Costello	The F.B.I. In Peace and War
8:15				
8:30	Burns and Allen		Jo Stafford Show	Mr. Keen
8:45				
9:00	Al Jolson Show	Gabriel Heatter	Personal Autograph	Suspense
9:15		Radio Newsreel		
9:30	Dorothy Lamour	Mysterious Traveler	Our Job Is Manhattan	Crime Photographer
9:55		Bill Henry		
10:00	Screen Guild Theatre	Adventures of the Thin Man		Hallmark Playhouse
10:15			Child's World	
10:30	Fred Waring Show	Dance Orch.		First Nighter

J. CARROLL NAISH—who plays the title role in CBS' Life With Luigi, is familiar to most movie-goers and radio-listeners as European because of his wide variety of characterizations and dialects, but he was actually born in New York City of Irish ancestry and christened Joseph Patrick Carroll Naish. He pronounces his name "Nash," as though it had no "i."

FRIDAY

A.M.	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
8:30	Do You Remember			
8:45				Local Programs
9:00	Honeymoon in N. Y.	Editor's Diary	Breakfast Club	CBS News of America
9:15		Tell Your Neighbor		Barnyard Follies
9:30	Clevelandaires	Bob Poole Show		
9:45				
10:00	Fred Waring	Cecil Brown	My True Story	Music For You
10:15		Faith in Our Time		
10:30	Road of Life	Say It With Music	Betty Crocker Magazine of the Air	Arthur Godfrey
10:45	The Brighter Day		The Listening Post	
11:00	This Is Nora Drake	Passing Parade	Kay Kyser	
11:15	We Love And Learn	Victor H. Lindlahr		
11:30	Jack Berch	Gabriel Heatter's Mailbag	Ted Malone	Grand Slam
11:45	Lora Lawton	Lanny Ross	Kiernan's Corner	Rosemary

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00		Kate Smith Speaks	Welcome Travelers	Wendy Warren
12:15	Echoes From the Tropics	Kate Smith Sings		Aunt Jenny
12:30	Words and Music	Luncheon At Sardi's	Maggi McNellis	Helen Trent
12:45				Our Gal Sunday
1:00	Milton Katim's Show	Cedric Foster	Bill Baukhage	Big Sister
1:15		Happy Gang	Nancy Craig	Ma Perkins
1:30	Robert McCormick			Young Dr. Malone
1:45	Jack Kilty	Checkerboard Jamboree	Dorothy Dix	
2:00	Double or Nothing	Queen For A Day	Bkfst. in Hollywood	Second Mrs. Burton
2:15				Perry Mason
2:30	Today's Children	Golden Hope Chest	Bride and Groom	This Is Nora Drake
2:45	Light of the World			What Makes You Tick?
3:00	Life Can Be Beautiful	Red Benson Movie Show	Ladies Be Seated	David Harum
3:15	Ma Perkins			Hilltop House
3:30	Pepper Young	Ozark Valley Folks	Galen Drake	House Party
3:45	Right to Happiness			
4:00	Backstage Wife	Misc. Programs	Second Honeymoon	Hint Hunt
4:15	Stella Dallas	Johnson Family		
4:30	Lorenzo Jones	Misc. Programs	Ethel and Albert	Winner Take All
4:45	Young Widder Brown	Two Ton Baker		
5:00	When A Girl Marries	Adventure Parade	Challenge of the Yukon	Treasury Bandstand
5:15	Portia Faces Life	Capt. Midnight		
5:30	Just Plain Bill	Superman	Jack Armstrong	The Chicagoans
5:45	Front Page Farrell	Tom Mix		Alka Seltzer Time

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00	News			Eric Sevareid
6:15	Sketches in Melody	Local Programs	Local Programs	"You and ——"
6:30				
6:45	Sunoco News			Lowell Thomas
7:00	Chesterfield Club	Fulton Lewis, Jr.	Headline Edition	Beulah
7:15	News of the World	Dinner Date	Elmer Davis	Jack Smith Show
7:30			Lone Ranger	Club 15
7:45	H. V. Kaltenborn	Inside of Sports		Edward R. Murrow
8:00	Cities Service Band Of America	Great Scenes From Great Plays	The Fat Man	Jack Carson Show
8:15				
8:30	Jimmy Durante Show	Leave It to the Girls	This Is Your FBI	Mr. Ace and Jane
8:45				
9:00	Eddie Cantor Show	Gabriel Heatter	Break the Bank	Ford Theatre
9:15		Radio Newsreel		
9:30	Red Skelton Show	Yours For a Song	The Sheriff	
9:45				
10:00	Life of Riley	Meet the Press	Boxing Bouts	Philip Morris Playhouse
10:15				
10:30	Sports	Dance Orch.		Spotlight Revue

SATURDAY

A.M.	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
9:00	Mind Your Manners		Shoppers Special	CBS News of America
9:15				Barnyard Follies
9:30	Coffee in Washington	Paul Neilson, News		
9:45		Ozark Valley Folks		Garden Gate
10:00	Mary Lee Taylor		Concert of American Jazz	Red Barber's Club-House
10:15				
10:30	Archie Andrews	Albert Warner, News	This is For You	Romance
10:45		Misc. Programs	Saturday Strings	
11:00	Meet the Meeks	Movie Matinee	Abbott and Costello	Let's Pretend
11:15				
11:30	Smilin' Ed McConnell	Teen Timer's Club	Don Gardiner	Junior Miss
11:45			Round-up Rhythm	

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00	Arthur Barriault	Lionel Hampton Show	Junior Junction	Theatre of Today
12:15	Public Affair			Grand Central Station
12:30		Campus Salute	American Farmer	
12:45	Frank Merriwell			
1:00	Nat'l Farm Home	Smoky Mt. Hayride	Maggie McNellis, Herb Sheldon	County Fair
1:15				
1:30	Edward Tomlinson		Recorded Music	Give and Take
1:45	Report From Europe			
2:00	Music For The Moment	Time For Melody	Metropolitan Opera	Stars Over Hollywood
2:15				
2:30		Music, Opera		
2:45				
3:00		Dell Trio		
3:15				
3:30	Local Programs	Music		Local Programs
3:45				
4:00		Music		
4:15				
4:30	Local Programs	Charlie Slocum	Local Programs	Local Programs
4:45		First Church of Christ Science		
5:00		Take A Number		Chuck Foster's Orch.
5:15				
5:30		True or False	Dance Music	Make Way For Youth
5:45	Lassie Show			

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00	Peter Roberts	Sports Parade	Speaking of Songs	News From Washington
6:15	Art of Living			Memo From Lake Success
6:30	NBC Symphony	Bands For Bonds		Saturday Sports Review
6:45			Jack Beall	Larry Lesueur
7:00		Hawaii Calls	Treasury Bond Show	
7:15				
7:30	Vic Damone, Hollace Shaw	Robert Hurliegh		Camel Caravan with Vaughn Monroe
7:45		Mel Allen		
8:00	Hollywood Star Theatre	Twenty Questions	Famous Jury Trials	Sing It Again
8:15				
8:30	Truth or Consequences	Life Begins at 80	The Amazing Mr. Malone	
8:45				
9:00	Your Hit Parade	Gabriel Heatter	Gang Busters	Winner Take All
9:15		Lanny Ross		
9:30	Judy Canova Show	Meet the Boss		It Pays To Be Ignorant
9:45				
10:00	Day in the Life of Dennis Day	Theatre of the Air		Hometown Reunion
10:15				
10:30	Grand Ole Opry		Hayloft Hoedown	National Guard Military Ball

KARL SWENSON—one of the busiest actors in radio today, learned Swedish, German, and French as a child, which makes him just about perfect for the title role in CBS's Mr. Chameleon, the man of many faces. He is also heard as Lorenzo in Lorenzo Jones, and Lord Brinthrope in Our Gal Sunday.

It's Here!

Stewart-Warner is now marketing a good looking, inexpensive console radio-phonograph combination that will fit in with many types of furnishings. Finished in walnut, the "New Minstrel" also features the center panel slide-out record changer. It retails for $149.00.

For the economy-wise buyer: the adaptable "New Minstrel."

* * *

An exclusive new feature on Stromberg-Carlson sets is the Chromatic Tone Selector for aid in tonal selection. The variable shading of the color band from red to blue provides a guide to fine adjustments of the separate bass and treble controls. Changing either or both controls to blends of these color schemes gives comparable tone blending to suit the listener's pleasure for any type of program.

* * *

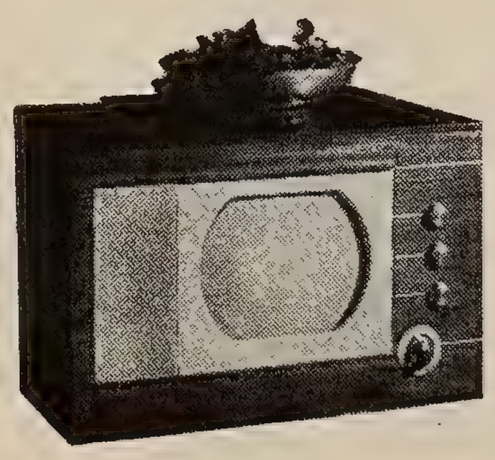
Newest of the Emerson three-way portable sets is the model 568. In addition to many new electronic and engineering features, the set is encased in a highly polished maroon plastic cabinet, in modern "Briefcase" design.

Emerson's Model 568: with the latest improvements.

* * *

For those situated in the truly rural areas, RCA Victor has designed a farm-battery radio for quick changeover to electric power. The set, model 8-F-43, includes as standard equipment an electrifier unit. When electricity comes to an area, the purchaser can convert the battery set into an electric radio, by removing the battery and plugging in the electrifier.

* * *



U. S. Television's "Giant Ten" is a table model television receiver with a 10-inch direct view tube, and an actual picture size of about 7" by 9". The receiver covers all 13 channels. The cabinet size is 22½" wide, 19" deep and 14" high. Price is slightly over $400.

U. S. Television's "Giant Ten," a bargain for $400.00.

FAMILY COUNSELOR

Younger Every Year

By TERRY BURTON

Meeting Mrs. Carhart, Terry found an octogenarian whose energy put neighborhood youngsters to shame.

REALIZING that everyone anticipates old age, but few prepare for it, I was determined to search for, and find, an octogenarian who was doing more than counting her birthday candles and checking off the advancing years on her calendar. You know, someone who had passed the social security payment age, but still remained active, alert, and was perhaps suffering from fallen arches—but not from personality degeneration.

Well, the day 83-year old Mrs. Georgiana Powers Carhart appeared as Family Counselor our listeners were really in for a grand treat. Though her hair and lashes had turned white, and her complexion showed signs of lines, her pretty blue eyes sparkled gaily, and her smile was so engaging that the members of our Burton cast are still talking about the wonderful "young" lady.

The first thing she told our listeners was that we should never forget the importance of appreciation and gratitude.

When I asked her if she had any regrets, she replied: "No, Terry, none. This is my philosophy: Yesterday is a cancelled check, today is cash—use it wisely; tomorrow is a promissory note—make the most of it."

Mrs. Carhart gave our listeners a little advice about worrying, too, when she said: "I know it's hard to say stop worrying, but most of the time we worry about things which never happen—or if and when they do—we've become so fretful and worn out from just plain worrying, that we find we don't have the energy and good judgment to solve our problems."

I was interested in learning Mrs. Carhart's hobbies. She told me she liked best to engage in talking and singing. "But my very favorite hobby," she added, "is living to the fullest. Staying young means making new friends, keeping interested and keeping yourself interesting."

Her last, but most important suggestion for staying young was to act in a friendly way and with kindness if you wish to draw people to you—"and believe me," she quickly added, "you'll never know the meaning of loneliness—not at 23, or 83—or ever."

On The Family Counselor broadcasts, we want to discuss problems that interest our audience. What would you like discussed by one of our Family Counselors? Won't you send your suggestions to me, care of RADIO MIRROR?

Wednesday afternoon is Family Counselor time on The Second Mrs. Burton, heard Mon.-Fri. at 2 P.M. EST, on CBS.

Your face

reveals your inner self to others

BE GENEROUS! Use lots and lots of luscious Pond's Cold Cream. It gives you softer, thorough cleansing.

Keep your face lovely, glowing, alive so it sends a happy message of You to all who see you

Your face is the only *you* that others actually see. It is revealing you—whether you know it or not—everywhere you go, every day of your life.

Do help it then to show you happily—and with loveliness. You can. You should.

Never be haphazard about the *creamings* that do so much to keep your skin *softly*, fastidiously *clean*. A rewarding "Outside-Inside" Face Treatment with Pond's Cold Cream acts on both sides of your skin. *From the Outside*—the Pond's Cold Cream softens and sweeps away surface dirt and make-up as you massage. *From the Inside*—every step of this treatment stimulates beauty-giving circulation.

NOT ONE — BUT TWO Pond's creamings. Yes — the "Cream-Rinse" with Pond's *does more* for your skin.

DO THIS—to wake up the Loveliness in Your face

Always at bedtime (and for your day face-cleansings, too) do this "Outside-Inside" Face Treatment with Pond's Cold Cream. *This is the way:*

Hot Stimulation—splash face with hot water.

Cream Cleanse—swirl Pond's Cold Cream all over face. This softens and sweeps dirt and make-up from pore openings. Tissue off.

Cream Rinse—swirl on a second creaming with Pond's. This *rinses* off last traces of dirt, leaves skin *immaculate*. Tissue off.

Cold Stimulation—a tonic cold water splash.

Now—see your *new* face! It's *radiant!*

REMEMBER—It's *not vanity* to show yourself at your best to others. When you *look lovely* it makes a happy difference in your own confidence. And it makes other people feel the world's a nicer place when they *see you.*

The Lady Daphne Straight

Beauty, distinction and a charming natural grace come out to meet you in her challenging face—a face you turn to look at again and again because you can't help envying its loveliness. The Lady Daphne uses Pond's to care for her beautiful complexion. "The finest face cream I know is Pond's Cold Cream," she says.

Pond's—used by more women than any other face creams. Today—get this favorite big size of Pond's Cold Cream.

R
M

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Don't be Half-safe!

by
VALDA SHERMAN

At the first blush of womanhood many mysterious changes take place in your body. For instance, the apocrine glands under your arms begin to secrete daily a type of perspiration you have never known before. This is closely related to physical development and causes an unpleasant odor on both your person and your clothes.

There is nothing "wrong" with you. It's just another sign you are now a woman, not a girl . . . so now you *must* keep yourself safe with a truly effective underarm deodorant.

Two dangers—Underarm odor is a real handicap at this romantic age, and the new cream deodorant Arrid is made especially to overcome this very difficulty. It kills this odor on contact in 2 seconds, then by antiseptic action prevents the formation of all odor for 48 hours and keeps you shower-bath fresh. It also stops perspiration and so protects against a second danger—perspiration stains. Since physical exertion, embarrassment and emotion can now cause your apocrine glands to fairly gush perspiration, a dance, a date, an embarrassing remark may easily make you perspire and offend, or ruin a dress.

All deodorants are not alike—so remember—no other deodorant tested stops perspiration and odor so completely yet so safely as new Arrid. Its safety has been proved by doctors. That's why girls your age buy more Arrid than any other age group. In fact, more men and women everywhere use Arrid than any other deodorant. It's antiseptic, used by 117,000 nurses.

Intimate protection is needed—so protect yourself with this snowy, stainless cream that smooths on and disappears. This new Arrid, with the amazing new ingredient Creamogen, will not crystallize or dry out in the jar. The American Laundering Institute has awarded Arrid its Approval Seal—harmless to fabrics. Arrid is safe for the skin—non-irritating—can be used right after shaving.

Don't be half-safe. During this "age of romance" don't let perspiration problems spoil your fun. Don't be half-safe—be Arrid-safe! Use Arrid to be *sure*. Get Arrid now at your favorite drug counter — only 39¢ plus tax.

(*Advertisement*)

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Traveler of the Month

(*Continued from page* 23)

Just like that. Her sons were somewhere. They were getting hungry and crying in the night. And there was no way for their mother to go to them.

"All I could do," Mrs. De Lonais recalled, "was to pray that my babies, wherever they were, had good care, and maybe love. It wasn't much, but that's all I could do for my boys."

Life goes on, even with grief. She continued working, mainly in restaurants. After a while, the ache was duller, but it became acute, almost unbearable, each time she saw a little boy walking with his mother, or two little brothers walking down the street together.

Years, of this, thirteen of them. Then she met her present husband, a city worker at Pawhuska. He was a good man who understood her grief. They were happy with each other, and tried to forget her earlier tragedy.

Meantime, what of the boys? Well, this is an odd thing.

YOU see, each knew he had a brother, and each thought that the other was his twin. It is trying enough to miss your own brother, but the feeling of loss must be tremendous when you think that life is keeping you from your twin, from the other living half of yourself.

Though the boys really weren't twins, they led a twin existence. Roy (he now calls himself Roy Rose) was adopted by a family in Oklahoma. Coy (the younger brother, now Coy Norris) was taken in by a family which moved to Dayton, Ohio. The families were good people, but the boys kept thinking of their own people. And eventually both boys did the same thing: each left his adopted home and wandered around the country, looking for a trace of his mother and brother.

Coy knew that the secret must be locked up, somehow, in that orphanage in Oklahoma. Three times, he went to the orphanage, trying to look at his case history for a clue as to the whereabouts of his brother and mother. This was against the law for a minor, however, and he never saw them. But he kept looking, and it was Coy's persistence which finally reunited the family.

There were a lot of things that had to happen, however, before that happy day—things that the brothers, in some uncanny way, were doing at the same time. For instance, both joined the C.C.C. In 1939, each went into the Army, later served in Europe. In 1945, each was discharged. And later, they found out that each had been humming the same favorite song, had thought the same comedian was the funniest, had wanted the same things out of life.

As a civilian, Roy married and settled down, a machinist, in Cicero, Illinois. Coy also married, became an advertising salesman working out of New York.

Now, twenty-three years after the boys had been put in a home "for just a few months," things began to happen. Coy, a veteran, a responsible adult, returned once more to the orphanage in Helena. This time he was allowed to see his own records. Also, by chance, he saw a part of his brother's record and a letter which his mother's mother had written to the orphanage. After all of those years, Coy finally had some clues.

He went to the address on his grandmother's letter, was directed to Mrs. De Lonais' address at Pawhuska. Let's hear the rest of this from Mrs. De Lonais herself:

"My mother answered the door that morning. I was in the kitchen. Coy told her who he was. She didn't tell me right away, for she was afraid of the shock. She sat me down on the bed and talked slow, roundabout, until she finally said that my boy Coy was sitting out in the parlor.

"I ran out. A big, good looking man was there. It was Coy, all right. I could see the baby Coy in him. I cried, and maybe he did, too. We just sat and looked at each other, and smiled and smiled, and talked and talked."

More than ever now, Mrs. De Lonais wanted to find her other son, to make the family complete again. From his glimpse at Roy's record, Coy knew the names of a few people who had given references for his brother's original admission. He hired a private detective to trace these people down. It was slow work, mostly disappointing.

Finally, though, the detective reported that he had found the woman who had adopted Roy. Coy drove 200 miles one night to see this woman. This was the payoff. From her, Coy got Roy's address in Cicero.

Of course, there still was the possibility of an error. Coy left his mother behind, flying to Cicero himself. Now, let's get the story from Roy:

"I answered my door and all of a sudden I saw my brother. I knew it was my brother right away. We're like two peas in a pod. It was wonderful."

Something even more wonderful, however, still was to come. For Ma was summoned to Cicero. When her plane landed, there, waiting for her, after twenty-three years, were her two sons, her two sons together, calling her "Ma."

And how about this? Mrs. De Lonais, who, for so very long, didn't even have any sons, now has a grandson, too. There was Roy, Jr., a blond toddler, smiling at the nice lady with the gray hair.

"I GUESS I never figured on grandchildren," Mrs. De Lonais said. "In my mind, Coy and Roy always were babies. And you know, it's a funny thing. Roy, Jr., looks just about the way Roy did on the day I said goodbye to him at the orphanage. So I've got my baby, and my big boys, too. Do you think there could be a happier woman?"

We gave Mrs. De Lonais, Roy and little Roy lots of gifts after they'd answered their Welcome Travelers travel question, but I have a feeling that there's one gift in particular that will mean a lot to this mother. It's an electronic memory wire recorder. With it, she was able to record the voices of her sons and grandson. This will be something to play when she's back home in Oklahoma. This time, the nights may be long, but they won't be lonely.

"Of course," Mrs. De Lonais said with a smile, "I'll go and see my boys whenever I take a notion to. And I expect I'll feel like seeing them a lot. But, you know, there's something even better than seeing them. It's knowing that they're well, and fine boys. It's knowing that they're really my sons."

The long voyage of this very Welcome Traveler—the voyage that took twenty-three years—is over. From here on in, there's only a bright and happy future.

MEDICATED CARE PROVES WONDERFUL BEAUTY AID TO FACE AND HANDS!

4 Out of 5 Women Showed Softer, Lovelier-looking Skin in Test Supervised by Doctors

REMARKABLE ALL-PURPOSE CREAM SHOWS WOMEN SIMPLE, EASY AID TO CLEARER, UNBLEMISHED SKIN

RECENTLY, 181 women of all ages took part in a careful skin improvement test supervised by 3 doctors—*skin specialists!* The women had many common skin troubles—roughness, dryness or skin blemishes.

The doctors explained a new 4-step Medicated Beauty Routine using famous *Noxzema Medicated Skin Cream.* Each woman's skin was examined through a magnifying lens at 7-day intervals.

Here are the astonishing results: **Of all these women tested, 4 out of 5 showed softer, smoother, lovelier-looking skin in 2 weeks—were thrilled at the marked improvement that this beauty routine helped bring to their skin!**

If you want an aid to a softer, smoother skin . . . if you suffer the heart-breaking embarrassment of unattractive, externally-caused blemishes, roughness, dryness or similar skin troubles—*try Noxzema Medicated Care.* It's a simply grand new way to care for your face and hands.

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Do your hands look red, feel raw and rough? Smooth on Noxzema. See how quickly this medicated formula soothes and helps heal—helps red, rough chapped skin look softer, whiter—often in 24 hours.

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1. MORNING—Bathe face with warm water, then apply Noxzema to a wet cloth and "cream-wash" your face.

2. Apply Noxzema as a soothing protective powder base to hold make-up.

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Try this 4-step routine yourself. You'll be delighted with the results.

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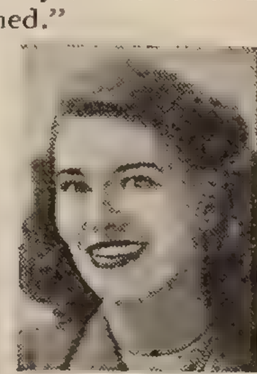

Mrs. Lee Smith says, "I do my own housework. You know what that does to your hands. I've never found anything better for chapped hands than Noxzema. Now I use it as both a complexion and hand cream."

Try Noxzema and see why over 25,000,000 jars are sold yearly. Now on sale at all drug and cosmetic counters—only 40¢, 60¢ and $1.00 plus tax.

Come and Visit Lum 'n' Abner

(*Continued from page 33*)

signs all over the door—"Scram, This Mens You, and Leat Me Sleep" and "Do Not Enter, Genus at Work"—are warning enough. With Chet away, you can get a look at an awe-inspiring collection of sports equipment, electrical toys, and magic sets which his mother says are left strictly in the messy way he likes them.

In Nancy's room a half-finished painting is on the easel—Nancy is an art major at Beverly High School—and her Mina bird, Jim, makes up for his mistress' absence by singing for you his version of "In a Little Spanish Town."

The Laucks' own bedroom is vast and comfortable, with blue and white chintz on the white canopied beds and a blue chaise drawn up to the window for a better view of the handsome sycamores.

CHET'S collection of guns is only partially ornamental. He is a skeet shooter of some prowess—Harriet doesn't do so badly herself—and has a row of trophies to prove it. Chet's real passion, however—next only to his work, which has always come first—is his orchids, and he can't wait to take you out to see them.

He started growing the rare blooms only because the former owner of the house left a plant, and he didn't want to see it die. Now he has all varieties and grows them with great success.

"Sold fifteen hundred dollars' worth last year," he will tell you with schoolboy pride. "Enough to pay our taxes."

As an absentee owner, he takes somewhat less pride in his 143,000-acre cattle ranch in Nevada, although he and Harriet plan to spend much more time there after a ranch house—now under construction—is completed.

They do a lot of entertaining in a casual way. Harriet says they tried once or twice to give big parties in the Hollywood manner, and think their guests probably enjoyed themselves. But the Laucks didn't. They didn't have time. So now they have small dinner parties, which they serve buffet style—with no more than ten or twelve people who know one another well and have a lot in common.

If the weather is good, Chet will roll the portable barbecue into the patio and broil a lot of stripper steaks, Harriet mixes an enormous salad and they both still have time to get in on the good talk.

The fabulous Corny Stroubies, of the Texas oil Stroubies, are frequent visitors—Corny sent Chet an elephant for a present last Christmas!

The welcome mat sees a great deal of service at the Goff farm, too, although during the past year because of Tuffy's serious illness—he underwent major surgery last spring in Kentucky—they have had to live very quietly.

Tuffy's sense of humor and his wife Elizabeth's fresh beauty and charm are a legend in Hollywood, however, and there are many who agree that their wonderful white board and stone farm house is the prettiest place in California and the Goffs the nicest people.

At the bottom of the hill are the stables, where Tuffy and Liz and the children keep their riding horses—ten-year-old Gretchen already has ridden her five-gaited "Duchess" in four horse shows and has brought home a trophy each time.

The Goffs chose their home site ten years ago, chiefly for a half dozen ancient trees which dramatized its rolling contours. A year later a mysterious blight killed the old oaks, and they had to be removed. Grieved, but not despairing, Tuffy brought in a dozen seedling pepper trees in gallon tins—they cost a fancy fifty cents apiece, he brags. He set them out in a graceful arch along the drive to the house, and they now are almost as spectacular as their predecessors.

The house itself is delightful—and you can wander through the big, bright rooms without finding a single concession to convention.

Fireplaces in every room—the Goffs love them—and one room, The Lazy Corner, which is hardly more than a fireplace-with-couch. It's wonderful for hiding away with a book, Liz says, on rainy days.

The dining room table is enormous. Liz likes her guests to be able to sit down comfortably for dinner. The kitchen boasts a copper hooded grill, where Tuffy himself is accustomed to superintending the cooking of the steaks.

The Goffs' children go to the valley public schools, Gretchen to Encino grammar school, Gary to Canoga Park High.

Gary is a drummer, admired by the best—the best in his own eyes being Neighbor Phil Harris.

Gretchen's hobby is riding, but since Duchess can't be kept in her room, she can house her doll house, dolls and pet pigeon with little jostling.

THAT pigeon is a household legend. Gretchen, her father says, has a way with animals which is almost eerie. The pigeon flew in one cold night, and Gretchen made it welcome—put it to bed and covered it up. It has never left—for long.

She has a way with the cook too, and causes no domestic crises at all when she decides to spend the day making gingerbread men or brownies. For a ten-year-old, she is very competent, and the cook beams whenever Gretchen emerges with something edible.

Tuffy and Liz's own bedroom is big and casual like the other rooms in the house, with, of course, its own fireplace. One corner of the room is decorated as a sitting room and saw lots of service last summer when Tuffy did most of his entertaining from his bed. Liz has used some of her fine antiques from the Mother Lode country in this room—a hundred-year-old child's wagon equipped to hold plants and a coffee tray are delightful touches.

Upstairs as elsewhere, Liz has emphasized clear, vivid colors and cotton materials which she feels are "homey." No one who has seen the effect would argue about that.

Like his partner, Chet Lauck, Tuffy has gone in for ranching on the side and last year grew a record crop of rice on his 2,000-acre Sacramento valley farm. The crop won a prize at the state fair, and none of the neighboring farmers realized that the Norris Goff who carried off the blue ribbon was the fellow they know as Abner on the radio.

They are friendly simple people, the Laucks and the Goffs, Arkansas' ambassadors of good will in Hollywood.

It's a pity that their kind of good living is so often overlooked when our town gets its name in the papers.

This little girl went
to the beauty shop

This little girl spent
2 hours at home

...and this little girl
got lasting waves
in an instant!

over a million women have found insta-curl to be SAFE!

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Never before Insta-Curl could you *comb* your hair into lasting waves and curls! Or get a permanent effect from a tiny capsule with perfect safety. Even more miraculous — the longer you use Insta-Curl, the lovelier, more glamorous and naturally curly your hair becomes!

Leading laboratories, including those of America's most famous stores, have found Insta-Curl absolutely safe. Contains no sulphur, resin, alum or other harmful ingredients. So for shimmering waves that *last* and glorious curls that *stay,* get Insta-Curl. Improves old or new permanents. Curls all types of hair! Grand for the fine, soft hair of children. Yes, nothing like Insta-Curl ever before!

1. *Dissolve capsule contents in 4 oz. (half glass) hot water.*

2. *Comb solution generously through dry hair. (Best after shampoo.)*

3. *Set, allow to dry. Comb out for lasting waves and curls!*

Get Insta-Curl at all Drug and Department stores. If your favorite store doesn't carry Insta-Curl write to Beauty Factors, Inc., 139 S. Beverly Drive, Beverly Hills, Calif.

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The Biggest Break

(*Continued from page 27*)

to put down on paper. I think that maybe the best way for me to tell my story is from the money angle, because I guess just about everybody has money troubles at the start, and it might be useful to other singers to know how it worked out in my case.

I was born in East St. Louis, Illinois, on December 28, 1926. I have one brother, three years older than I. My parents separated when I was eight and my mother brought us up, working as a cashier and saleslady. While we did not have any money for extras, we always had plenty of wonderful food and plenty of encouragement. My mother is the kind who says, "If you want it, I am for it. What can I do to help you?"

So, when I started singing to myself when I was about six, she bought me all kinds of records so that I could sing along with people who know how. We didn't have a piano and could not have afforded lessons if we had, so I got my first real music training in the tenth grade at East Side High.

WE HAD a wonderful teacher, Rose Mary Greene Brinson, who was so good that our choral group won top spot in the state competitions. She took private pupils, too, me among them, but she gave me all of my lessons free. She worked me in between pupils who paid. I realize now that she gave me time many afternoons when she was tired and when it couldn't have been too much fun going over and over diction and breathing and placement exercises with a kid who had no way of paying her.

I started working in the summers when I was fifteen. I delivered groceries and answered the phone in the stock yard . . . things like that. In the winter, I sang with a high school band that got occasional dates to play for dances, and when I was sixteen I sang for five dollars in a club on Saturday nights.

After I graduated from high school, I took a big step and went to Hollywood.

I didn't have any idea of getting into the movies. What I hoped for was to get a club date and work up to a network show. I picked Hollywood instead of New York because my brother was out there. He had just got out of the Marines and was restless.

My first job on the Coast was as a messenger boy for a steamship company in Los Angeles. This took all day long and kept me out of Hollywood, so I got a job as doorman at the Marcal Theater on Hollywood Boulevard near Vine. That left me free in the daytime to go around to see agents.

Seeing agents is discouraging. Sometimes I think it's harder to get a good agent when you are unknown than it is to get a job. Everywhere I got the same question. "What have you done?"

There are hundreds of young singers after agents all of the time. Naturally they take on only the people who have something started for themselves. Just the same, I kept after them.

I made twenty-four dollars a week as doorman at the Marcal. Working there wasn't a bit like work. It was all fun. There was a great gang of boys and girls and I made some real friends right away. I couldn't afford to go to any of the famous night clubs, but we could dance at the Palladium and get a bus to Santa Monica and go swimming.

My brother had a room in a private home near Griffith Park. It cost me only four dollars a week to stay there.

During this time I got my first chance at a big network. I got an audition at CBS. Nothing came of it, but they were very nice. They said my voice was all right but that I needed to develop a style of my own. That sent me back to the Marcal thinking. "Now what? What can I do? All the styles have already been developed!"

The only change I could think of was to pay a lot of attention to the words of every song and sing them with as much meaning as if I were telling some one person a story. After I had been practicing along those lines for a few months, I entered an amateur contest at the Million Dollar Theater and won a week's contract.

That was great. I was on a stage and singing to an audience. I could not wait to get down to the theater every day, and the week went by like a flash. It was a great break, but an even better one, though I did not know it at the time, was when a man named Ritchie Lisella came backstage to see me.

He knew a great deal about bands and singers and radio. He had been with Frank Sinatra and Jimmy Dorsey and he came back to look me over and see if I had a manager. I had heard hair-raising tales about singers who signed up with managers and had to pay them percentages for years afterward whether they did anything or not, so I said, "I won't sign with you or anyone else until you show me what you can do for me."

Considering all that Ritchie has done for me since, that was definitely fantastic, but he just grinned and went out and got me a screen test at 20th Century-Fox. It was a big day for me when we went out to that enormous lot. I looked around everywhere for Dick Haymes, who is one of my favorites, and I was full of those day dreams that everyone gets about singing one song and being signed right away and going to work with stars I had seen only on the screen. It didn't work out that way. I photographed too young. So I went back to the Marcal. But Ritchie was not discouraged.

"I'VE got an idea," he said, and took me to a recording studio to cut a record of my voice. This he sent to Jimmy Dorsey who was playing in Sandusky, Ohio, and I went back to the Marcal wondering if I were ever going to get started.

I didn't have long to wait. Things began to happen in a hurry when they started. The featured singer, Bob Carroll, was leaving Dorsey's band, and he wired Ritchie to send me along immediately.

We left on two days notice. The manager at the Marcal didn't make any trouble about my leaving without notice. He knew that a job with Dorsey was a break of a lifetime, and he seemed just as pleased as all of the rest of my friends.

"Get going," he said. "Good luck and come back famous."

Dorsey wanted his big new '47 Buick station wagon, so we drove back in style. Ritchie drove it for two days and two nights without stopping anywhere at all (*Continued on page 80*)

New! Exciting Discoveries in Skin Care

Woodbury De Luxe Face Creams ...Never before such Beauty for YOU!

Your skin . . . *ravishing!* . . . with these new-formula Woodbury De Luxe Face Creams! Science's newest secrets . . . in six exquisite beauty aids. Incomparable cleaner cleansing! Superb richer softening! Veil-of-flattery finishing creams! Each of unsurpassed quality. Jars come dressed in pink-and-gold elegance, at welcome moderate prices.

Woodbury De Luxe Cold Cream cleanses skin the cleanest ever.

Truly, Penaten is a miracle cleansing aid! Penaten *penetrates*—reaches deeper into pore openings. Quickly seeps through make-up tints. *Amazingly thorough—thoroughly gentle.* Your skin looks *clearer,* because it's *cleaner.* Your first jar will prove, Woodbury De Luxe Cold Cream—with Penaten—truly glorifies your skin!

Woodbury De Luxe Dry Skin Cream smooths skin the softest ever!

Magically, Penaten aids the *penetration* of smoothing emollients. Carries lanolin's rich benefits deeper, softening tiny dry lines. Smooths flaky roughness—on the instant. Skin looks fresher, younger . . . lovely to see!

Introducing PENATEN New Skin Beautifier in

From trial jars 20¢, to luxury jars $1.39 plus tax.

Woodbury De Luxe Liquefying Cleansing Cream—contains Penaten! Particularly effective for cleansing oily or normal skin. Melts instantly. Loosens clinging grime, make-up, surface oil. Night and morning use helps keep skin clearer, younger-looking.

Woodbury De Luxe Vanishing Facial Cream—For Glamorous Make-Up: Greaseless, disappearing. A thin veil makes even oily skin look dewy. For a Beauty Pick-up: Apply lavishly to soften skin particles. Tissue off. Skin looks fresher, younger.

Woodbury De Luxe Powder Base Foundation Cream—Petal-Tinted: Adds glow to any powder shade. Veils dry or normal skin in satin-textured base that holds make-up. Helps hide blemishes. Apply sparingly—smooth over face, throat.

Woodbury De Luxe Complete Beauty All-Purpose Cream—Pink-Tinted: Penaten makes this De Luxe All-Purpose Cream more effective—for complete skin care, day and night. Cleanses deeper. Softens superbly. Provides a clinging make-up base.

R
M

Just Whistle...

by Bissell

When your young buckaroo upsets the ashstand on your freshly cleaned rug . . . don't scream. Run for your new Bissell Sweeper . . .

And whistle! Bissell Carpet Sweepers now have "Bisco-matic"* Brush Action for the easiest clean-ups ever!

You don't have to press down at *all*. This miracle brush adjusts itself automatically to every rug nap, thick or thin . . .

Even cleans under low furniture, with the handle held *flat!* Save your vacuum for periodic cleaning . . . use a new "Bisco-matic" Bissell® for quick everyday clean-ups. It pays!

Illustrated: The "Vanity" at $8.45. Other models from $6.45. All with "Bisco-matic" Brush Action, easy "Flip-O" Empty, and "Sta-up" Handle.

Bissell Sweepers

The Bissell Carpet Sweeper Co.
Grand Rapids 2, Michigan

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. Bissell's patented full spring controlled brush

(*Continued from page* 78) for sleep because we had already run out of time. I was tired just sitting there, so you can imagine how Ritchie felt, having been at the wheel.

We arrived at Sandusky at 9 P.M. and while my suit was being pressed I took a shower. It is sort of interesting about that suit. It was a dark blue one that I might not have had if my best girl had not twisted my arm. She worked at the Marcal after school. We were in love, though we could not think seriously of marriage because I was nineteen and certainly couldn't take care of a wife on a doorman's salary. She is a wonderful girl—brunette, a great sense of humor, interested in music, and down-to-earth. She certainly was about that suit. Naturally, she wanted me to take her to the senior class dance when she graduated, and I felt funny about it because I did not have a dark suit. She had saved up some money, and she insisted on lending it to me. We argued for two days, and finally I gave in and got it. It took me two months to pay her back, but I certainly was glad that she had talked me into getting it when I put it on that night in Sandusky.

Dorsey was playing in an amusement park on a little island. As we drove over, I was wondering if I could sing at all. It's tough enough making a first appearance with a great band under the best of circumstances, but it is really tough if you haven't had any sleep for two days and two nights. I sang "Time After Time" for my first number. I didn't even look at Dorsey. I didn't dare. I just concentrated on the audience, trying to get all of the meaning I could into the song. If he didn't like my style, I didn't want to know it then. I just thought, "I'm singing with a big time band. I've got to go over!"

So it was a big moment when I found out that everything was all right and that I was going to travel with the band and get $100 a week. Working for Dorsey was the big thing, but I also thought he was paying me all of the money in the world. I went back to the hotel and fell asleep happier than I had ever been in my life, and slept the clock around.

Ritchie had been paying all of his expenses so far. When I started to talk to him about a percentage of my fat salary, he sort of grinned and said, "I'm not going to take any percentage yet. You're going to need all of it yourself."

I thought he was crazy. After living on $24 a week, I thought I was in the money with four times that much. But I soon found out that it was harder to get by on $100 a week on the road than it was to meet expenses on $24 a week in Hollywood.

I don't know whether this will be interesting to everybody, but it ought to be to other young singers who are getting started.

When you are traveling with a band, reservations are made for you in advance and you all stay at the same hotel. That means you pay out on the average of four dollars a night for lodging. I like good food, and I guess everybody my age likes a lot of it. Anyway, I never tried to save on food. My mother had always pounded it into us that good food and plenty of it is an economy because it keeps you healthy. So that costs around six dollars a day because you have to eat in trains and hotels. Then you have a big laundry bill because you have to have things done in a hurry, and there are endless cleaning and pressing bills, tips, taxis, not to mention the income tax.

Ritchie was right. I needed every dollar and had to plan for weeks to get a new suit to work in. So Ritchie kept on paying his own expenses. And this was the guy I was afraid to sign with because I was afraid he would sting me.

Don't misunderstand me. Dorsey was paying me good money according to the usual rates for a new singer, and he was great in every way. He even slipped me an extra $100 for a new suit when we were booked into the Palladium because he knew that all my Hollywood friends would be turning out to hear me there. And later, when I quit, he was swell, again.

After I had been with him for eight months, he offered me a contract. I talked it over with Ritchie. Dorsey was taking only two dates a week at that time, so it seemed like a good idea for me to break away and try to get some club dates and some more money, and Dorsey agreed that it was a good move and might lead to better things.

"You're ready," he said. "Go to it. I'll be rooting for you."

Ritchie knew one of the top agents, Al Levy, and this time I went in the front door and into the front office, too. Levy is another wonderful guy. I am not sure that either he or Ritchie would like it if they knew I was spreading the news that neither of them has taken any money from me even yet because they are both in business and life would get pretty complicated if word got around that they are a couple of soft touches.

don't miss Bing Crosby's

Gala Broadcast
Wednesday, February 9
ABC Stations
Check Your Paper For Time
for the **BIG SURPRISE** of 1949

Read the big news on Bing Crosby in March **PHOTOPLAY** magazine. Look for Bing and his four sons on the cover. On sale February 11.

They aren't, as a matter of fact. They just aren't money hungry. They are just about as soft as a cement wall when it comes to business, but they are big time in the way they think. They certainly have proved it in the way they've backed me and believed in me. For instance, Levy advanced my expenses back to New York after he decided to do my booking. I had run out of money in Hollywood and no work had turned up except the week that I won in the tryouts on Mickey Rooney's Showcase.

"There's nothing doing here," Levy said. "Let's go to New York and see what's doing there."

You can see that getting started as a singer can run into some real expenses.

I guess everybody knows how Arthur Godfrey's Talent Scouts works, but for the few who don't perhaps I'd better explain that anyone who thinks he has discovered a talent can take his discovery there. You do not have to be a professional agent or artist to get a chance. It's an audience show, and the applause of the people in the theater picks the winner. Everybody who gets on the air is paid $100 and the winner gets a three-day engagement at scale which brings in around another $250. All the scouts get $25 with the exception of the one who brings in the winner. He gets $100.

I HATED to see those three days come to an end. On the third day, after I had sung my last song, and was starting to leave the mike, Godfrey called me back. "What do you want to do next, Bill?" he said.

I thought he was giving me a chance to sing one more song, so I said, "This Is the Moment."

He smiled and said, "No. I mean what do you want to do next for a living?"

"Just be on a show like this," I told him.

"Would you really like to stay on this show?" he asked.

I thought he was just filling in a minute or so with conversation because the show had run fast. I hadn't the slightest hint that he was serious, though I certainly meant it when I said, "That would be wonderful. I hope you let me come back again sometime."

"I mean it," he said. "Would you like to sign a contract to stay on this show?"

Then I woke up to the fact that he was offering me the break of a lifetime, and I just stood there with my mouth open. I had been working for a break on a network for so long that when it happened I just could not take it in.

I don't drink, so Ritchie and I went to Lindy's and had some cheesecake to celebrate. And, believe me, I paid Ritchie's bill for a change.

This job brings me around $500 a week, which is an awful lot of money. Ever since it happened, people have been saying, "How are you going to spend all of that?" I know the answer. First I am going to pay back Ritchie and Al all of the money they have spent on me. They say not to worry about it, and I don't worry—but I don't forget it, either.

My mother has a good job, and she doesn't need money right at this minute, but I am going to send her some anyway so that she can have a lot of nice things that she couldn't afford when she was bringing us up. Then I want to get a little in the bank after I get out of debt.

After that, all I want to do is keep on singing, hoping that I'll never forget that it took good advice, good bosses and good friends to get me ready for the breaks when they came my way.

To My Favorite Blonde

Oh, lovely Blonde! My voice I raise,
Your *tender, golden* charms to praise.

When I am soiled beyond belief,
Your *perfume* heralds prompt relief.

Beneath your *swift* and *gentle* care,
I shun all washday *wear* and *tear*.

And when with me you've had your way,
I'm cleansed of *'Tattle-Tale-ish'* Gray.

All *substitutes* I now decline,
Dear Blondie, be my Valentine!

GOLDEN BAR OR GOLDEN CHIPS

Fels-Naptha Soap

BANISHES "TATTLE-TALE GRAY"

LITTLE LULU

When you gotta blow—it better be KLEENEX!*

Little Lulu says: When you take cold, don't take just "tissues"—insist on *Kleenex* Tissues. Extra soft, plenty strong, Kleenex comforts tender noses—catches a kingsize sneeze, with ease!

© International Cellucotton Products Co. *T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Coast to Coast in Television

(*Continued from page* 49)

like the kind you wore last summer when you went swimming.

There it is—and here's looking at you on video!

* * *

A whodunit television show was given a new twist when CBS-TV and New York's Old Knickerbocker Music Hall got together and presented it from the stage of that combination cafe-theater.

When all the clues were planted, the action of the show was halted briefly while the roving mike and cameras went among the diners. While the amateur sleuths at the tables were figuring out the criminal, viewers outside were encouraged to telephone their deductions.

A young lady in the Old Knick's audience reaped a tasty selection of new duds by guessing right; ditto a housewife who phoned in her solution. There was a man's outfit too.

Anyhow, the show then continued, with the mystery solved on-stage for the benefit of the non-guessers—among them your slow-witted reporter, who is still trying to figure it out!

* * *

If your hostess tempts you with an out-of-this-world dessert, an apricot mousse in a chocolate mold, you can probably thank Dione Lucas' cooking class on CBS-TV. A rehearsal mousse Dione made was a masterpiece, but she said it would be even more luscious when she performed for the cameras. Even unrehearsed, it was mouth-watering.

* * *

That most radio broadcasts can't be transferred to television lock, stock and barrel was proved by the Mary Margaret McBride show. She's the same Mary Margaret with the same million-dollar chatter—but even her best friends told her that the show seems static on video. By the time this little piece is printed she and Vincent and the folks who help them out will probably have found the right formula for keeping her countless fans happy, but it just goes to show you that we're working with a brand-new medium.

* * *

Cal York, crack columnist for *Photoplay,* is hogging the new television program called Inside *Photoplay.* It seems the irrepressible Cal calls up from Hollywood five days a week on the program and wants to tell everything he knows—and Cal knows everything about Movietown. So in order to get on with the rest of the show, *Photoplay's* television hostess Wendy Barrie has to hang up on Cal. Sometimes he even calls back—and has to be hung up on a second time.

Jimmie Dunn was a guest on the opening telecast, and Wendy and *Photoplay* editor Adele Fletcher had a hard time making him talk about the Oscar he won for "A Tree Grows in Brooklyn." Jimmie was deep in production plans for his new Broadway play, and being a producer now instead of an actor he was too busy to bother with such little things as Academy Awards.

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IN PACKAGES FOR POPPING AT HOME

Get hot, fresh, delicious Hi Pop Popcorn anywhere—the Nation's popular food confection. Served from sparkling Manley Popcorn Machines at your movie theatre and variety store or wherever good popcorn is sold. Ask your food store for Hi Pop in the red and white candy cane package. Make your own popcorn at home. Remember—Hi Pop is the same fine corn movie shows feature.

R
M

Inside *Photoplay* is chockful of news and pictures and feature stories about Hollywood today, and wonderfully nostalgic photos of the Hollywood that used to be, straight from *Photoplay's* famous files. It's a Monday through Friday show on Dumont's Channel 5, which is WABD in New York, at 4:30 P.M. EST.

* * *

When Faye Emerson introduces the Paris Cavalcade of Fashion on WNBT at 7:15 EST every Wednesday night, she's thinking not only of the woman who can buy these French originals or the expensive American copies—she's thinking of the thousands of women who make their own clothes and can pick up style tricks from these authentic films.

They are authentic, because they're the actual clothes made by the great Parisian couturiers, modeled by the most famous mannequins, and photographed at the Paris openings. The commentary is written by Jean Condit, who with Faye decided that it should be completely down-to-earth to give the most help to the average woman.

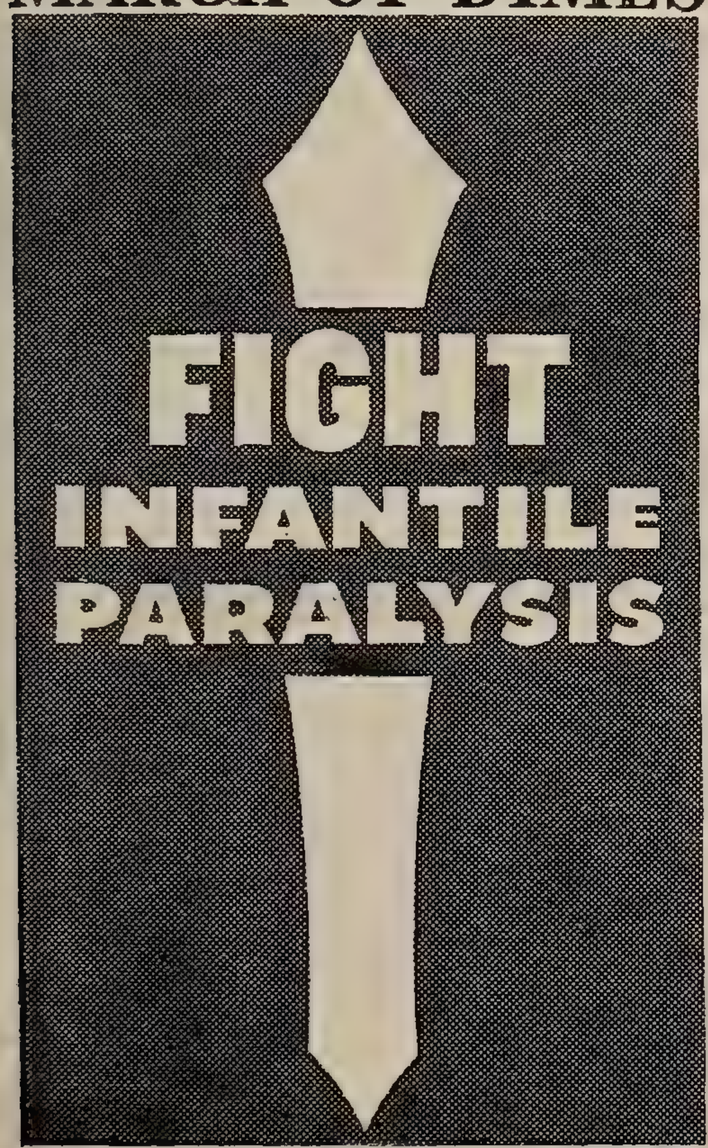
Faye herself is an informal person, without any chi-chi. When I first met her she was a Warner starlet in Hollywood.

Now she's Mrs. Elliot Roosevelt and the star of a long-run Broadway hit, "The Play's the Thing." Her clothes are a little more formal but her attitude is strictly Faye Emerson, at work.

As for fashion trends for Spring, Faye predicts that the Empire line, with high belt and tapered waistline, will be a "new look"; that slimmer skirts in front, with released back fullness to make them comfortable for walking, will be popular.

"Hollywood influenced Paris fashions greatly with the casual sports suits and the shirtmaker dress. Then Paris added the wonderful French detailing, and now we have the beautiful results of their combined efforts," she told me. She likes plain-color basic clothes, with bright accessories.

MARCH OF DIMES



JANUARY 14-31

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SHAMPOO
contains egg!

Easier to make smoother, long-lasting pin curls!

It's the egg that does it! By actual scientific test, the real egg contained in powdered form in Richard Hudnut Enriched Creme Shampoo makes your hair easier to comb, easier to set. You'll make pin curls more like a professional's . . . so much smoother, evener, they're bound to last longer! And see how much better your Richard Hudnut Home Permanent "takes" after this marvelous shampoo! So much gentler, kinder, too! No wonder your hair is left shimmering with new beauty and "lovelights"!

Richard Hudnut **Shampoo is better because:**

1. Contains egg (powder, 1%)—proved to make hair more manageable.
2. Not a wax or paste—but a smooth *liquid* creme!
3. Easy to apply; rinses out readily.
4. Removes loose dandruff.
5. Same shampoo Richard Hudnut Fifth Avenue Salon uses for luxury treatments!

Tonic for Spring Fever!

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Includes hotel accommodations, bus and boat sight-seeing trips, round-trip to Key West, with luncheon.

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Provides hotel accommodations, Gray Line tours of famous attractions, including U. C. Campus and Chinatown.

5-DAY NEW YORK CITY TOUR $21.60 ☐
Hotel, sight-seeing in N.B.C. Building, Rockefeller Center, Empire State Bldg. and Gray Line tour over entire city.

7-DAY MEXICO CITY TOUR $68.60 ☐
Accommodations at Hotel Geneve, four sight-seeing trips to points of interest and beauty around Mexico City. Six meals included.

11-Day Florida Circle Tour, $73.20 ☐. 6-Day Circle Tour Colonial Virginia, $40.45 ☐. 3-Day Chicago Tour, $11.95 ☐. 5-Day Washington, D. C. Tour, $24.95 ☐. 4-Day Los Angeles Tour, $12.40 ☐. 2-Day Mammoth Cave Tour, $21.10 ☐. 4-Day Historic Boston Tour, $23.25 ☐. (*Add price of Greyhound ticket to above rates.*)

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My Father Groucho

(*Continued from page 39*)

to submit themselves to Father's furious ad-libbing.

You Bet Your Life is a quiz show, but it differs from the usual thing in that line by putting the emphasis on laughs, not money. It is, of course, completely unrehearsed—though I doubt that lack of premeditation is any excuse for some of Father's puns. Anyway, despite the hazards of uncharted dialogue, the show usually manages to stay within reasonable bounds of propriety.

Occasionally, though, an outspoken contestant will explode one of those conversational grenades that make quiz shows an ulcerous undertaking for producers, censors, and vice-presidents; for nearly everyone, in fact, except Groucho. He seems to enjoy the unexpected as much as the audience does.

THERE was the time recently when a lady choir singer, telling about the interesting things that happened to her in the course of her singing engagements, quite innocently remarked that one of the most interesting was the time her pants fell down while she was singing with a group on the stage at Hollywood Bowl.

Groucho, obviously fascinated, didn't hesitate to ask the question anyone would have asked: "What did you do?"

"Why, I ran offstage," the lady replied. "But with those darn things dragging around my ankles I had to take such short steps that it seemed forever before I finally got out of sight of the audience."

"It must have been pretty harrowing," Groucho sympathized. "Didn't the choir try to help cover your retreat? Surely they could've made some little musical diversion, such as a rendering of 'Onward Christian Soldiers' or 'London Bridge is Falling Down.'"

Fortunately, Groucho's show is recorded on wax before it is put on the air, so this bit of flummery never got outside the studio.

There are times when Father gets depressed about his radio show. Only this morning, when I asked him how the recording of it had gone the night before, he said, in tones of deepest sorrow: "Terrible. None of the contestants won over fifteen dollars last night. It was one of the most frustrating things I ever experienced. There I sat with great golden gobs of dough to give away—how I enjoy giving away the sponsor's money!—and nobody was answering the questions correctly. I think I'll try to make a deal with the sponsors to let me have a crack at answering the questions. That new house I just bought is costing me plenty."

"What did you want to get such a big place for?" I asked him.

"Why, now that I'm married again and starting my second family—I hope Melinda is just a start—no telling how many nurseries we might need. And if the family doesn't come along as planned, I'll have ample space to put in a few pool tables and open a billiard academy."

"Fine atmosphere for Melinda to grow up in," I rebuked Father. "A billiard academy!"

But looking back on my own childhood, I can see the core of practical wisdom in Father's remark.

At the time of my arrival, 1921 or thereabouts, Father and three or four of his Brothers (they sometimes carried a spare in those days) were perpetrating a vaudeville act called "On The Mezzanine." Like most vaudeville babies, I was put to bed more than once in a bureau drawer. In fact, I slept in so many bureau drawers that even now when I go to the bureau and pull the drawer open to get a shirt, I feel an instinctive urge to crawl in and curl up.

At the time hearsay leaves off and my own memory begins, the Marx Brothers had graduated from vaudeville to Broadway, where they were doing their first full-length show, "I'll Say She Is." I never did find out who "She" was—Father always evaded the question, even when Mother asked him—but the show was a hit.

So were the Marx Brothers' next two—"Coconuts" and "Animal Crackers." I saw them all from backstage, and I don't imagine I was much more bewildered by some of the proceedings than the people out front who'd paid their way in.

Ultimately, as nearly everyone knows, Father and his Brothers became entangled in the movie industry. Ignoring the question of whether the movie industry has ever fully recovered from this entanglement, we will move on to Hollywood, where the Marx family moved after making their first two films in the celluloid jungles of Astoria, Long Island. It was about then my interest in sports began to displace my earlier fascination with backstage doings. Father encouraged this trend. He's always been a sports enthusiast. Baseball was, and is, his great love.

Our first house in Hollywood sat nearly atop one of those minor Alps that infest the region, making the surrounding terrain most unsuitable for baseball. But that didn't discourage Father, or me, either. Since the only level place in the neighborhood was a stretch of paved street in front of our house, that's where we had our games.

A couple of writers who were working on the Marx Brothers' first Hollywood movie, "Monkey Business," used to come out and play with us. One of them was S. J. Perelman.

When we moved down to the lowlands of Beverly Hills and joined the Tennis Club, I discovered the main interest of my life for the next ten years or so—tennis. At that time Father used to venture on the courts once in awhile with a racket in his hands, which he used mostly for self defense, that is, when he wasn't using it to sit on between points.

I WON'T embarrass Father by telling how long it was before I was able to beat him, but I will tell you something that happened when I was fourteen.

In those days the Beverly Hills Tennis Club was owned by two of the best players in the game, Ellsworth Vines and Fred Perry. Both had been world champions as amateurs. After brooding over certain defeats he'd suffered at my hands, Father actually sank so low as to enlist these two Titans of tennis on his side in an effort to humiliate me, his own son.

I had a friend my own age, who was a pretty fair Junior player, and Father challenged him and me to play a doubles match against himself and Vines.

I don't want to sound braggish about this, but we two fourteen-year-olds beat Vines and Father. We accomplished this mighty upset by being

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Fine quality cotton that won't fade in washing.

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ALL OF THESE DRESSES ARE MADE TO FLORIDA FASHIONS HIGH STANDARDS OF QUALITY AND WORKMANSHIP. YOUR SATISFACTION IS GUARANTEED.

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NEW PEPLUM COAT-DRESS

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Slimming Stripes, always flattering, make you more attractive than ever in this new-idea coat dress with smart front peplums, each with pocket. Stripes are up-and-down on dress and peplum, crossways on pockets. Crisp eyelet edging; cap sleeves; front tie belt; full skirt. High-count, fast-color percale.

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Tonight he can SEE new sheen in your hair, FEEL its caressable softness, THRILL to its glorious natural beauty. Yes, *tonight*, if you use Lustre-Creme Shampoo today!

Only Lustre-Creme has Kay Daumit's magic blend of secret ingredients *plus* gentle lanolin. This glamorizing shampoo lathers in hardest water. Leaves hair fragrantly clean, shining, free of loose dandruff and so soft, so manageable!

Famous hairdressers use and recommend it for shimmering beauty in all "hair-dos" and permanents. Beauty-wise women made it America's favorite cream shampoo. Try Lustre-Creme! The man in your life—*and you*—will love the loveliness results in your hair.

Kay Daumit, Inc., 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois

(*Continued from page* 84) extremely careful not to hit anything within reach of Vines—which made it a pretty warm afternoon for Father.

Father insisted our win was a fluke, so the next day we had to play another match, this time against him and Fred Perry. The results were the same. Father's backhand, never very strong, cracked under constant bombardment, and my friend and I won.

Perry congratulated us, while Father stalked off to the clubhouse. I found him later in the locker-room, beating himself over the head with his tennis racket. He wasn't hurting himself much because he was using a backhand stroke and, as I've said, his backhand was weak. Nevertheless, I thought it better to remove the tennis racket from his trembling hands.

It was then he declared: "If I can't beat a couple of junior midgets with the best tennis players in the world as my partners, I'd better quit. There must be something basically wrong with my game." I thought his logic was irrefutable.

After several years of tennis, I finally realized I was getting to an age when I had to consider how I was going to make my living.

FATHER had only one piece of advice —"Don't be an actor," he said. On that, we saw eye to eye.

But, in the line of possible careers, there was another activity of Father's that had long intrigued me. This was the semi-secret exercise he used to perform on the typewriter at frequent intervals. He'd lock himself up in his room and, after a few hours of hacking away on his Remington, he would emerge with some pages of typewritten material which he'd stuff in an envelope and mail to a magazine. A few days or weeks later, back would come an envelope from the magazine with a check in it.

This struck me as one of the most ridiculously easy ways of making money that had ever been invented, so easy as to be almost dishonest. I decided I wanted to be a writer.

There hasn't been a day since that I haven't regretted it.

And now, if you don't mind, let us close this painful subject and get back to Groucho, who is presently working in a movie with Frank Sinatra and Jane Russell. Ever since the studio came out with a ruling that Jane wasn't going to be allowed to wear any low cut dresses in this one, I've been expecting to hear Father had resigned from the venture—but so far he hasn't. Possibly he's waiting around in hopes that Frank Sinatra will break a leg or something so that he can take over the romantic lead. If I were in Sinatra's shoes, I'd be on the alert for booby traps.

The other active Marx Brothers, Harpo and Chico, recently finished making a picture with Groucho, after which Chico set out on a European tour. Harpo's staying home, catching up on his sleeping and fishing. Groucho says a good time for the fish to catch up on their sleep would be while Harpo's fishing.

But he wouldn't have said that if he'd known it was going to hurt Harpo's feelings. Groucho is really very tender-hearted and would abandon a joke anytime rather than bruise someone's sensibilities.

Perhaps that's why, after all I've gone through with him, I have to admit that, if I had it all to do over again, I'd still choose Groucho for my father. That is, I would if I couldn't get Betty Grable.

The Girl That I Marry

(*Continued from page* 41)

"Of course not," I told him, "I'll *carry* it."

Oh . . . and what I wouldn't give for a wife who could cook a delicious meal.

Not that I can't do a little cooking myself. The other evening I tried some éclairs. I have never seen éclairs so *light*. It was sensational. My secret is filling them with helium instead of whipped cream. Of course, I still haven't tasted my light éclairs. I can't get them down from the ceiling.

Lately, I've also been trying my hand at dinner dishes. I had my uncle over for dinner and decided to try a Welsh rarebit. I'll never forget what he said when he ate it. He said, "This is the best Welsh rarebit I've ever eaten!" Those were his last words.

It's not that I haven't tried to get a girl to marry me. I have. I think of wonderful things to say to a girl . . . and when I start, she giggles!

Maybe I just don't *appeal* to girls. Maybe . . . and this is the thought that kills . . . maybe they're mad at me for conducting a radio show that doesn't give anything away.

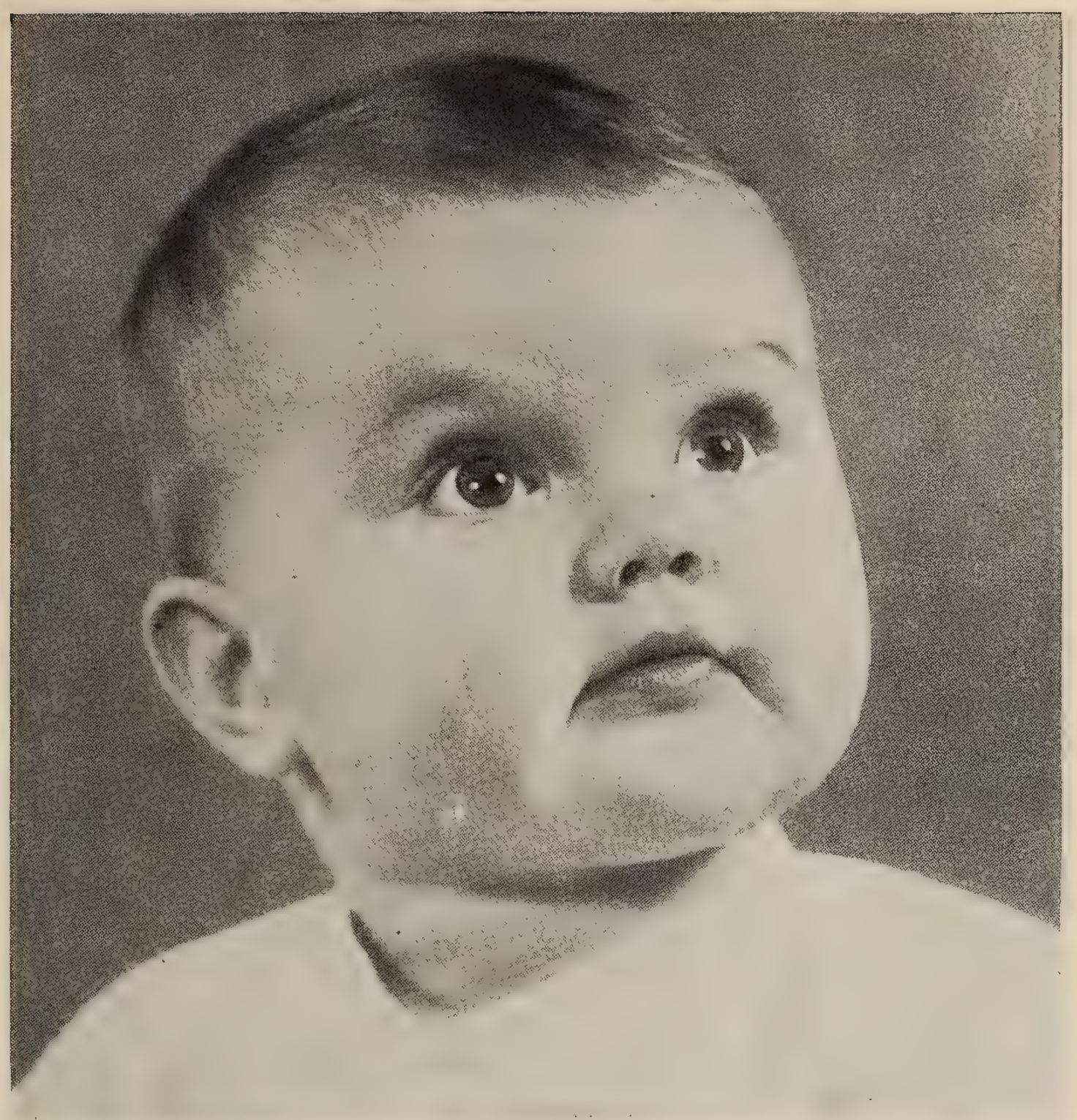
You see, I have no refrigerators, no washing machines, no B-29s. Not even a little six-week jaunt to Pago-Pago. All CBS allows me to offer is what we hope is entertainment. It's so *embarrassing!*

Yes, that may have something to do with it. I feel awful about the pretty girls who come to a broadcast, and all the girls tuned in. I feel as though I'm cheating them, being cruel and inhuman. The thing that hurts most is when I have to notify my studio audience just before a broadcast to go out to the street and dismiss those empty moving-vans they've got parked there. It *hurts* me!

THIS summer I really got a little desperate. So I decided to try my luck in Europe. I had a wonderful vacation in Paris and London. Paris was delightful. I saw all the sights . . . The Champs Elysées, The Folies Bergere, the Eiffel Tower, The Folies Bergere, the Arch of Triumph, The Folies Bergere . . . And then it happened. It was a lovely *dimanche* evening in *Aout* at about *dix heures*. (English translation: Sunday night in August at ten . . . I think.) Her name was Marie . . . and she was *charmante!* We had had a *magnifique diner,* followed by *le cinéma.* Walking along the *Champs Elysées* with the moon shining brightly on *nous,* I popped the question. *"Chérie, voulez-vous marier avec moi?"* I'll never forget her *ravissant* reply. With a bright twinkle in her pretty *yeux bleu* she whispered: "What kinda jerk ya think I yam, ya shmo!" My conclusion: The only difference between French girls and American girls is . . . the Atlantic Ocean.

I haven't gotten many responses from the ad on my program. Ten percent of the replies I did get were from girls who were under-age . . . But the other ninety percent came from girls who were under observation.

I don't know. Maybe I made the requirements a little too tough. I asked for charm, poise, ability and personality and an oil well. That *is* a little demanding of me. So, just forget about the charm, poise, ability and personality. And, the oil well doesn't *have* to be brand new. All I want, girls . . . is a gushing bride.



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Make our 60th year your thriftiest year!

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CHICAGO 7, ILL.

You Are An Artist

(*Continued from page* 47)

idea that art is a form of therapy. Asked why he began his television classes in the first place, he told me, "To reach more people and give them the pleasure of discovering that they can enjoy learning to draw. To show them that a hobby of this sort can take their minds off their problems and give their bodies a chance to relax and be well."

He knows just how much that can mean. Some years ago he had a nervous breakdown. He gave up a flourishing commercial art career and spent three months in a sanitarium. "I went on with my drawing," he explained, "and gave nature a chance to do her healing work on me."

Convalescence gave him a chance to study the principles of drawing more carefully. Now, viewers working at home in front of a television screen are encouraged to draw complete compositions right from the start, just as pupils in his school at New Hope, Pa., are taught. They may not turn out very good pictures at first, but they do turn out complete creative efforts. When Gnagy chalks in his title, "You Are an Artist," and turns from his drawing board to the television audience, they can look right back at his image on the screen and agree, "I am."

His television class writes as prolifically as it draws, judging from the mail he gets. Over a year ago, when sets were fewer, one telecast offering a drawing pencil to viewers who sent in their drawings brought NBC's greatest deluge of letters—from five states, more than a thousand strong. Many letter writers tell him their new-found hobby is leading to a career in art. Many send drawings for criticism and Gnagy answers them all.

A BIG objection to art subjects on television is that programs tend to be static. Gnagy keeps his lively in several ways. He builds a picture from the blank paper, right before your eyes, explains the reason for every form and stroke. He talks easily and simply. He borrows museum masterpieces, and has them available, heavily guarded, for television study. On a recent broadcast he showed one of Degas' famous ballet subjects, explained that the "s" sound was pronounced because the spelling of the name had been changed from "Degaz" and the original pronunciation retained.

Gnagy saves all the black chalk demonstration sketches that he makes on the program and auctions them off for the Damon Runyon Cancer Fund. An accumulation of eighteen months was auctioned recently, for prices averaging six dollars each.

When Jon was seventeen, and the self-taught illustrator of his school paper in Kansas, he was asked to do a newspaper rendering of gusher oil wells. His work was noticed and he got a job in commercial art that eventually led to his becoming a high priced advertising art director in New York, skilled in poster and package design. Then illness struck, and with it time to think out a new approach to art.

If you've wondered whether that little pointed beard stems from his artistic calling, it doesn't. He says it's the result of his Mennonite background. But, paradoxically, it gives an Old-Masterish look to an artist so modern that he was quick to see the new television's scope for entertainment.

The Silent Bride

(*Continued from page* 62)

she said. "He has so much that—well, I couldn't help feeling that it set him apart from me. That's why I never told him I was poor. That's why I broke the engagement when Aunt Aldin said she'd stop my allowance. I thought he wouldn't want me if he knew—"

"Aldin," Sally groaned.

"I know," Aldin admitted humbly. "I was wrong. But money does make a difference in people, Mrs. Farrell—Sally. And I'd known Clifford such a short time that I wanted him to think I had the same background as his—I wanted him to think I was *his* kind of girl—until we knew each other well enough so that it wouldn't matter. Then when Aunt Aldin's lawyer handed down his ultimatum, I went into a panic. I called Clifford and broke the engagement, and he got angry, and I got angry—"

"He was hurt, of course," said Sally quickly. "He didn't tell us how to find you, you know. We got your address quite by accident, when we went out to try to talk to Clifford. But the rest of it I don't understand at all. Why was David beaten up when he first tried to find you? Why are we tied up here?"

"I DON'T know," said Aldin hopelessly. "But I was warned, too, Sally! Mr. Boyle warned me never to speak to you or your husband again."

"Mr. Boyle?"

"He's one of Aunt Aldin's lawyers. There's no telling what Aunt Aldin might do, Sally! A crazy old recluse like that—"

Sally couldn't envision the elder Aldin Westwood, crazy or not, going to such lengths as to have David beaten and her niece made prisoner simply to escape publicity. She was certain that young Aldin had told the truth as she knew it, but Sally was also sure that there was more to the story than Aldin knew.

"Aldin," she said suddenly, "what's that thing in the corner nearest you? It looks like the cardboard out of someone's laundry bundle."

"It is," said Aldin indifferently, glancing at the object. "Why?"

"See if you can get it," Sally urged. "Rock your chair along the boards and then tip back and see if you can reach it. There! Now hold it tight against the back of your chair, and I'll back my chair up to yours and see what kind of printing job I can do with lipstick. Thank heaven, those thugs left us our handbags."

Later, in the hospital, telling David about the events of that fantastic day, she could chuckle at the memory of her and Aldin rocking themselves along the floor like children playing captive. "We printed signs," she told him. "First we printed one reading 'Help' and stuck it through a crack in the wall that went clear through to the outside. A couple came along and saw it and laughed—I suppose they thought children were playing, as children do in abandoned houses. Then we printed one reading 'For Rent'—and, David, do you know a man came up and knocked and tried to get in? There's the housing shortage for you! That anyone would think of renting that ramshackle old building—"

"It was a peach of a hiding place," said David grimly. "You could have been shut up there forever if it hadn't been for the fire."

Sally nodded. "That was our pros-

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pective tenant. He knocked for the longest time, and couldn't hear us shouting—and then when he left, he knocked his pipe out on the porch. Of course the dry woods and the old wood caught like tinder. And, oh, David, if the pilot of that plane hadn't signalled the airport right away that the house was burning—"

"Don't think about it," said David. "Right now, there's a warrant out for Clifford Putnam."

"Clifford!" Sally's heart dropped. "But, David, I'm sure he's as much a victim as Aldin in all this. I told you about them—"

"All the same," said David, "he didn't take that cruise as he said. He's in hiding somewhere, which makes things look pretty suspicious for him."

Aldin's reaction, when she was told that the police were looking for Clifford, was even more emphatic.

"But why?" she demanded to know. "You can't think he had anything to do with—"

"I don't *know,*" said David patiently. "And you needn't worry I'll print anything about it before I find out."

"You'd better not!" Aldin cried fiercely. "You can't prove anything I've told you and Sally. And if you write one word about our engagement, or if you do anything to hurt Clifford, I'll deny the whole story! And then—where will you be?"

"You see," said Sally, when David told her about it, later, on their way home. "She loves him. And Clifford loves her; he'd die before he'd do anything to hurt her. I just know."

"Oh, you do!" David jeered fondly. "How can you be so sure?"

"Because I love you," she answered seriously.

"Sally Farrell's own emotional radar," David said. But then he gathered her close and kissed her, unmindful of the cab driver's knowing eye. "I was scared," he whispered huskily.

Very carefully he handed her down from the cab as it stopped at their apartment. The hall inside was dim and shadowy after the bright day outside; David kept tight hold on Sally, half-carried her to their door. They both jumped as one of the shadows in the hall moved toward them, and spoke.

"Farrell—I've been waiting for you. I want to talk to you. I've *got* to talk to you—"

David looked coolly up at the tall, expensively dressed length of Clifford Putnam. "Talk to the police," he suggested. "My wife's just been through a bad time, and you're at least partly responsible."

"LET him come in, David," Sally said softly. She had observed a fine beading of sweat across Clifford Putnam's brow, and he looked as if he had slept badly. "Perhaps he can help us."

Grudgingly, playing young Putnam along, David let him in, and called the police station to withdraw the complaint against him. Clifford sighed with relief.

"I appreciate that," he said. "I don't know why you had the police looking for me, but I do know I played a rotten trick on you. Look, I'll give you another exclusive interview on the subject of the first one. I'll state that my original announcement that I intended to be married was correct as reported by you in the *Eagle,* but that later the young lady broke her engagement and that I was touchy enough to just deny the whole thing. If you don't trust me, I'll sign a statement in the presence of witnesses."

"You're so good to me," said David. "But why?"

"Well, I've a conscience," said Clifford. "And I realize your reputation is worth a lot to you—"

"A belated conclusion, but a good one," David admitted.

"And then," Clifford went on, "I'm worried about Aldin. All I know is that she broke our engagement. I don't know why. I don't know why you were beaten or why she was kidnapped. But I'm afraid that whoever was after her might try it again."

Sally shot a triumphant glance at David, as if to say, "There! I told you he cared," but David ignored it for the moment. "You mean," he said curiously to Clifford, "that you don't know Aldin has a great-aunt of the same name living here in New York?"

Clifford shook his head. "No. She's never mentioned any relatives to me. How do you know about this great-aunt?"

"I GOT two answers to the advertisement I ran for Aldin Westwood," David answered. "One was from the guy who promised to take me to her and instead took me into an alley and had me beaten. The other was from a very respectable, not to say stuffy, firm of lawyers, who said that their client, old Miss Westwood, lived in complete seclusion and wanted no publicity of any kind. Sally and I went up to her apartment and were told the same story by the superintendent. She said old Miss Westwood hasn't had any company, hasn't gone out of her apartment for the past thirty-odd years, except for a daily walk which she takes at dawn."

"Well, I'll be—" Clifford shook his head, dazed. Then he turned to Sally, who was fairly bursting, torn between the desire to reassure Clifford and the fear that David would talk too much and give Aldin away. "If you know all this," he said, "do you know why Aldin broke our engagement?"

"I can't tell you that yet," said Sally. "But I can tell you this—she still loves you."

"You're sure?" Clifford asked excitedly. As Sally nodded, he swung toward David. "That's all I need to know."

Later that afternoon, David and Sally occupied a pair of deep leather chairs in the formal offices of Black and Stone, lawyers, and listened to the story of the older Miss Aldin Westwood.

"My client's story," Mr. Stone said, "goes back about thirty-five years. At that time, Miss Westwood was about thirty. She hadn't married, but she was rather attractive and perfectly normal, I've been told. And immensely wealthy. Her father was dead; she and her mother lived very quietly in the same apartment old Miss Westwood occupies now. Then, on one Fourth of July, there was a terrible accident. Miss Westwood had been doing social work with poor children on the other side of town. She'd bought up perhaps a hundred dollars' worth of fireworks for them. Her mother was afraid of fireworks, but Miss Westwood insisted. It turned out her mother knew best. Somehow, a Roman candle and some other things went off before the celebration, right in the apartment. Miss Westwood's mother was burned, so badly that she died two days later. Something snapped inside Miss Westwood, you might say. Her mother's funeral was the last public appearance old Miss Westwood ever made. She returned to her apartment afterward,

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and has never left it since.

"None of us in the office have ever seen her. Now that we're losing her as a client, I'm likely never to see her."

"Losing her?" David's head came up sharply.

"Why, yes," said Mr. Stone. "About a month ago Miss Westwood sent us written instructions, directing us to turn her entire estate into cash. She'll probably hide all that cash in her mattress and not bother with Black and Stone. And just between us," he chuckled drily, "Black and Stone won't mind in the least." He rose, evidently considering the interview at an end. "That's all I know, Mr. Farrell. We didn't know young Miss Westwood was engaged; certainly we've never threatened to cut off her allowance if she didn't break the engagement. There is no Mr. Boyle, who you say threatened young Aldin, in our firm. Good day, now! if I can be of any assistance later. . . ." So there seemed nothing left but to see old Miss Westwood herself.

At dawn the next morning, David and Sally toiled up several flights of stairs in the old but still fashionable apartment house on Central Park West. Mr. Lind, the superintendent whom they'd talked with on their previous visit, was not around; they had found the elevator operator asleep, and so they had taken to the stairs, thankful that there was no one to question them.

They waited in the dimness of an upper corridor until a door opened silently a few feet away and a tall, veiled figure came out. Sally felt her hair rise and clutched David's arm. He pulled away and stepped quickly over to the woman, placing himself strategically between her and her apartment door.

The woman gasped, gave a little shriek of anguish. "Don't be alarmed, Miss Westwood," said David soothingly. "I only want to talk to you—"

"You want to rob me!" she cried. "Go away—"

"Of course not," said David. "I'm a newspaper reporter, Miss Westwood, and this is my wife. Our name is Farrell, and it's very important that we talk to you. Do you know that your grand-niece almost lost her life in a fire yesterday?"

The woman shrank back against the wall. "What do I care? Her life is hers and mine is mine. Go away!"

"We have to find out who is responsible for what almost happened to your niece," David persisted. "If you won't let us in and talk to us, the police will come. You'll have to talk to them."

"The police! In my apartment! I won't permit it—"

"I'm afraid you'll have to," David told her. "So why not talk to us instead? It'll only take a few minutes, and it can't do you any harm. Why, we can't even see your face through that veil!"

"Are you sure?" The black folds of the veil quivered as she turned her head in Sally's direction, then in David's. Then she said, "Well, come in then—but I won't let you stay long."

Cautiously David stepped away from the door and Miss Westwood opened it and preceded them inside, wailing, "You've ruined my day! My poor, poor, beautiful day—ruined! Sit down."

Sally obeyed reluctantly. A closer view of Miss Westwood, in ancient black coat, shapeless black hat, and of course the thick black veil, did nothing to soothe the prickling of her scalp. The apartment itself was more reassuring: It was surprisingly clean and well kept; the old, heavy furniture was neatly arranged.

"Now, then," said David, "did you know, Miss Westwood, that your grand-niece was engaged to marry Clifford Putnam?"

"Of course!" the old voice cackled. "Aldin wrote me—on very expensive stationery, too! Imagine my money being spent on expensive stationery!"

"And were you opposed to the engagement on the grounds that Putnam's prominence would bring the name of Aldin Westwood into the newspapers?"

"Certainly I was opposed! But what could I do about it?"

"You might have sent one of your lawyers to warn Aldin that you were cutting off her allowance if she didn't break her engagement," David answered.

"Cut off her allowance!" The old woman sounded genuinely astonished. "Do you take me for a fool? Aldin wrote me her young man was very rich. Why should she care about my money?"

"Because," Sally put in breathlessly, "Aldin made the terrible mistake of letting Clifford think that she was rich, too. And when you told her you'd stop sending money unless she broke off with him—"

"But I didn't!" Miss Westwood protested. "I never heard—"

"You didn't warn Aldin not to speak to me or my wife?" David asked. "You didn't hire men to drive her away and tie her up in an old house?"

The black veil shook indignantly. "I never in my life heard such nonsense! I don't hire anyone to do anything,

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except my lawyers! And I'm getting rid of them very soon, too—don't think I'm not! And now, Mr. Farrow, if you'll take yourself and your wife and your ridiculous conversation—"

"The name is Farrell," said David, but Miss Westwood wasn't interested in anything he had to say. He and Sally found themselves in the hall, almost as if blown there by sheer force of the old woman's will.

David wiped his forehead. "I'm stumped," he admitted. "I thought sure the old girl held the key to all this mystery—"

But Sally wasn't listening to him. Her pretty brow was furrowed in concentration; clearly, she was following long thoughts of her own.

"Isn't it funny, David," she said, "how neat the apartment was? In all the stories of old recluses I ever read, their rooms were always dirty and loaded with junk. This one was so neat—I think someone helped her clean it."

"I'm not interested in her housekeeping problems," David began. And then he stopped, catching his wife's eye. "You mean there must be an accumulation somewhere—"

"Hidden," said Sally, nodding. "And something in it just might tell us something, David. Maybe I'm being silly, but that clean apartment just doesn't look right to me."

DAVID was already starting for the stairs. "The cellar," he said. "I've a hunch you're right, Sally. In a building like this, there must be storage compartments in the cellar—"

There were. In the cellar, they found each compartment neatly labeled with the number of its apartment—and strongly padlocked. And then their luck gave out completely. David was tinkering with the lock when he heard footsteps and a voice calling, "Hello! Hello—who's there?"

"Lind, the superintendent," David muttered. "Blast it—"

"Ask him," Sally urged. "He was awfully nice to us the other day. Mr. Lind!" she called, raising her voice. "It's us, the Farrells. Can you help us?"

The superintendent's stocky figure rounded the corner from the basement hall. "So it is!" he exclaimed. "What are you doing down here?"

"We'd like to look inside Miss Westwood's storage room," Sally answered. "We've just seen her in her apartment—"

"In her apartment!" The man's light blue eyes popped. "You couldn't! She never lets anyone in—"

"She let us in," said David. "She had to—or face the police. I don't want to threaten you, Mr. Lind, but you've got about the same choice—"

"No, no," said Lind hastily. "I didn't realize it was that serious. Of course I'll let you in. Anything for a newspaperman, huh?"

He shook out a huge ring of keys, unlocked the heavy fireproof door. David stepped into the dark cavern, Sally after him. "Where's the light here?" David asked. "Or could you let us have a flashlight, Mr. Lind—"

The door shut behind them, plunging them into complete blackness. "Lind!" David shouted. "What—" But he didn't need to ask. The click of the padlock, heard faintly through the door, told him all he needed to know. They were locked in.

"He did it deliberately!" Sally cried. "Oh, David—"

He put his arms around her in the dark, trying to think of words to com-

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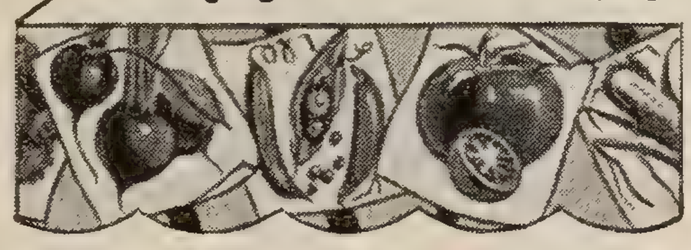

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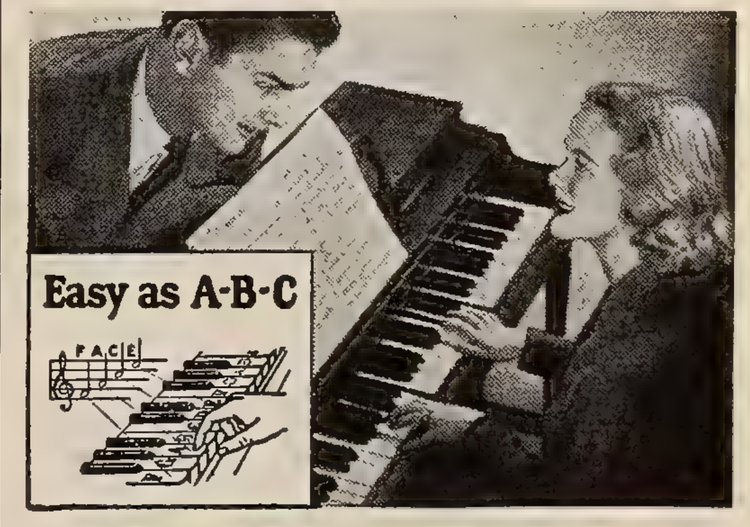

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fort her, even while he knew there was no comfort. All the grim facts—and even a hint of the reason behind them—had arranged themselves in his mind at once, falling into place like the tumblers in a lock. The room was windowless, airtight—a vault. And Lind wouldn't be coming back to let them out. Lind was the logical climax and the key to the grim side of the curious story of the two Aldin Westwoods.

He said, "Sally. Sally, darling—" and then he couldn't go on. "We're getting out of here; we've been in tighter spots before." He struck another match. "Junk," he muttered. "Old newspapers, tin cans, empty bottle, and—Sally!"

"The fireworks!" she marvelled, gazing at the bright red paper streaked gray and yellow with time. "Oh, David, she kept even them—"

"Hold these." He handed her his box of matches. "Keep them going—not too close. I'm going to try something—"

He was busy splitting the rotting paper of the skyrockets, the Roman candles, the firecrackers. Sally lighted matches and watched—for hours, it seemed—while he emptied the powder into a tin can, tamped it down, made a long fuse by tying several short ones together, and braced the contraption against the door with a rusty flatiron backed by a heavy old chair.

"Here we go," he murmured, and touched a match to the fuse. "Come on, Sally—" Backed against the far wall they watched breathlessly while the tiny pin point of fire ran down the fuse, and sputtered briefly bright, and dimmed to nothing.

"Out," moaned Sally. "David—" There was a blinding flash, a roar, then a triangle of daylight as the door sagged open on its hinges.

Not twenty minutes later he and Sally, and Lieutenant Carpenter from Police Headquarters, were back upstairs, confronting an enraged Aldin Westwood.

"How dare you?" she demanded. "I don't care if this man is from the police—I never see anybody!"

"Ask the lady to remove her veil, Lieutenant Carpenter," David suggested smoothly. "Or ask her if she'd rather have a police matron do it for her. What do you say, Miss Westwood?"

"Have it your way." Miss Westwood's voice was suddenly no longer old and cracked, and it lost its elegant accents. The veil, the shapeless hat came off. Hard dark eyes stared defiantly at them out of a face that might have been forty years old, but certainly no older.

"Better talk," said the Lieutenant. "The more you hide, the harder it'll be for you. Name?"

"Marie Johnson," said the woman sullenly.

"Go on," David urged as she stopped. "There's a lot involved in this, including possibly murder."

"No!" she exploded. "No murder! Nobody killed the old woman. She—she just died." The words came fast now, once she'd started. "She died about two months ago. You know the way she lived, never seeing anyone, so nobody knew she was dead except Lind. He noticed the grocery boys weren't delivering to her door any more, and he forced his way in and found her dead. So he got smart. He got in touch with his friend Boyle, and Boyle called me in. I used to be on the stage in my younger days, and it was a cinch to take the old girl's place. I wrote letters to her lawyers and forged her name—"

"Why?" interrupted the Lieutenant. David answered for her.

"Lieutenant, these three sharpsters wrote forged letters to Miss Westwood's lawyers ordering them to convert all of her holdings into cash and to deliver it here. Once they got their hands on all that money—"

"It almost worked, too," said Marie bitterly. "The cash was to be all ready in a few days. And then that kid had to go and get herself engaged to Clifford Putnam, no less! Well, when we knew that, we knew it wouldn't be long before people learned about the other Aldin Westwood and would come snooping around."

"And you could hardly stand publicity," said David drily. "You can take Miss Johnson to Headquarters, Lieutenant, along with her friend Lind. I think Sally's and my part in this is over."

It was over, and everything had turned out far better than Sally had thought was possible. Aldin telephoned her the next day from Fairhaven, to say that Clifford Putnam had sought her out, and that they were going to be married as soon as she finished school. David had a talk with Mr. Stone of Black and Stone, and found that young Aldin was, or was about to be, wealthy in her own right—she would inherit every penny of her great aunt's estate.

"How ironic," Sally said when David told her about it. "All of this came out because Aldin thought she was poor and was afraid to tell Clifford. And all the while she was as rich as—as—"

"As I am in having you," said David, bending to kiss the tip of her nose.

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Oh, Brother!

(*Continued from page* 25)

will not jump on no matter what their politics.

Bing is as non-partisan as Grant's Tomb. He is the successor to the cliché, "As American as apple pie." Tomorrow's stereotype, I'm sure, will be, "As American as Bing Crosby."

He is the hero of many of my boyhood memories. When he was in his late teens he always was rushing home with exciting news—or a shiner. And Mom would tell me either it was time for me to go to sleep, or that I had better play in another room because this was stuff for grown-ups to mull.

Whenever Bing patted me on the head or punched me kiddingly on the chin, I sparkled like a Christmas tree. I passed myself off as the neighborhood expert on Bing, and I felt a vicarious importance shared, I was certain, by no other urchin in all of Spokane.

I REMEMBER walking down the street with my father, and how he liked to stop and chat with friends about Bing. His favorite story concerned the time Bing beat up a neighborhood bully almost twice his size. The bully's father had demanded satisfaction—meaning a parental licking for Bing. Dad had promised to punish Bing as requested.

He picked up a formidable piece of kindling wood and ushered Bing to the cellar. When they got inside the storage room, Dad dropped the wood, put his arm around Bing's shoulder, and chuckled, "How many times did you drop him?"

Bing soon was so busy and traveled so far getting famous, keeping America happy, and stuffing money into the lining of his clothes, that he came home only often enough to keep up his citizenship and get his passport stamped. Also long enough to remind us—although it scarcely was necessary—why we loved him so much.

It was eight months after we exchanged those deathless greetings at Bel-Air golf course before Bing and I saw each other again.

I take that back. I can say, confidently, only that I didn't see Bing during that period. Bing may have seen me. It might as well come out now as later: Bing spies on me.

He skulks unseen from the American Broadcasting Company studios at Sunset and Vine, in Hollywood, to nearby Columbia Square, nods to a CBS usher who is under his hypnotic spell, and stands in the rear of Studio C, watching me go through my paces in my five-times-weekly (free advt.) Club 15 show.

How do I know about his surreptitious meanderings? The boys in Jerry Gray's orchestra tell me.

During one of my more extended audiences with my kin, I penetrated the tinsel curtain which keeps one Crosby out of the hair of another—in a certain case, such hair as there is to be kept out of.

Bing asked me how many men were in the Club 15 orchestra conducted by Jerry Gray.

"Eleven," I responded glumly. I was aware, as I knew Bing was, that it represented a relatively small number for a network orchestra.

"You keep 'em blowing all the time, don't you?" Bing smiled.

I felt a warm glow all over. I thought how nice it was for Bing to take such a brotherly interest in a mere brother.

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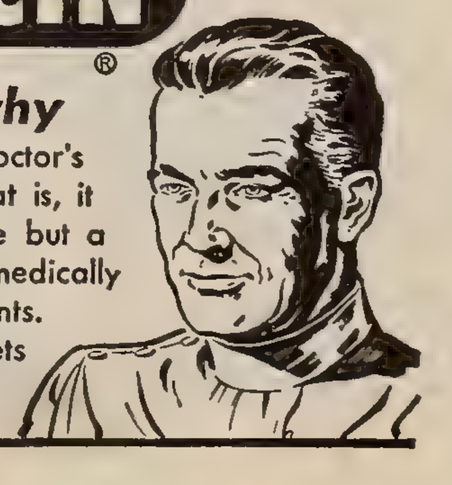

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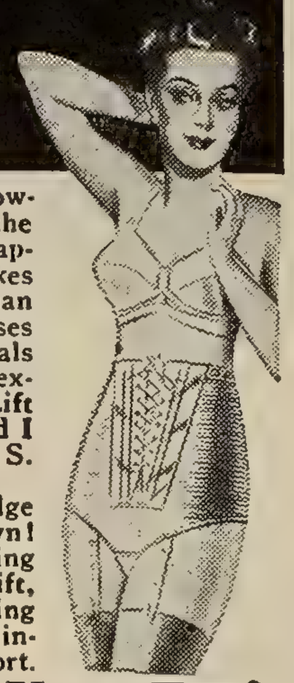

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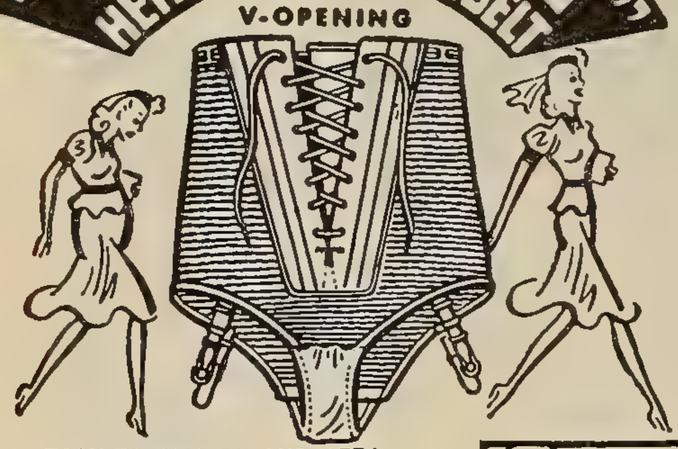

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It proved, to my delight, that Bing actually listened to my show. That's more than I can say about his program on ABC. I never tune Bing in on the air, play his records or see his movies. It's not that I don't know and admire him as the country's greatest entertainer. It's simply that I am so easily cast under his spell that if I exposed myself to his talent I might subconsciously end up aping him.

In addition to groaners, two other things run in the Crosby clan—fires and boys. So far, Bing has monopolized the fires and the boys.

Poor Bing seems bewildered that I, youngest of the five Crosby males, should be able to sire a girl when all his progeny are boys.

Of course, I'm not the only Crosby with a daughter. As a matter of fact, Ted achieved that distinction before I did. That makes two things Ted does better than Bing. Most mortals—with good reason—regard Bing as a nonpareil in the art of turning a greenback. But Ted, quietly hibernating in his private Fort Knox in Spokane, is in a position to lend Bing money. He is in the used car business.

BING, I suspect, is willing to overlook Ted's riches, but when Ted hit the paternity jackpot with twin girls, that rankled.

Ted jubilantly dispatched a telegram to Bing on the great night:

"Just had pair of queens. Congratulate me."

Several months later, Bing's twin boys were born. He wired Ted:

"Just had two kings. Kings beat queens."

I suppose it's okay now to admit that when I was a lieutenant in the 5th Marine Division and Fleet Marine Force, I wasn't past dropping Bing's name to impress my buddies—and the Japs.

When word got around the bomb-banged Pacific that we might participate in the invasion of Japan, I made plans to get a huge sign painted. I was going to hold it high over my head for all to see the moment we hit the beach. It was to proclaim in big Japanese letters:

"Don't shoot. This is Bing's brother."

My C.O.s in the Pacific were constantly on my neck, asking me to use my influence to persuade Bing to come over to entertain the Leathernecks, whom incidentally I consider the most neglected fighting men, USO-wise, in the entire war.

It would have been easier if I had been ordered to snatch a uranium deposit out of Hirohito's snuff box. But the Marines, bless 'em, wanted Bing. I tried to bargain with them. I told them my folks thought I looked something like Bing—handsomer, but similar—and some misguided radio listeners labored under the foolish delusion that I sang something like Bing. I would be willing to drop my modesty completely and sing for them.

They would have no part of a counterfeit Crosby. They were set unalterably on having Bing hit the road to Palau, and I had to tackle the most difficult mission of the war. Bring Bing to the Pacific.

I began trading communiques with Bing. He had no desire to let me or the Marines down. He would be honored to entertain in the Pacific. But since he could not get there from Hollywood by gopher hole, one other established method of transportation seemed open to him. He would have to fly.

Bing has nothing against progress. Flying is all right with him as long as it is restricted to birds and persons other than Bing Crosby. His object, he pointed out, was to sing for the troops, not the sharks.

I asked Bing once why he refused to fly.

"My arms get tired," he said.

Our problem, consequently, was to line up a journey by Navy transport. Finally, the trip was charted.

But news that Bing was on his way to the Pacific must have leaked. The Japs tossed in the towel. There no longer were any embattled troops for Bing to entertain.

Once while I was foxholing it on the Pacific, I got a letter from Kate, fairest and greatest Crosby of them all, my mother and Bing's. This particular letter I cannot forget.

It reached me late in 1944, and my mother poured out her heart to me. She told me how worried she was—about Bing. Poor Bing—roughing it with the USO in deepest London. I really appreciated that my mother confided her apprehension to me. I could certainly sympathize with her—since I was reading her mail in Palau, then quaking under merciless Jap bombardment.

My pique didn't last long, however. I realized that my mother had no way of knowing where I was, and I got to feeling real noble by telling myself how glad I was that she didn't have to worry about me.

For that matter, my mother is not the only member of the Worry-About-Bing Club. I paid my dues a couple of years ago after the outbreak of one of those Crosby fires I mentioned earlier.

Bing's ranch-type English town house in San Fernando Valley was gutted by fire. His wife, Dixie, called me frantically on the phone. I didn't live far away. I jumped into my car, and arrived at Crosby's inferno in time to see the flames hotfooting the peaceful valley clouds.

I exchanged a few hurried words with Dixie to make sure everyone had gotten out safely. Then I rushed inside to rescue some prized possessions. A handful of Bing's friends had reached the burning house.

ONE of them, songwriter Johnny Burke, finally located Bing at the Brown Derby.

"Get right down," Johnny cried. "Your house is on fire."

"All right," Bing said. "As soon as I stick Fred Astaire with the check."

Bing got there dressed in his usual conservative manner—slacks and colors-of-the-rainbow sport shirt.

"Bob," he asked gravely, "have you been in the house at all?"

I nodded, and broke the news to him straight.

"I'm afraid your records and your pipes are gone," I told him. I knew what a blow this must be, because Bing treasured his record collection dearly and set no less store by his pipes.

Bing snatched up a lantern, nudged me, and indicated the burning debris. We played Rover Boy and went inside. I knew all the family was safe, but Bing seemed too wrought up to question. I decided if he wanted to risk our necks to get something out of the house, he had good reason.

I followed him, like a good soldier, through the charred, smoking building, somehow expecting him to make a last ditch effort to salvage what he could of his records and pipes.

He paid no attention to them.

We didn't stop until we came to the

shoe closet. Then he said to me: "Here, hold this lantern. I've got to work fast."

I held the lantern dutifully—and gaped at what my brother was doing.

He was going through one old shoe after another, snaking his hand inside the toe and pulling out a roll of bills from each. He stuffed the money into all his pockets until he looked like a porcupine begotten by the U.S. mint.

Bing straightened up, a look of relief on his perspiring face.

"Bob," he whispered, "don't tell Dixie, now. This is racetrack money."

Bing loved that home very much. He was so saddened that he moved out of San Fernando Valley to Holmby Hills.

He was desolate, also, at the loss of his records and pipes. He had amassed them with loving care for years. Outside of money, they were among his most sentiment-laden possessions.

Bing did not have to mourn them long. His myriad admirers were breathtakingly quick to translate their affection into action. When news of the fire loss got out, fans from every point of the compass congested the mails with old recordings to take the places of those demolished in the blaze.

MISFORTUNE'S aftermath had its own uncanny way of smiling upon my brother. As a result, he now has a more complete library of his old records than he ever dreamed of acquiring.

His original pipes, pardon the inescapable pun, went up in smoke. Here again Bing's solicitous followers inundated him with successors. Bing, thanks to that fire, has received enough pipes to build a highway from Beverly Hills to San Diego.

It is well known that while Bing does not have the other qualities of King Midas, everything Bing touches—except horses and baseball players—turns to gold. Myself unable to cultivate a prejudice against gold, I became associated with Bing and brother Larry in a scientific venture known as Crosby Research, Inc.

I have never regretted this Crosbian anschluss. The research outfit, I think, has accomplished tremendous good. The scientific magic wrought under its aegis is little short of fabulous, but none of these miracles seemed magnetic enough to attract a common ore that glitters and answers to the name of gold.

After years of sponsoring ambitious laboratory projects, even in the wake of a slight association with the atomic bomb, this enterprise appears finally on the verge of yielding some of that gold. The profit looms not from uranium, of which Crosby Research has none, but from a better mousetrap.

Yes, Bing's touch has worked at last. The better mousetrap has been built, and Crosby Research has built it. The Crosby mousetrap owes its profitable future to the fact that it is kind to women.

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It would be ironical, wouldn't it, if centuries from now they remember my brother Bing not as a great singer and entertainer, but as one of the Crosbys who built the better mousetrap.

Personally, though, I doubt that posterity is capable of such blundering.

When, as it comes to all men, the time to rap on St. Peter's pearly gates comes to Crosby, Robert, rest assured that he'll unfurl that sign he was going to wave at the Japs, this time in English: "Don't shoot. This is Bing's brother."

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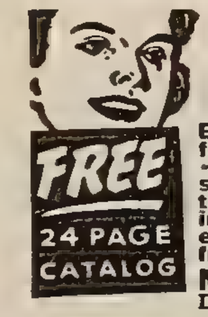

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When a Girl Marries

(Continued from page 51)

asked to give is your advice, to put yourself in the place of the woman who writes to you, and tell her what you would do in similar circumstances."

I thought about it, and decided that they were right. There are many things that a woman would like to talk over with another woman, things she doesn't want to take to an expert. She simply wants the advice of a woman like her, but who, not being as close to the situation as she is, can see it from a point of view that is not tied in with her hopes and fears and emotions. An unprejudiced point of view, but a woman's, a wife's, just the same.

So that is what I propose to do in this department: to be, to the very best of my ability, your friend, the one to whom you can come with your problems, and from whom you can get an answer—not the answer of an expert, which might be cold and impersonal, but a warm, a friendly, a "this is what I would do" answer.

Won't you write to me, and tell me what is on your mind? On these pages, each month, I will answer the letters which seem to me to be of most universal interest to all the wives and mothers who will read them, and each month, too, I want to throw open to general discussion among all of you the one problem which has reached me during the previous month which seems to me most to need the consideration of not one, but a number, of married women who, like me, understand best of all what it is to be a wife, because we *are* wives.

We'll discuss everything that has to do with love and marriage and families and children and homes—all except two things, which call for advice far more specialized than mine can be. Questions of health I can't answer; those should go straight to your doctor. Nor can I answer questions which involve legal problems; those are matters for a lawyer or your local legal aid society. But all the rest—everything from what to have for dinner to the bettering of the relationship between a husband and wife—we'll talk about each month on these pages, and among us we'll see if we can't find an answer for every question.

For some years, although I've never before made a definite commitment to answer them, I've been receiving letters of the sort I want to answer in this department. To start us off, because of course I won't be receiving your letters addressed to me in this new capacity of mine as an adviser, until after you've read this article, I think that I'll choose one or two of those other letters to answer here, as examples.

Let's start with this letter from a girl who is not yet married, but whose problem is certainly a marriage problem if ever I heard one:

Dear Joan Davis:

In three months I'm going to be married, and as the time draws closer I'm getting more and more jittery. It isn't that I don't know whether I love George—I do. That I'm sure of. But what's bothering me is this—will I keep on loving him? When life stops being parties and dances and fun, and starts being dinners to get and housework to do and diapers to change, and a lot of good hard work, will I still feel the same way I do now?

Maybe I would never have thought of this if my parents had been different. You see, Mom and Dad are just—well, I was going to say friends, but that isn't the right word, either. It's as if they had been acquaintances who, years ago, happened to go to live in the same house and have been living there ever since without getting to know each other any better. They're polite to each other, but that's about all. They never have an argument, and sometimes I wonder if it isn't because they don't care enough about each other to bother arguing.

Now they must have been in love when they were married, or they wouldn't have *got* married. Does everyone's love die like that, as you grow older?

Jean M.

And here is my answer:

Dear Jean:

Let me give you an overall answer first, and it's this: most definitely and emphatically no, love does not have to die after marriage!

But love is like a plant; it has to have certain things in order to thrive. It has to have good soil into which it can put down deep roots; it has to be cared for, given food and drink. You can't take it for granted, nor can you

do you know someone with a

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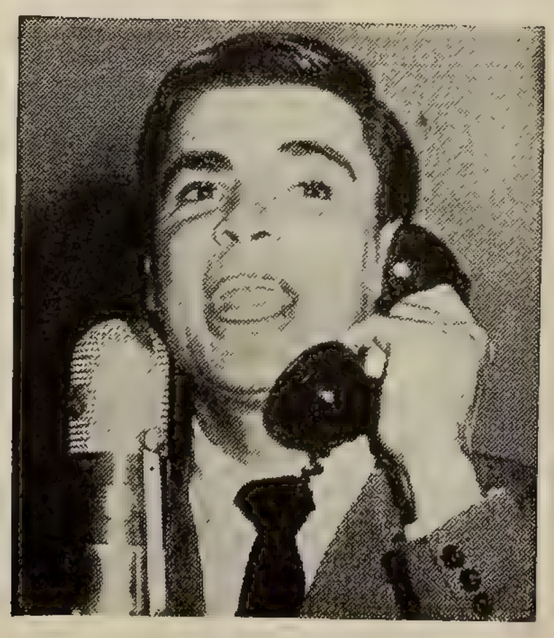

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neglect it and expect it to flourish.

You sound to me as if you must be a warm sort of person—must be, because if you weren't you wouldn't have realized that your mother and father are polite strangers, but would have taken it for granted that all parents behaved in the same way. The outward show of affection is one of the most important things in making your love last, I think. Affection is nothing to be ashamed of. Harry and I hold hands in the movies, for instance, just the way you and the boy you're going to marry probably do. Harry always kisses me when we meet after being separated—whether it's for weeks or only for hours—and we kiss again when we part. Those are only two very small examples, but they're important, and all the other little manifestations of affection are just as important. In other words, don't ever be afraid, or ashamed, to show your husband that you love him!

You ask me if you'll still love your George when, with marriage, life stops being fun and starts being work. Whatever gave you the idea that marriage is like a door which, once gone through, closes on all the happy things of life? Let me make a prediction: you'll find out that your married life is a hundred times more fun than your life as a single girl, *if you want it to be, if you're willing to make it so!* Marriage is doing things together, working together, planning together—everything from a helpful husband who's willing to dry the dishes for you when you're tired to the important decisions like the decision whether or not to buy a home. All those things are "together" things, and things which you do as a partnership, which you share with each other, you'll find to be vastly more interesting than being alone. Marriage *is* fun, and love will last a lifetime, if you'll let it!

May I ask you to do something for me, Jean? Will you write to me again? Not right away, but—oh, perhaps two years from now, and let me know how you and your George are getting along? Meanwhile the best of luck, the greatest happiness, to you.

Joan Davis

Here's a problem of entirely another sort. On first glance it seems trivial in the midst of letters from mothers whose children are "running wild" as one of them puts it, from wives who suspect their husbands of infidelity, from women who believe they have fallen in love with men other than their husbands. But every small facet of marriage is important to the whole, and that's why I want to answer this letter here:

Dear Joan Davis:

My husband might just as well be a cave man—he's a meat-eater! His ideal menu consists of meat and potatoes and bread and pie, and such things as vegetables and fruits—to say nothing of salads!—he refuses completely. I've been reading a great deal lately about balanced diets and proper nutrition—have you any suggestions?

Alice G.

Dear Alice:

I took Lilly into consultation with me on this one, and together we've come up with several ideas that I think may be of help to you. I realize that this could become a serious bone of contention in any household. (Lilly grumbled and said, "Bet her granddaddy ate meat 'n' potatoes 'n' bread

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R
M

'n' pie three times a day and died at ninety-five!" which is probably perfectly true. But as long as there have been such huge strides made in the subject of nutrition, we might as well keep up with them!)

Let's take fruit first, because that's easiest, I think. Pies? Fruit pies, of course. Stewed fruit, which lots of men look upon as an abomination, can be effectively hidden sometimes under a tempting blanket of custard sauce, or nice solid puddings of the kind that men like—custard, tapioca, cornstarch—can have small pieces of well-drained, cut-up fruit folded into them. Fruits such as raisin, fig, date or prune can make good cookies a double treat if, next time you're making plain sugar cookies you'll roll them a little thinner than usual and use fruit filling to sandwich them in pairs before you bake them. Raw fruit with cheese and crackers for dessert is an epicure's delight, and many a man will eat it that way when he will refuse it in a fancier form.

Vegetables? Well, here's Lilly's suggestion. She reminded me that it's been a Southern cooking tradition since goodness knows when to cook meat with vegetables. Try these: cook green or wax beans with a piece of bacon or salt pork in the water with them, and perhaps a few slices of onion for good measure. Cabbage cooked with ham is a coast-to-coast favorite, and show me a man who doesn't like corned beef and cabbage or New England boiled dinner! Stews, which most men love, are an easy way of slipping vegetables almost unnoticed into the diet. Men can't very well eat around them. Try dressing up your next stew with dumplings, or pouring it into a casserole and topping with a biscuit crust—that will take his mind off vegetables!

Cheese is another big favorite with men, and cheese sauce effectively takes the curse off many vegetables as far as they are concerned. Try it on asparagus when it's in season again; make a main dish of a big head of cauliflower by masking it in golden cheese sauce and sprinkling crumbled bacon over it—a good way to make a little bacon go a long way, too, in these days of budget stretching. And do try serving the vegetables your husband dislikes in new ways. You say he loves potatoes—try mashed potatoes-and-turnips, or potatoes-and-parsnips, half and half. Eggplant, scalloped, tastes like the most delightful scalloped oysters. Thick slices of tomatoes fried, hiding under a crisp crust of breading, take them right out of the vegetable class, don't you think?

Now, as for salads—keep them simple, Lilly and I agree. Perhaps just sliced tomatoes, or a plain slice of crisp lettuce, or a bowl of cucumber slices, or carrot sticks. All of these serve the purpose of salad without the name. Some men will take plain vinegar for dressing when they'll refuse a more fancy variety. Try, too, a selection of diced salad vegetables—onions, green pepper, carrot, radishes—each in a separate pile on a platter, with a bowl of commercial sour cream instead of dressing. Or perhaps cheese can come to your rescue here, too—cottage cheese, with the diced vegetables irrevocably stirred into it, or cubes of American cheese in mixed green salad, or a sprinkling of crumbled bleu cheese on practically any kind of greens. Old fashioned wilted lettuce is another possibility. For this, cut bacon into pieces about an inch square, and crisp slowly in your frying pan. In a cup, mix a little hot water, vinegar, sugar and pepper—no salt, for the bacon will attend to that. Take out the bacon, leaving the fat in the pan, and put in your seasoned water and vinegar mixture, and bring it to a rolling boil. When very hot, pour over torn lettuce in a bowl, and toss lightly, along with the pieces of bacon. Be sure to serve this at once—hot, it's wonderful, but cold it's impossible! And try putting a sliced, hot, hard-boiled egg on top of each serving for a hearty, man-sized salad.

Try these—Lilly and I think they'll go a long way toward solving your meal-time problems.

Joan Davis

Well, there you are—two letters, two answers. Won't you send me *your* problems? I'll give you the very best advice I can. And be sure, too, to send me your answers to the problem which we're going to solve in round-table fashion each month. Here is the first one:

What considerations do you think are most important to a widow, with two young children, who is contemplating a second marriage?

Tell me what *you* think—from the point of view of the woman herself, the children who would have a step-father, and the man who would be taking on a ready-made family. First, read the instructions in the box on the first page of this article, and then let me know what your reactions are. Perhaps some of you will be able to answer from experience. Let me hear from you!

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Bill Cullen Takes All

(*Continued from page* 53)

A few minutes later the phone rang.

"What kind of Wagner is that?" a listener demanded.

"This is a new Stan Kenton arrangement," Bill told her politely, hung up and continued tooting his whistle.

Bill's remarkable talent for stepping up to a mike cold and giving colorful and adequate descriptions of a vacant lot surrounded by a blank fence won him the job of assisting the sports announcer. During time-outs and rest periods, he would come on the air with a quick sports resumé, then do color. Only twice did he do actual play-by-play reporting and each time it was a catastrophe.

He was assigned to a high school football game that turned out to be a dud. Bored, and realizing that the radio audience must be too, Bill took off his glasses, carefully wiped the lenses and put them in his pocket.

"Now I can't see and the game won't distract me," he said.

WITH that he began to report a football game as he thought it should sound. He excitedly described 50-yard runs for touchdowns, intercepted passes for touchdowns, fumbles over the goal line. At the end of the afternoon, exhausted and hoarse, Bill announced the final score as 35 to 34. Actually it was 7-0.

Bill broadcast one more sports event for WWSW. It was a year later when the station's kindly and patient manager had forgotten the football circus. There was a hockey game to be covered that night and the regular announcer was ill.

"Know anything about ice hockey?" Bill was asked.

"Grew up with the game," he said.

On the way out to Duquesne Gardens that evening, Bill turned to the engineer.

"Ever see a hockey game?" Bill asked.

"No. Did you?"

"No."

It was a rare night for hockey fans. Bill memorized the names of ten players and no matter who was substituted, the original ten made all the plays. Bill called the ice, the field; the puck, a ball. When a player fell, he was "down on the twenty-yard line." If two players scowled at each other, Bill was describing a bloody fist fight. Instead of giving a resumé during rest periods, he picked up a newspaper and read Dick Tracy to the sports listeners.

The pay-off was that died-in-the-rink hockey fans were laughing with him, not at him. The next day sports columnists wrote that it was the most hilarious program they'd ever heard. But the team owner never allowed Cullen in for another broadcast. Reason was that during a dull moment Bill had described the puck soaring into the bleachers and landing in a woman's cup of coffee.

As a practical joker, Bill's imagination kept the entire staff on constant alert. Perhaps it's a trade secret but most excess energy of announcers goes into horseplay—specifically, trying to break up a fellow announcer while he is on the air. Introduced to this aspect of radio, Cullen brought the full force of his imagination into play. Oddly enough, Cullen's zany stunts remind one of the kind of gags credited to Groucho Marx, one of Bill's boosters.

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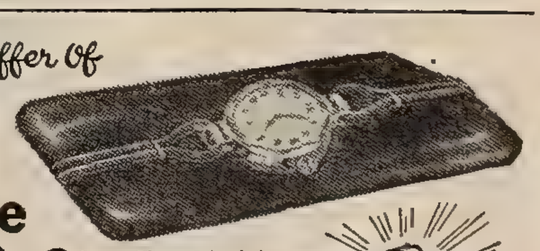

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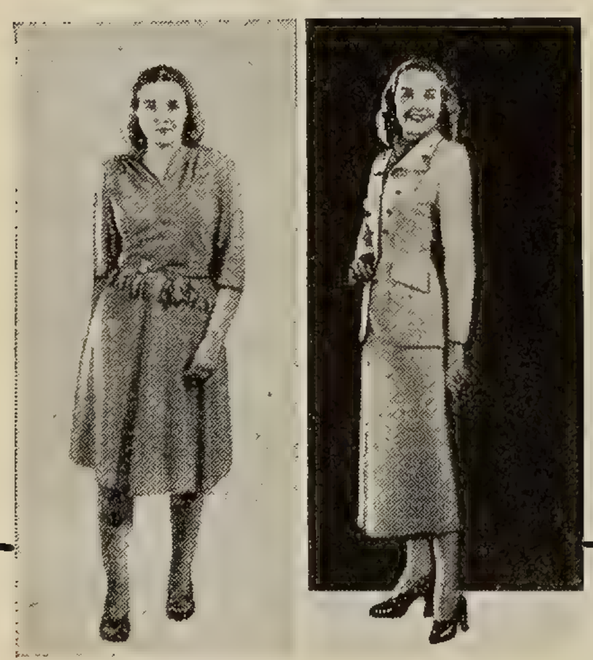

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Bill was on duty at the same time of day, he had to listen to another announcer do this program for months. The Musical Bus started off with recorded sound effects of traffic noise and the motor of a bus. Bill figured the show needed life, made a new recording of sound effects and substituted his platter for the usual one.

The announcer opened with the same stock announcement, "WWSW invites you to ride the musical bus."

The standard effects followed of a bus driving through heavy traffic. Suddenly there was the zoom of a high powered airplane followed by the rat-tat-tat of a machine gun and the explosion of bombs. There was the sound of the bus crashing and people screaming. It was typical Cullen reaction to monotony.

WHILE Bill was in Pittsburgh, war broke out. Not one of his personal battles but the bigger one with Germany and Japan. Bill was classified 4F because of his bad leg. Being kept out of action was an emotional strain on him. He finally found a branch of the army, Specialists Corps, that would take men with physical handicaps. He signed up, but the corps was dissolved. Still a civilian, Bill put all of his money into flying lessons. In a short time he had his pilot license and served as Air Patrol Pilot. He piled up 400 flying hours.

He was twenty-two then and developed a serious interest in current events. He asked for and got a nightly news broadcast. Immediately, he broke away from the lazy habit of announcers who read news direct from teletype reports and began to dig into newspapers and periodicals for additional information. In time, he built up a good audience, but it was on this show that another announcer decided to even up some of the gags Bill had pulled.

Since Bill was a whiz at the art of ad lib, it was decided to let him prove it. He walked into the studio one night at 10:45 with fresh-off-the-wire material. He hadn't broadcast more than a sentence when his friends pulled the main light switch and plunged the studio into a blackout. The laughter was loud for a minute but when they quieted down, the pranksters were amazed. They heard Bill's voice coming out of the control room speaker, giving the news completely unperturbed. And he continued to ad lib the news in complete darkness for fifteen minutes.

One of the announcers involved in this gag had the habit of coming on the air each night with, "We have some hot news tonight." The next day he was speaking both literally and figuratively. Bill had soaked part of the manuscript in lighter fluid. As his friend began the broadcast, a match touched the paper. Both the news report and announcer went up in the air.

"You won't last another six weeks," the station manager always told Bill after one of these episodes. But the manager was too good-hearted and Bill was too valuable to be fired. He left Pittsburgh on his own initiative in April of 1944.

"I'm getting a network job in New York," he told them.

Three weeks later he had one.

Actually Bill came to New York cold. He had no prospects and knew no one. At that time Columbia had an "XYZ" system for auditioning announcers. 150 applicants were chosen from records for the "X" group. Out of these 50 would be selected to audition in a "Y" group. Finally, in the "Z" group, there were only three announcers, one of whom got a job.

Bill didn't arrive at the CBS studios until they were down to the "Z" level and there is a lot of talk about how he got in. One story has it that the men were auditioning with recordings and Bill substituted his for one of the finalists. Another rumor says that Bill locked one of the applicants out on a fire escape then took his place. Perhaps neither is true but Bill was in the "Z" group and got the job.

"I was hired as a news reporter," Bill said. "Today, I'm still waiting for my first news broadcast."

His first assignment was on a network show, Fun with Dunn. All he had to do was to introduce the show, be quiet for thirteen and a half minutes, then take the show off the air. Keeping quiet for thirteen minutes was a tough assignment for him and one day the producer made the mistake of writing a gag line into the beginning of the show for Bill. When he came to the line, he threw away his script and began to ad lib. Five minutes later the regular show got started and Bill's reputation was established at CBS as an off-the-cuff wit.

A few months later the program was replaced by the show Sing-A-Long and that was replaced and the next program was replaced but Bill continued to stay on till Winner Take All moved into the period. For six months he assisted Ward Wilson on the program. When the format was changed, Bill moved into the quizmaster's job and ever since has done an outstanding job.

"I get a big kick working with contestants on the program," Bill will tell you. "But let's not talk about the regulars."

But Bill will talk about the "regulars," the people who try to make a profession out of contest appearances. There's a New York model Bill calls Macushlah Jones who sometimes makes up as a bobby soxer, sometimes as a Park Avenue deb. "7-Up" O'Brien is another who always walks into the studio carrying her shoes and crying that she walked a hundred miles to get on the show. There is "Ming Toy" Smith who claimed she was a painter —she'd painted "Men" and "Women" on rest room doors. But Bill spots the regulars and never do they sneak into any of his shows.

BILL'S married now to a lovely vocalist, Carol Ames, who has a lot of talent in her own right. She's sung on the Paul Whiteman and Arthur Godfrey shows and in some of New York's best night clubs.

"I took the initiative in dating Bill." Carol will tell you.

They had met first on a CBS program when Bill was announcing and Carol singing. She took a lot of ribbing from him but they never dated.

A year later, Carol was in her apartment listening to the radio when she heard Bill fluff a line. She picked up the phone, got Bill and teased him about it. An hour later they were sitting at a bar.

"That was our first date," Carol said. "And you know how these things are. You can tell from the beginning when you click together."

Bill courted Carol with the same imagination he puts into his shows. On her birthday they took a plane to Boston for dinner.

Last Christmas eve Carol was sharing an apartment with two other girls and had a date to meet Bill in a bar. He was over an hour late.

Bill finally showed up apologetic and carrying two big shopping bags. They were her gifts and he suggested she open them. She did. The bags were stuffed with nothing but paper.

"Are you upset?" Bill asked.

"You're better than an hour late, pull a bum gag and ask a foolish question."

"I'm sorry," Bill said remorsefully. "I'll take you home."

They walked to her apartment silently. By that time Carol was kicking herself for being a bad sport. But when she walked into the apartment, there was a huge, trimmed Christmas tree staring in her face.

"In all, he had twenty-seven gifts hidden around the room," she said.

THEY saw a lot of each other for two years. When Bill began to talk about marriage, he found Carol willing.

"Look, I'm due for a vacation in a month," he said. "We'll have a quiet ceremony and a real honeymoon."

One month passed, two, three, four and no vacation. Finally, Bill took the matter in his own hands. It was on Wednesday, July 28th of last year.

"Let's get married," he asked Carol. "With or without a honeymoon."

"When?"

"Today's Wednesday," Bill said, thinking aloud. "How about Friday? Friday's a nice day of the week."

Both knew that any day they got married would be a great day but there was one more angle.

"We'll keep it a secret," they said. "No fuss. No announcements. No publicity."

Bill figured he could knock off after his Friday afternoon show until Sunday evening. It fitted in with Carol's plans because she was appearing daily on the Arthur Godfrey show. Everything was fine until Godfrey sensed Carol's excitement. Before they went on the air Friday he coaxed the secret out of Carol.

"But don't tell anyone," she pleaded.

"Absolutely not," Godfrey promised.

Fifteen minutes later his promise slipped and the whole country knew Bill and Carol would be married that afternoon.

When they arrived at the Park Avenue church a few hours later, there were 500 excited fans on the street.

They had 36 hours alone in Long Island. The following Monday Bill and Carol moved into the Strand Theater with a stage presentation of Winner Take All. After three weeks in the theater, Carol began a singing engagement at the Raleigh Room in the Warwick and Bill settled down to his routine schedule of eighteen weekly shows.

"The first few months of our marriage," Carol said, "we saw less of each other than at any other time."

They live now in a four-room apartment in a Manhattan hotel. Together, Bill and Carol redecorated the living room in Chinese modern. Decorating is one of his many hobbies along with color photography, magic, sailing, painting, flying and cooking.

"And drugstores," Carol added. "That's definitely a hobby. He goes out to buy aspirin and comes back with a shopping bag full of gimmicks—eye pads, face cream, tissue, bottle openers. There's no end."

Their best friends, the Todd Russells and John Reed Kings and the Joe Carneys, will tell you that Bill and Carol make a swell couple and will wait a hundred years, if necessary, for their honeymoon. Life's being good to them, even without one!

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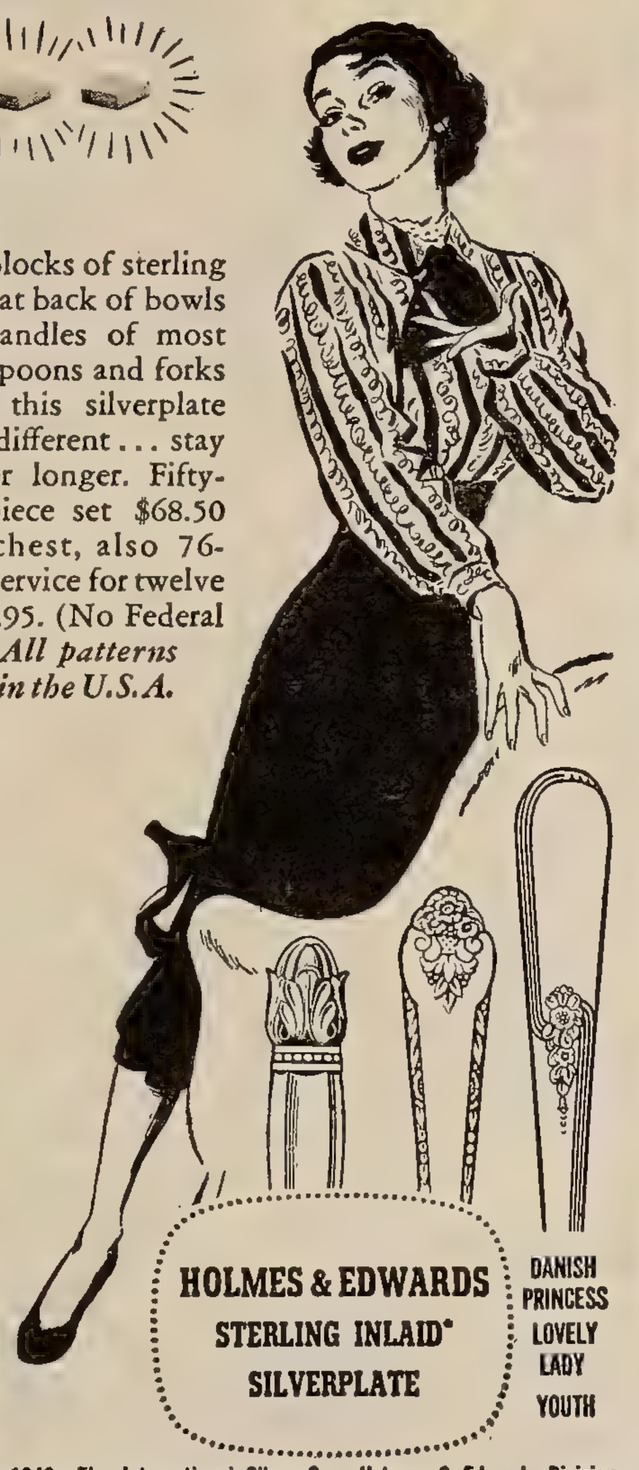

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The Happy Harrises

(*Continued from page 29*)

Phil and Alice are each other's best audience. And they give each other top billing. Last summer when we were in Europe, Alice didn't work with the show. At the Palladium in London on our first appearance, the ovation was really great. But it was when the audience started yelling for Alice and she came on stage to get thunderous applause, that old Butter Beans and Candied Yams got a frog in his throat and was seized by a sudden attack of moisture in the eyes.

Phil owned his house in Encino for some time before he and Alice were married. But in those days it was just a place to go to sleep. Brother, things are different now. Not only has he taken gardening seriously, but he and Alice have lately turned amateur architects. Before we went to Europe they plotted out a new wing to be added, almost the size of the original house. They did this by a series of sketches, into which Phil drew a number of original ideas involving some pretty complicated problems of construction. He stood pat on them, too. If anyone had asked me at the time, I'd have given odds that the thing would turn out to be nothing but regrettable.

ONE of Harris's pet ideas was a second-story archway which was to lead from the children's wing, in the new portion of the house, directly to the master bedroom. Another was the installation of record cabinets behind the paneling of the new 25 by 25-foot room downstairs.

Well, not only did both ideas work—they're both great. The job wasn't finished, however, when we left town, so Alice's brother Charlie took over the rest. He added a touch of his own by putting metal racks on tracks in the wall, so whole blocks of records can be pulled out into the room. Phil considers this the greatest invention since the bazooka and tells the most casual listener the story of Charlie's master device. Contrary to what you hear on the radio, both Alice's brothers, Charlie and William, are close friends of Phil.

The Harrises have close to 3000 records in their collection. This includes a recording of every show they've done. Because they are serious show people, they put in a good many hours listening to these on the play-back machine, figuring what can be done to improve the delivery, style, and the show generally. Phil goes over Alice's songs carefully, and she never sings a number he doesn't approve. Don't believe the cracks about his lack of musical knowledge. The guy is a fine musician, and a painstaking one. If you don't think so, try being careless when you're playing for him some time.

When it comes to the business of raising their daughters, Phil will go on record that Alice is the tops in mothers. Both Alice Jr. and Phyllis are well behaved, well-mannered and unspoiled. Phil, however, is not one to shirk his responsibility and I've seen him take disciplinary problems into his own hands from time to time with, from the viewpoint of another parent, gratifying results. Alice Jr., who is six, is occasionally invited by her parents to sing for guests. There's no denying she enjoys performing, and she's good. Phyllis, at four, is already trying to stand on her toes. Neither of their parents will mind if the girls want to follow them in show business—but they'll be very sure the kids have real talent before they encourage them.

Both Phil and Alice are great gift-givers. They give to each other and they give to their friends. I would personally hate to get Alice's flower and candy bill each month.

When Phil and Alice were first married they gave each other gifts on what seemed like an average of once on hour. He'd give her a piece of jewelry just because it was sunny, or because it was raining, and she'd give him a present because it was half past two Thursday. Any excuse would do so long as they were buying each other something. He wears a star ruby she gave him on their first anniversary, and she particularly likes a heavy gold pin made in the shape of a heart with an arrow of rubies through it that is one of his gifts to her. They are also the sort of people who give souvenir-type presents. This has caused me some worry when the band plays in a town with a particularly distinguishing but unmovable landmark.

It naturally follows that they are inveterate shoppers. They buy on different plans, but they both buy. Phil buys because he thinks at the time the item is a good idea. This may or may not prove true. Alice shops with the idea of making life more happy, more comfortable for her family or her friends. Turn those two loose abroad and you have something—especially when they have rationalized themselves that they are leaving necessary dollars for the stabilization of Europe.

Alice bought hats in France, dishes and silver in England.

Phil bought a car, and among sundry other purchases, one which will go down in family history. It came to light when, after they'd come home, they were unpacking their accumulation, and Alice came upon a crystal piece shaped like a cornucopia, and mounted with a brass cover. Phil, under direct cross examination, admitted buying it but confessed he didn't know exactly what it was. When last I saw it, it was sitting in the middle of the pool table in the game room, carefully dusted every day while its eventual disposal is still under consideration.

PHIL takes more than the casual husbandly interest in Alice's clothes. He thinks, along with most of the other males in this country, that she's one of the most glamorous girls in the world. He likes her to have new clothes and lots of clothes. He never offers a word of criticism about what she wears; he thinks her taste is perfect. She does sometimes buy some sport clothes for him, and it may be her subtle influence or it may be just that the old Haberdasher's Dream is getting a little bit conservative, but it seems to me there's a slight tempering to the checks he wears lately.

Neither of them holds the purse strings on the other, but Alice does handle most of the household things like the laundry bills, the cleaners, the grocery bills, thus leaving Curly free to dream up ideas like sliding panels and suspended corridors.

Since both the Harrises practically grew up in night clubs, they almost never go near the Hollywood late spots for entertainment. I think, by actual count, they've been out "doing" the famous Sunset Strip clubs twice in the

seven years they've been Mr. and Mrs. They entertain at home, and the group of friends they see most often takes turns in entertaining.

They rarely go out to big parties, but when they do Phil complains that Alice, who has had to be urged to go in the first place, doesn't want to leave once she gets there.

"I don't know why I go through this," he says. "I spend two hours getting her started, and three hours getting her to go home. I am nothing but a martyr to sociability."

He doesn't mention, naturally, the Harris problem about the "47." The "47" is a club in San Fernando valley frequented, mostly, by musicians. Every now and again a bunch of us who followed each other in hotels and theaters, who've known each other for years, get together out there for our own private jam session. Phil plays the drums. Although old Curly says his foot gets tired fast now, I've seen him sit in until 2 or 3 A.M. All our wives protest, of course, but wives are like that. Alice sometimes comes down to listen for a while, but eventually she gets tired. Curly won't budge. Alice is welcome to stay, but he just ain't goin' home. Not yet awhile. After all, we think there has never been music like we turn out at the "47."

PHIL is essentially a man's man. He loves these get-togethers with the boys, and he likes getting a bunch of guys together for hunting and fishing trips. Alice keeps his guns racked behind glass doors, and sees that they aren't touched by interested guests. Curly has taught her to fish a little, but I think he'd have a nervous collapse if he ever saw a gun in her hands. Both these hobbies are strictly for males. Besides, he plays golf—another enthusiasm Alice doesn't share. The fact that she doesn't begrudge this time away from the family is proof to me of her complete understanding of Phil.

Another thing. Phil's nervous system is contradictory—he can go from tension to complete, instant relaxation. Of course, this latter is a must when you do one-night stands, else you don't live to be even Jack Benny's age. Phil can lie down on a table top in broad daylight with a band playing ten feet away and go to sleep before you can say Phil Spitalny. I've always resented this. I have looked at him when we've been on the road, seen him sleeping peacefully in a jolting bus—and, well, it's the only time I've ever harbored any ill will for the guy. However, he is nervous. He stands off stage bouncing like a fighter going into the ring, before shows. He never speaks of it—but the nervousness is there. When this is apparent at home, Alice simply leaves him alone—another lesson to wives who feel nervous tension must be talked out and soothed over.

Phil and Alice are probably two of the most loyal friends anyone will ever have. The people closest to them now are the ones they've known for many years. When they were kids, Alice and Betty King danced together—almost their very first jobs, with the Chester Hale group in New York. Betty is still Alice's closest friend. She is now Mrs. Walter Scharf, and Walter is musical arranger on the air show.

When Phil and I were in the service, we were stationed for some time at Catalina Island. Phil was a Lt. j.g. I was a musician, and just a plain sailor. The officers at the island were quartered, two to a bungalow in a section apart from the regular barracks. Phil

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asked me to share his cottage although he knew officers weren't supposed to hob nob with the men. I'll never forget the faces of the other Gold Braids the first morning Curly, all gussied up in uniform, stepped out of his cottage, followed by me in my sailor suit. But Phil didn't care and I stayed. After we were out of service some wag asked him if I'd ever saluted him.

"Once," said Curly. "I was walking down the street with a full Commander and we met Frankie. He split one salute between the two of us."

Maybe one of the reasons I'm a little prejudiced about the Harris family is because I fell in love with Alice, almost when Phil did. So did the rest of the band.

I remember the day. We were playing in Oregon, rounding out a tour we'd done every year for a long time. Phil and Alice had been seeing a good deal of each other and we all figured they were probably taking this business pretty seriously. Then, one day, Alice chartered a two seated plane and flew up to meet us, to spend a few hours with Phil and fly back in time for work at the studio the next morning. Alice loves flying. Phil and I had always shared the opinion that the nicest thing about flying was landing.

That afternoon we all went out to the airport. We watched the little plane come in, circle the field, and land. We figured as follows: It must be love. No one would do a thing like this to spend approximately three hours with Phil unless. When she left, the whole band got up in the middle of the day to wave goodbye. It was then we knew we were all in love with her.

For my part, I was happy too, to see them marry because this courtship was pretty expensive. Alice took a trip down through the Canal, and every night Phil called her on board ship. We were playing in a hotel at the time, and as she got further away, the calls got longer on account of this unendurable separation. I was ready to hock my guitar when she got home again.

They met first when Alice was singing with Vallee. We followed him into a theater, I think. Anyway, the kids said "So pleased," and didn't see each other again for seven years.

It was while we were playing at the Bowl in Los Angeles that they met again. Some friends called Phil and invited him to a supper after work, at a valley night spot. Phil thought they said Alice was with them—what they did say was that she was also at the night club. Well, Phil had a date, a nice girl whom he took along. He went over to Alice who was sitting near his friends and, still under the impression she was in the party, asked if she wouldn't come over to his house some morning, meet his mother who was living with him, and have breakfast. He added as an inducement that they'd have ham and eggs. Alice allowed that she had ham and eggs at home, thank you.

Phil devoted days to finding someone who knew her unlisted phone number. Finally he charmed it out of a mutual friend, made several calls and got set down each time.

It was on a night when he was giving his all to "That's What I Like, etc., etc," that he got a phone call. Why, asked the voice at the other end, did he insist on singing about food? Didn't he know there were some people who dieted? Couldn't he find another song?

Phil didn't care about being criticized for his choice of serenades. The point was—she listened to him!

About three months later they married. Since they were married twice, once in Mexico and once in Texas for good measure, they celebrate two anniversaries, even after seven years. The band was right. They're in love.

Alice has gone with us on one-nighters. She's never complained, and she's never asked for special favors in the way of comfort. She's trouped because she wanted to be with Phil.

I think Phil admires most her essential kindness. She is one of the most genuinely sympathetic and kindly persons I've ever known. This has, from time to time, led to situations. Like when a housekeeper suddenly developed a great fondness for cats. There got to be twenty-seven of the animals. Alice wouldn't do it, so it was up to Phil to settle the problem about whether the cats or the family went.

Once each week the Harrises bundle up their family and go out to spend the evening with Phil's mother at Malibu Beach. Another night they have dinner at Alice's mother's house. Phil is thoughtful toward Alice, his mother, his daughters—everyone, in fact.

Perhaps the secret of their happiness is that they have a vast amount of respect for each other. Perhaps it is that they understand each other completely.

Anyway, there are the Harrises. A pretty grand couple. I wouldn't, you understand, talk about them if I weren't sure that what I say will never get back, because they are my friends, and I'm proud of 'em.

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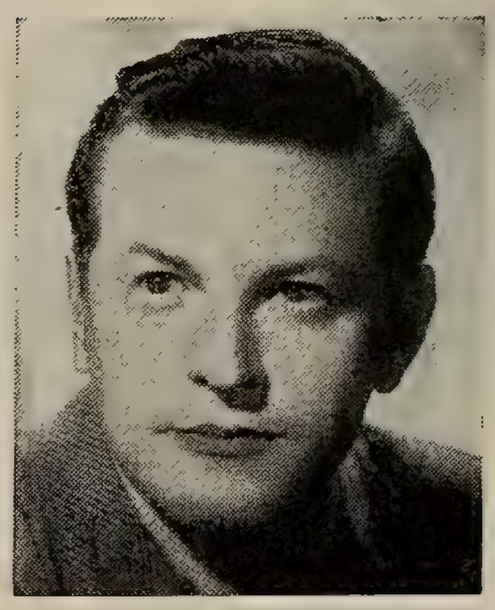

Read how *you* can make an anniversary dream come true for your dear ones in February's **True Love and Romance Stories** magazine on newsstands January 21st.

Lucky in Love

(*Continued from page 57*)

purpose. She planned to teach and she was majoring in education. I figured college as a place of general preparation for the future but I could see no point in rushing things. I joined Phi Delta Theta, and laid the ground work for what was an unnoteworthy college career. Betty joined Pi Beta Phi sorority, and got herself practically engaged to an upperclassman, a guy who by some standards was, I suppose, popular. You know the type, president of a half-dozen organizations, good-looking, athletic. My claim to distinction was getting tossed out of the glee club after the first concert of the year. It seems not only did I sing off key, I sang off key loud.

It was at the beginning of our second year at school—almost an anniversary of our first encounter, that we had our first date—and even then it was someone else's idea.

I'D JUST arrived at the fraternity house and was unpacking when one of the brothers came in. The Nelson girls, he said, had rented a house and brought their grandmother up to look after them. He was going out to see Hester Nelson and if I didn't have other plans, why didn't I come along?

I think it was the idea of food that was most appealing. Anyway I went, and that was the night I changed Betty's name. Her first name that is. She had been christened Beth. I have nothing against Beth as a name—only Beth seemed to me more like Betty. If you follow me. Let it be said here that, up until that evening, Beth had been Beth. I don't suppose that by now a single person except her parents remembers that that was her name.

Looking back, I can't find much reason for our falling in love. I suppose college kids don't need a reason beyond being young and alive. Love can't be attributed to any of the adult profundities like mutual interests or desire for companionship or understanding. In college you are still experimenting with interests—or most people are. You choose them, and you discard them. A thing that is fascinating one day is dull the next. Heaven knows, companionship is easily come by.

It's reasonably certain we didn't know we were falling in love, although I ought to have caught the warning when I found myself spending all my available cash with a traveling jewelry salesman for a Phi Delt locket. It was the first gift I'd ever given Betty, and as I recall, I had to foreswear cigarettes for a couple of months.

Still, no bell rang. No voice within me said, "This, bub, is it!" It took a telephone call and a crystal ball to consolidate my position.

The fellow to whom Betty had been all but engaged (I think she had his fraternity pin) had made a serious error in strategy. He left Lombard for another school. But he kept in touch.

One afternoon while I was at her house, he phoned long distance. They talked and they talked. I sat and I sat. Finally, I got up and walked out, slamming the door behind me. I'd gone just a little way (I'm a slow walker) when I heard Betty's voice. I'm the proud type so I let her call me once. She says that she made up her mind about us when she heard the slam of that door. Lord knows, I slammed it

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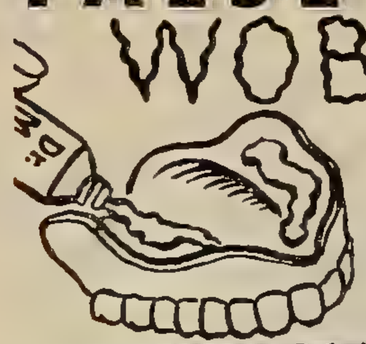

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hard enough she could have heard it in the next township. Anyway, I'd have been back in an hour or two—but this is a secret.

About this time Betty went to visit a fortune teller—a woman who lived on the outskirts of town. She looked into her crystal ball (Betty swears she had one of the things) and came up with the information that Betty would marry a man who earned his living by his voice. When she told this around, all my false friends, remembering the glee club incident, were hilarious. They speculated upon whether I'd be a train caller or an auctioneer. They advised Betty to brush me off fast. The remarkable thing about the prediction is that in those days radio was in its embryonic state, and radio announcers were one thing those friends never dreamed of!

I don't mean to leave the impression, though, that I proposed to Betty to make a fortune teller's dream come true. It may be that I figured I'd better get the thing set before a baritone showed up. Anyway, the prediction sort of paved the way and a Phi Delt dance not long afterwards provided the opportunity.

BETTY and I left the orchestra and our friends to go out of doors to look at the view. When we went back inside, she was wearing my fraternity pin. She says I never proposed. Well, I must have said something, because as of then we were engaged.

Betty taught for a year after we finished school, while I began a series of experimental maneuvers to find where my talents lay in the way of earning a living. I tried photography, and selling insurance before I landed a job in an advertising agency. We set our wedding date when my paycheck looked as though it would cover the rent and the grocery bill. Betty's family had moved out to Glendale, California, and I made my first trip west to be present at my wedding. It is, of course, an accepted theory that no one pays any mind to the groom at any marriage ceremony. But I still think it was carried a little far in my case. I didn't know a soul when I walked down the aisle to say "I, Kenneth, take . . . ." except the bride and the officiating clergyman who happened to be my father! Someone did introduce me to my best man, but I didn't even catch *his* name!

We spent our honeymoon at Riverside Inn, and though we've been within twenty miles of the place for the last twenty years, we'd never been back until a few months ago when we attended the wedding of some friends there. And we are sentimental!

We were married July 29, 1922. Twenty-five years later, Betty got a new wedding ring. Her first one, a plain white gold band, was, she complained, worn almost through.

"They don't make them to stand up more than a quarter of a century," she told me; "that's all that's expected of them."

She is now wearing a circlet of diamonds, but I notice her old wedding ring is lying in her jewel box next to a Phi Delt locket.

Overcome by the sentimental import of the occasion, Betty broke a twenty-five-year-old rule on our silver anniversary. She gave me a picture of herself in a heavy silver frame. She had steadfastly, flatly, refused to have her picture taken for all these years, and nothing short of a twenty-fifth anni-

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versary, would, I'm sure, have changed her mind.

These twenty-five years have been pretty great. They haven't, of course, been trouble free. There was the year, for example, we left Chicago where I had a job, for California where I hadn't. Our son Ronny was then about two months old. I figured I could land a job in an ad agency out here—what I didn't figure was that the Carpenters' arrival in California would be practically day and date with the advent of the Great Depression. There were no jobs. After I'd rung doorbells for weeks without any luck, a friend, who was convinced radio was here to stay, suggested I try for a job in that field. My only qualification for an announcer's spot was that I spoke English. I had certainly never met a microphone face to face. Anyway, with the luck of a beginner, I got an audition but no job. With this encouragement I began to haunt KFI and eventually they gave up the fight and I had a job. The end of that first week, when I took home my paycheck, Betty's happiness was as nothing to that of the landlord. He got the check.

Radio wasn't paying star salaries those days, and it wasn't a glamor profession. It was hard work, and long hours, and a full measure of discouragement. There were no plushy stations with audience theaters, and huge staffs, and charted ratings, and lines of people waiting to get into the shows. In the beginning there were no shows originating out here, except for special events like football games and the earthquake which won over me by a knockdown.

I remember the first time it seemed I could splurge a little for Betty. It was her birthday and we were having people in to dinner. She'd spent the day getting the house ready, and had put in hours setting the table and arranging flowers. Just a few minutes ahead of the first guest, a truck drove up and left a package containing a new set of silver. Believe me, I didn't hear a word about the trouble it was to reset that table.

THERE are, naturally, a number of things on which we don't see exactly eye to eye. One is cats. Ronny and I like them, and every now and again through the years we have lugged one home. Betty gives them away to the milkman, the grocery boy, our friends, and for all I know, to casual passersby. We are getting the idea now that cats aren't for us and we haven't tried smuggling one in for months. Betty keeps me up on my homework by reading the new books and briefing me on them. Left to myself, I read mysteries, and she will have no part of them.

Ronny and I occasionally have to nudge her into buying clothes for herself. She'd rather buy things for the house. Her only extravagance is hats and the reason they are extravagant is because she never wears them once she has them.

Betty rarely goes to the radio station with me, and when I have to go on trips with shows she seldom goes along. This isn't because of any preconceived plan, but simply because Betty has never been the kind of wife who wants, as Jimmy Durante says, "to get into the act." Her relationship to my work is exactly the same as if I had an office job which took me to my desk at six each morning and brought me home on the six o'clock bus. Betty is essentially a homemaker. She is a fine amateur in-

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terior decorator and I think our house reflects the unerring good taste, the humor, the warmth and the hospitality that are hers. She hasn't ever been interested in being a career woman. This is no argument against careers for girls, it's just that in our case we are happier this way with Betty at home. She always listens to me on the air though, and, if I ask, she gives her criticism of the shows. She's oftener right than not. We have exactly two records of my voice in the house. The reason they are there is because they are transcriptions of Command Performances and the other people on them are superlatively great.

Ronny is 19, and we sent him back to Galesburg, Illinois where we went to school. This is his second year there. The college has changed now, merged with another school, Knox College of "Old Siwash" fame. We felt he should go back because he was raised in Hollywood, and we wanted him to know there is a world east of Sunset and Vine.

HE HAS never shown any interest in radio as a career, but last fall he did the "color" between halves of a high school football game in Galesburg. He says the reason he did it, and the reason he wasn't scared, was because he knew I couldn't hear him. It was a local station.

We are pretty much of a close corporation, Betty, Ronny and I. We're the sort of family that makes a lot of holidays and anniversaries. Betty, of course, is the guiding hand, and probably it is because she has made them fun instead of an obligation that Ronny and I seldom slip up on a date we should remember. Betty's never been the kind of mother who said to her child, "Wait till your father gets home. . . ." We've shared the responsibility of raising Ronny as we've shared everything else, and we think he's turned out a pretty nice kind of fellow. He and I have been through the electric train, model plane and comic book stages, and we've graduated now as far as golf. Last summer, I may say, he gave his old man a little more competition than was altogether tactful.

In spite of what people say, Betty and I enjoy going out together, and we do very often. We like going places, seeing things, doing things together.

There's a somewhat widespread feeling that "happy," when used to describe a marriage, is synonymous with stuffy, colorless, dull or unromantic. We know people who actually think that way. Not one of them has ever been happily married—not even once.

We've never spent any time analyzing why we are happy. Maybe it's because each of us wants the other to be happy. Maybe it's because we married young and have shared most of our adult life together, so we have so much in common. Or, possibly, it is because we like each other. Then again, we may be just lucky in love.

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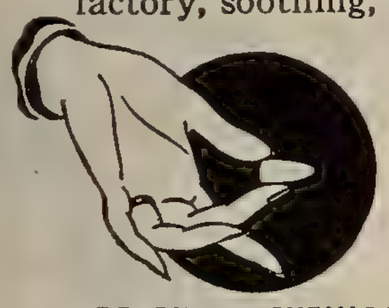

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WILSON CHEMICAL CO., Dept. 65-61, TYRONE, PA.

Vanity Fair

(*Continued from page* 46)

partly to herself and partly to the others, "by the time we get our interview and write our pieces and they're printed, some of our readers will already have *seen* Mrs. Kasenkina and *heard* her voice on television, and nothing we can write will have as much force as her own words and her own personality."

Suddenly her mind was made up. All she had to do was talk to Dick about it. Dick is Mr. Doan, the fellow who shares the three-and-a-half room apartment in suburban Bronxville with Dorothy; the same fellow who was her city editor on the newspaper in Pasadena where they met and married eight years ago.

Dick thought television and Dorothy were made for each other; that clinched it. A few weeks later Dorothy was hostessing a brand new Tuesday and Thursday video program at 1:00 P.M. EST, on WCBS-TV.

It really is an extension of her newspaper work. On Vanity Fair she interviews famous personalities and newsworthy people of all sorts about little and big events that interest you and me.

Dick's paper is printed near the Bowery and he saw Dorothy's first broadcast from a bar on that spectacular street, perched on a chair to get a better view. "That's my wife," he announced proudly to the surprised and only mildly interested patrons who hadn't come primarily for the television.

The cottage setting for her program is Dorothy's idea, and it's very like her own livingroom. She wanted the kind of background on the program that would make everyone feel comfortable.

"There would be women watching me who would want to keep in touch with all the exciting and interesting things that are happening, but they wouldn't want me to be chi-chi and insincere about it on my program. I just couldn't be. My friends say I'm naive —and I guess I am. Perhaps it's because I come from a smaller place and am really not a sophisticated person."

DOROTHY'S husband grew up in Kansas and went to California to work as a newspaper man. Dorothy was brought up in California, went to Pasadena High School and Cumnock School for Girls in Los Angeles.

The Pasadena Star-News, where they both worked, played Cupid to Dorothy and Dick, and when the owner died suddenly they found he had left seventy-five dollars to each of his employees. That made a hundred and fifty-six dollars in the Doan treasury, counting the six they had on hand at the time. With that nest egg, they started out in an old Essex Terraplane to seek their fortunes in the east.

They finally reached New York where Dick sold the car for sixty dollars to replenish the treasury. He wanted to live in Greenwich Village because he had heard it was Bohemian and colorful but Dorothy liked the clean look of the neighborhood around Columbia University. So, they took a room near Columbia.

Things began to happen. Dorothy got a job at *Time* magazine, as a researcher. On the same day Dick got a job on a paper upstate in Albany—and Dorothy had to quit hers before she got started. When Dick met her in Albany she was weeping over it.

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Today, thousands of happy women are giving thanks—because they discovered this amazing, new way to loveliness of the throat and chin line.

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The Model way is a proved way to beauty. Just use this wonderful Model Chin Strap method regularly 15 minutes a day, exercising according to directions, and massaging with any throat cream. The natural movements of your chin and neck do their part. Muscles obtain the exercise they need; circulation is stimulated. Soon you should notice a vast improvement. In a matter of weeks you can expect new loveliness. And you can keep that new loveliness by the regular daily use of the Model Chin Strap.

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Two blocks of sterling inlaid at back of bowls and handles of most used spoons and forks make this silverplate finer, different . . . stay lovelier longer. Fifty-two piece set $68.50 with chest, also 76-piece service for twelve at $99.95. (No Federal Tax.) *All patterns made in the U.S.A.*

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MARVEL CO.
112 East St. New Haven, Conn.

She didn't weep long. She marched herself to the *Albany Times-Union* and by four o'clock had an assignment to write a daily column, first copy due at the paper at nine that evening.

Dorothy got the material she needed for her column and then had to wait for Dick to pick her up and show her where they were going to live. Then she typed out her copy and hurried off to the paper just under the deadline.

When Dick enlisted in the Navy Dorothy got herself a job in the Charleston Navy Yard near where he was stationed. After Dick's discharge they returned to New York where she got on the night shift at Associated Press.

ONE night she was talking to a fellow worker who was wishing she could get into radio. "I've just had a radio offer," Dorothy told her, "but I don't want it. I'm a newspaper woman."

"I know where you can get a newspaper job, as a Long Island reporter," the girl told her.

Dorothy ran, not walked, to International News Service, only to find that a Long Island reporter was the thing they had least need of! But they tried her on some radio coverage and promised to move her over to the wire later, if they liked her stuff. Before she knew it, INS had made her woman's editor and assigned her to cover the United Nations.

And then the television bolt struck.

"But I take a terrible picture," was her second reaction to the offer, her first of course being her reluctance to leave the work she loved.

To Dorothy's surprise, her camera test turned out just fine. Then came the audition for the top brass of video. They stuck her out in front of the cameras and told her to start talking about herself and keep it up for ten minutes. "Just talk right out into space," they said airily.

For a moment she could hardly remember her own name. "But something happens to you when you get 'on camera,'" she explains it now. "You just go ahead and do the job."

She hadn't reckoned with the fact that a new television studio was being built and the pounding would go on during her audition. Sometimes she could hardly hear her own voice, but she was concentrating so hard that she was hardly aware of the noise.

"You're hired," they told her when she got through. "If you can carry on against all that racket you can carry this program through anything."

Dorothy went on the air a week after that and, right from the outset, the program was a hit. Now she feels like an old hand at the game, can't imagine anything she'd rather do. Maybe it satisfies the urge she once had to be an actress. After high school she spent a year at the Pasadena Community Playhouse, until she was washed out. No divine spark, they told her. So she's in love with this combining of reporting *and* show business, and it's her belief that good things like this don't just happen—one experience fits into another, until all together they make a perfect whole.

The Doans' Bronxville apartment has its own patch of grass and garden—and a lucky thing it is, because it has to serve as their vacation resort. Dick's job is with that bible of show business, *Variety*, and he has to be available seven days a week. They dream of a whole weekend away from it all, but in the meantime they stick to hikes over the hills and dales near home.

Older folks say it's common sense...

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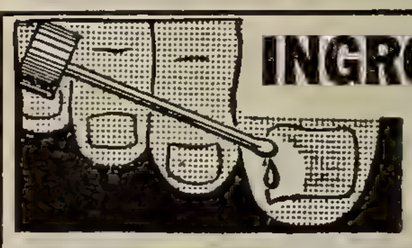

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"RHEUMATIC" PAINS or from "ARTHRITIS" "LUMBAGO"
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Something Extra

(*Continued from page* 59)

Remove to platter or serving plates and fill nests with hot buttered peas, buttered carrots or any creamed food.

Potato Soup

6 large potatoes
2 medium onions
2 quarts water
1½ tbsps. salt
½ tsp. pepper
2 tbsps. butter
½ cup undiluted evaporated milk
celery salt

Peel and slice potatoes and onions. Bring water to boiling point; add salt, pepper and vegetables. Cook until vegetables are very tender and start to fall apart (about 20 to 30 minutes) stirring as necessary to prevent scorching. Remove from stove and beat with rotary egg beater to break up potatoes. Or if a smooth creamy soup is preferred, skim out vegetables and put through strainer or ricer, then return to kettle. Add butter and evaporated milk. Re-heat. Add more seasoning if required. Serve hot with sprinkling of celery salt over top of each serving. Serves six.

Supper Surprise

1 12-ounce can luncheon meat
2½ cups hot mashed potatoes
salt, pepper
butter
milk
3 tbsps. minced pimiento
5 eggs

Remove luncheon meat from can in one piece and slice lengthwise to make five slices a scant half-inch thick. Place slices in bottom of greased broad, shallow baking dish. Season mashed potatoes to taste with salt, pepper and butter and a small amount of milk. Add pimiento and beat until fluffy. Form potatoes into deep nests on top of meat slices, making sides of nests at least a half-inch thick and high enough to contain egg. Place a raw egg in each nest. Sprinkle with salt and pepper. Bake in moderate oven (350°F) 15 or 20 minutes until eggs are set. Serves 5.

Potato Dumplings

1 egg
salt, pepper, nutmeg
2 cups cooked mashed potatoes
1 cup flour (about)

Break egg into a bowl and beat slightly. Season with salt, pepper and nutmeg and mix. Add mashed potatoes to egg mixture and mix well. Sift in the flour using enough to make dough soft but firm enough to hold its shape when boiled. (If potatoes are mealy or moist, more flour will be required.) Form mixture into balls about one and one-half inches in diameter. Drop into large kettle of rapidly boiling salted water and cook at a slow boil for 12 to 15 minutes, stirring gently the first minute to prevent sticking. The dumplings will drop to the bottom of pan and will rise to the top as they cook. Remove dumplings gently with slotted spoon, drain off all moisture and serve hot with rich meat gravy. Makes about 10 dumplings.

German Hot Potato Salad

12 small potatoes
1 stalk celery
1 medium onion
4 sprigs parsley
¼ to ½ pound bacon
2 tbsps. vinegar

Boil potatoes with skins on in salted water. Dice celery and mince onion and parsley. Cut bacon in small pieces and fry until crisp. Remove skin from potatoes while hot and slice. Add drained fried bacon, celery and parsley. Add vinegar to bacon fat in pan, reheat slightly, mix with salad. Serve hot.

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HOW MANY.....2nd Color Choice.....
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CITY..... ZONE..... STATE.....
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of entirely different, new DeLuxe All-Occasion cards. Patented feature television card included. Each box sells for $1.00, your profit 50c. Surprise items. It costs nothing to try. Write today.
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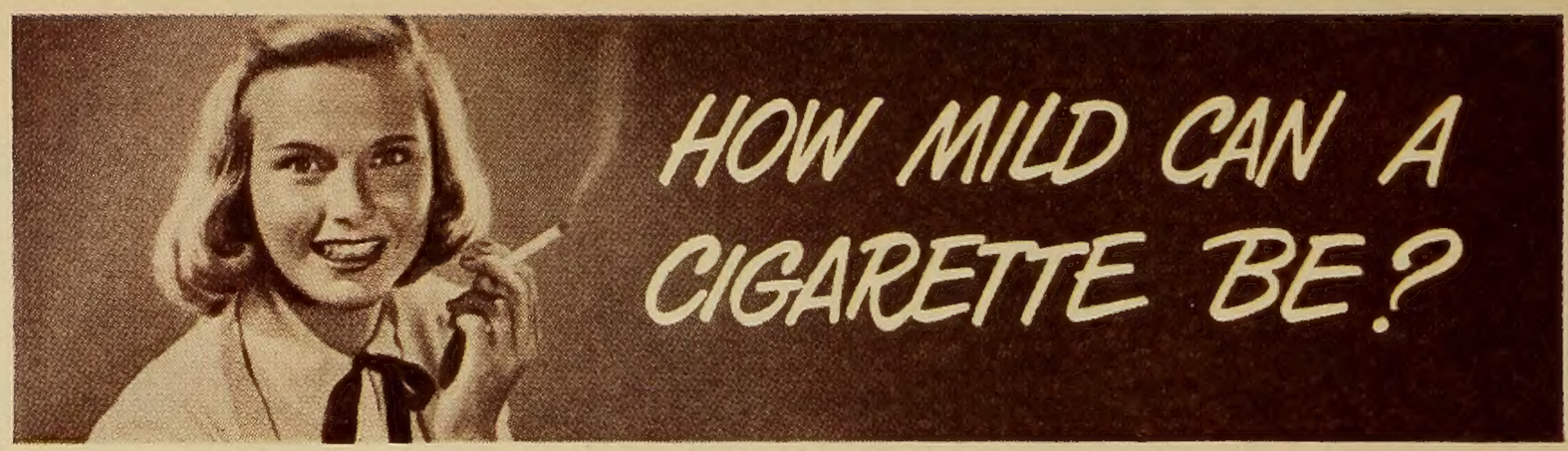

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